

As Cartons Golden Legend is in few hands. I have thought
that an Analysis of the Lives of such of the Saints as
are mentioned there. & such further monkish accounts
of them as I may get from other scarce Authors. may
be properly added to this Scholarly Work. altho the
Champions & the Saints in the legends do not appear
to be from their Histories the same Personages.

Analyses of the Legend of St George. —

St George was born in Capadocia & one time he came to
the City of Cyrene in the Province of Libya where was a Lake
or Pond like a sea wherein was a Dragon who envenomed
the Country with his breath the People gave him 2
Sheep for food a day untill the Sheep failed them
& then a Man & Sheep. The People were devoured by
the Dragon as the Lot fell upon them. at last it
fell on the Kings fair Daughter. The Monarch was
forced to lead her to be devoured lamenting that
he could not see her Espousals. It so happened
that Saynt George passed by & when he saw her
he demanded of the Lady what she made there.
She sayd go ye your waye faire yonger Man & I
here she not also" but St George garrisoning himself
with the sign of the Crose smote the Dragon with his
sword & threw him to the ground. He then took the
Maidens Girdle & put it round the Dragons Neck &
he led him to the City "as a meeke Beast & debonnaire"
On the King & as People convening to be baptised
St George slew the Dragon. it took 4 carts to carry
the Body out to the Fields. 15 m Men & Women were
captured from admiration of our Knight. Scowfe

& the King built a Church in honour of the Saint
& the Virgin Mary. The Legend says no more of the
Princeps but that the Knight kissed the King &
took his leave. When St George saw that the Roman
Emperors were persecuting the Christians & that in
two months had martyred 22 men "he gave up his
habytte of a Knight sold & gave away his Goods to
the poor but on the Christian Dress twenty among
the Pagans where he began a violent abuse of
their Gods calling them Devils. Incensed the
Provost in consequence" did so raised him to
a Pybet" & beat him till his Bowels came out
then rubbed them with Salt & put him in Prison
When the Provost saw that he could not "surmount"
the Saint he got his "Enchantour" to give him a
strong Poison. it had no effect & the astonished
Enchanter was converted to Christianity & was
instantly martyred. The Provost then put George
between two Wheels armed with sharp Swords but
they did not injure him & a Caldron of molten
Lead appeared a pleasant Bath to him.

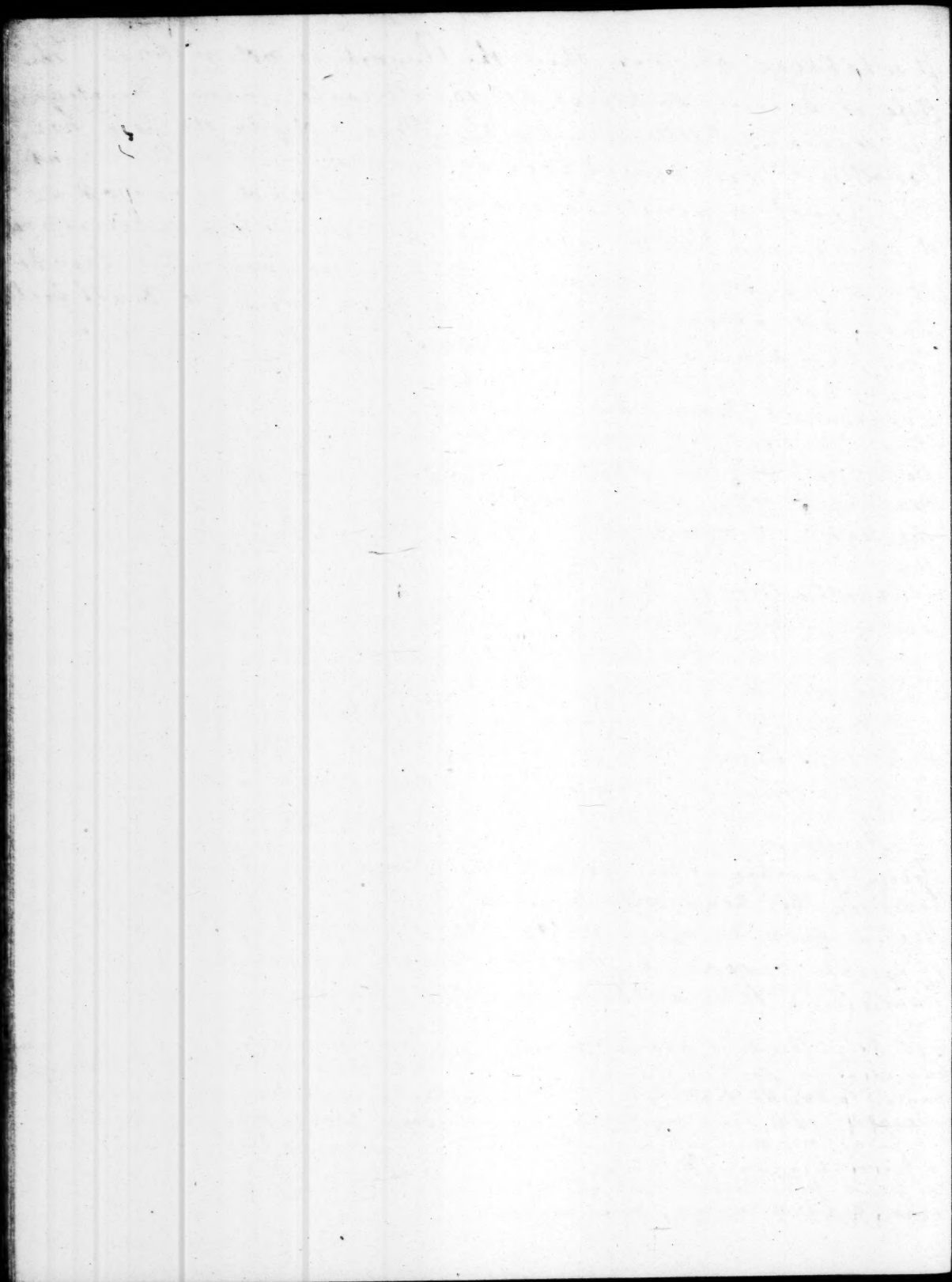
Incensed then tried fair words & the Saint gave
him reason to think he would sacrifice to the
Idols but this was to get a great concourse
of People together in the Temple when the
Saint called down Fire from Heaven that
consumed the Idols the Priests & the People.

It happens however that the Novot is not injured. The
Wife of Decius surprised at the Miracle turns Christian
her Husband "take her by the Throat & dyde do bele her
cruelly" she dies & goes to heaven - Tho the Saint
was proof against Torments his Head went off &
it is remarkable that (except for a time in the instance
of St. Sebastian) always destroys the Saints
When all other attempts to put them to death fail
This happened in the Year 287 A.D. - when Vaulen
went home from the Execution Fire fell from heaven
& consumed him & his Servant. The legend goes on
to state that at the Capture of Jerusalem as mentioned
in the Hist. of the Siege of Antioch St. George appeared
mounted first upon the Walls - The Body but not
the Head of our Saint lays in his Chapel at Rhamps
near Jerusalem, & in his Tomb is a Hole in which
if a Madman put his Head he recovers his Wits
again, his Heart is stated to be at the College
at Windsor given by Sigismund the Emperor of
Germany to Henry the 5.th as a Precious Relique
& a "pyece" of his Head we are told by the Legend
is in the same Castle where he is called "Patrone of
this Realme of Englonde & the fry of Mon of Warre"

Heylin in his life of St. George calls the author of the
Seven Champions a foolish Fellow. his Book will
however be read when it will be forgotten that
Heylin ever wrote. - altho Heylyn's Hist. is a Book
of much research & shows great erudition. He
translates a Latin Anthem from Hore B. Maria secundum
Carum

longd holy Murly & praise fame.
tend upon thy glorious Name
granted to knightly dignity
Daughter of a King by thee
she was making grievous Moane
a fierce Dragon all alone
thou freed from death thee we inheat
let in Heaven we may have a Seat

And being washd from every stain
May there with all the faithful reign
That we with thee together may
sing gladly many a faithful lay
The gracious Throne of thout before
To whom be praise for evermore



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Analysis of the Legend of S. Denis.

Saint Denis was called the Arcopagite from the sheet in which he lived at Athens the word meaning the sheet of Mars in which was his Temple he was converted to the faith by St Paul & was "a royal greek philosopher" Clement Bishop of Rome in the time of Nero sends Denis to France where he converted the People to the faith & dyed & made many churches. On the days of Domitian he was put on a gridiron over hot coals of fire & then cast in a sea of wild beasts. When at the sign of the Cross tall at his feet "rehearsure" he is then cast into a fiery furnace which was instantly quenched & after being tormented on the Cross he is put in prison where as he is saying Mass an Angel presents him a loaf of bread. After this he is again tormented along with his friends Rustyke & Gentyke who had accompanied him on his mission & their heads are cut off with 3 Axes. — but S. Denis not liking his situation gets up takes his head between his arms & Angel lead him two leagues from the Place of Martyrdom to that where he must rest. The Bodies of Rustyke & of Gentyke were ordered to be cast into the sea but a Noble Lady asked those who carried them to dinner with her & secretly during the repast buried the Bodies in a field afterwards by the side of S. Denis. Clovis found the Body & took away the Arm Bone & anon he became out of his mind previous to that time in the year 643 King Dagobert had great reverence for S. Dennis & when on the Kings death the wicked Angels would have had his soul S. Dennis came & delivered it & peradventure

"The Soule returned to the Body & did Penance",
S. Dennis is said to have shewn to St Paul the
Temple of the unknown God. St Paul asks is he
Man only or Myghte when S. Dennis says he
is God & Man but he is unknown because his
Conversation is in heaven. Then says St Paul it is
he that I preche &c &c -

Legend of St. James.

We are told that there was an "Enchanter", named Hermogynes amongst the Pharisees who sent Phylot his Disciple to hear the doctrine of St. James the Apostle. The Saint converted him at which the Enchanter being wroth by his Enchantment made him in such wyse he might not move. St. James sends him his Sudarye (or handkerchief) on touching w^{ch} Phylot is loosened. & goes instantly to James. Hermogynes in a Rapick send many Devils to bring the Saint & Phylot to him. But they are cowardly (demons) & dare not do it. on the contrary they brought Hermogynes to the Apostle. at whose command the Magician is converted. Herod Agrippa ordered James to Execution but as he was taken by Josias to be hanged he cured a Man sick of the Palsy which occasioned the Hangman to fall down & demand his forgiveness. Josias is baptised & Herod has them both beheaded. The Disciples of St. James got his Body & put it in a ship "without Saylor or Rother" but an Angel assists them & they land in Galicia in Spain in the Realme of Lucea Lupa (the Wolf) they put the Body on a stone which it sinks into as if the Stone were Wax forming by that means a Tomb. The Disciples are sent by Lucea Lupa to the King of Spain who put them in Prison but an Angel delivered them the

King sends his Knights after them but the
Angel breaks down the Bridge they are
crossing & they are drowned. these Miracles
naturally enough astonish the King of Spain
he is converted - Queen Lupa however is
still hard hearted. When the Disciples
came to her again she tells them to bring
the Body of their Master on her (saying)
draw by & on taken from a neighbouring
Mountain & that they should build a
Temple where they think proper but
this wicked Punish meant to mock
them the Beasts being wild Bulls.
at the sign of the Cross however they
became mild as lambs & carry the Body
to Lupa's Palace who in consequence
believes at last & is christened - A
variety of ridiculous Miracles are told
in the Legend of St James a Man who prays
to him receives a loaf that last 15 Days
"for tho' he eat heartily Morning & Night
he always found the loaf whole again
in his Satchel. Pope Calixtus writes down
the list of the sins of a Man, on a Schedule
& sends him to St James Altar the Saint
listens to the fervent Prayers of the

Inner who taking up the schedule finds the
writing effaced. He appears to a poor man &
lends him an ap in the room of one that was
stolen from him. It is certainly indecent
& irreligious to ascribe such stories to one of
the apostles whose name we should venerate
they show the gross ignorance & superstition of the
times. The Golden Legend was translated by
Lupton principally from Jacob de Voragine who
wrote the original about the year

In the Roman de Charlemagne. S. James is
mentioned appearing to the Emperor &
ordering him to free Spain from the Saracens.
The Walls of Pampeluna & Llerena fell down
on his praying to the Saint such of the
Saracens as suffer Archbishop Turpin to
baptize them were saved the rest were
put to the sword & Charlemagne by the
Saints assistance conquers Spain & builds
Churches all over the Kingdom.

Marianne in his History of Spain says -
About the Year 800 in the Reign of Alonso the
Chaste Theodoricus Bishop of Oria Spain
hearing great lights were seen in a wild
part of a Mountain went thither & causing
the Bushes & Trees to be cut down and
digging up a heap of Earth found the
holy Body of S. James in a Marble Sepulchre
The

The King repaired thither, & caused a Church to
be built on the spot dedicated to S. James
but mean as having only mud walls the
Name of it brought People from all parts
of Christendom it was when Mariana and
one of the most famous Pilgrimages in
the World. — At the Battle of Clavijo 844
between King Ramiro & Abderharnen when
both Men were slain Spain released from
a yearly Tribute of 100 Virgins to the Moors.
Ramiro called on the Apostle & as said he
appeared on a white Horse with a white
Banner & Red Cross in the middle in the
heat of the Battle. Since that period the
Spaniards always invoke S. James in
charging the Enemy. Don Alonso
the Great in the Year 886 rebuilt the
Church of S. James & rather transferred
the Body of S. James to Compostella
about the Church there with Free Mon
made it an Archbishopric —

Analysis of the Legend of St. Anthony

St. Anthony is well known from the fine Paintings made by different Artists of his Temptations & they give scope to the fancies of the wildest Imagination. I am not certain this is the Patron of Italy. I find by the Legend born in Egypt when he was 20 Years old he sold all he had & gave it to the Poor. On a time when he had overcome the Spirit of fornication which tempted him the Devil came like a Black ~~Child~~ Child & confessed that he was the Spirit of Fornication that tempted young People. St. Anthony told him he was "soo foule a thyng" he did not doubt him & then going into a Cave to hide himself he was so beaten by a multitude of Devils that he was taken home to all appearance dead but reviving he desired his servant to carry him to the Pit again where he challenged them Devils to anor "battaile" they came anon in fowme of dyvers Beestes wyld & savage of whose that one howled another bayed and another cryed another syfled & aspayled St. Anthonye that one with the Hornes anor with theyr Teeth and another with their Clawes and Ungles & dystourne and rent all his bodye a clear brightnes comes & the Devils

Devils vanish. The legend brings our Saviour
forward talking to St Anthony on the saints
exhortation as he not being there to help him
our Lord is made to say - he was but "I would
abide & so the battle (as he had fought
manfully his fame should be spread thro'
the world. The Devil next tempts St Anthony
by putting a Silver disk in his way then
with a Chalice of Gold. Our Saint in the
next instance sees in a Vision all the World
full of "Snarers & Gynners" & had frequent
meetings with the Devil in various shapes
but not (by the legend) as it is generally told
in the Shape of a fine Woman. When
some Hermit asked him how was the
State of souls when departed from
the Body he showed them a Vision -
One long Hermit who's Head touched
the Clouds. who detained some having
Wings, who would have fled up to
heaven, & he understood this was the
Devil who detained some souls that
went not to Heaven. others he
could not hold. & Anthony did
A

at the age of 105 Pray we to him says the
legend that he pray for us—

Analyses of the Legend of St Andrew

St Andrew is first made to succour a Woman
lying on Child-bed upon her turning Heathen an
old Man who had lived in "The Syn of evyl
delectacyon" 50 Year, begged St Andrew to pray
for him she determined to fast as well as pray
untill he knew if his prayers were
efficacious after 5 days. a Voice came to
him & told him the Sinner was given of
"like as thou hast fasted & made thyself leane he
also has fasted" Seven Devils in the Shape of
"Boges" infect the City of Nypce the Saint
orders them to where they shall hurt no
Man they notwithstanding shackle a
Young Man in a neighbouring City but
St Andrew raises the young Man to life
who follows him & becomes his Disciple
The Devils after this drown 40 Men who
were coming to the Saint to be baptised
but he will not let the Devils have their
way & brings them all to life again.
Bocas orders St Andrew to be sacrificed
the Martyr lives two days on the
Cross preaching to 23 men then they
harden the Provost say "the holy War
Ldebonayn should not suffer this"

but when Agas. would have taken the saint
from the Cross he will not suffer it & the hands
of the Executioners were benumbed & they could
not approach him a bright light surrounded him
as he dies. Maxamylla the Wife of Agas buries
him & the Provost is ravished with a Devil in his
way home & dies & it is said that Manna
sweet as Honey issues from the Martyrs Tomb
when it opens in abundance then the Country
is blessed with a plentiful Harvest - but when
but little Manna issues the Fruits of the Earth
fail - The Body was transported to Antioch
by no doubt but then the Miracle ceased.

The Legend then tells a Tale of a good
holy Bishop who was tempted by a most
beautiful Damsel who told him in confession
she was a Kings Daughter that had devoted
herself to Christ & would not espouse a
Prince her Father wished her to wed - The
Bishop thanks her passing fair & asks her, taking
fair & asks her to dinner. her beauty is made
by the Tempter to increase & the Bishop was
ready to ask her to sin a knocking is heard
at the Gate a Pilgrim asks admittance
the Lady sends to ask him three Questions
The first was which is the greatest wonder
God

God has made in little space. The Pilgrim
answers the Face of Man as no two were ever
exactly alike - She sends then to ask
whether the Earth is higher than all the
Heaven - The answer is - in the Heaven impious
where Christ is in "the fourme of our fleshe"
he is more higher than all the heven." She
then sends to ask "The Space between the
"Abyssome to Heven". The Pilgrim returns to
answer. She knows better than I for he
measured it when he fell from Heaven
He then says it is not a Woman but a
Devil: the Devil vanishes. the Bishop
repents & prays on account of the sin
he had in mind committed & by a
Dream finds that the Pilgrim was
St Andrew -

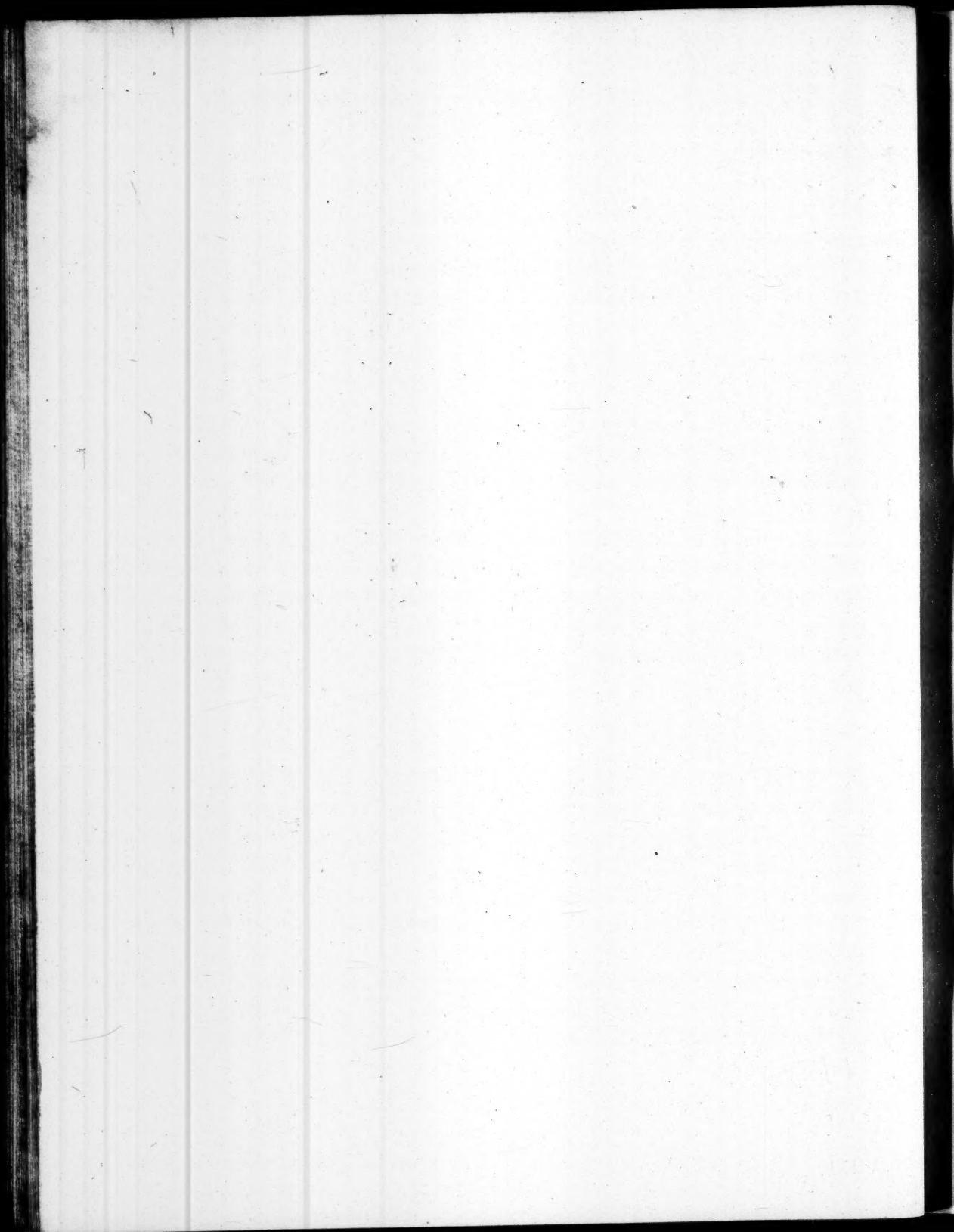
Analysis of the Legend of St. Patrick

St. Patrick was born in England & studied at Rome & then came & dwelt at Pontiac in Wales in the Valley of Rosyne "a faire & joyous Countrie" but being told by an Angel that Bishopric was reserved for a man who should be born 30 Years after he left the People to the care of futurity & went over to Ireland. When St. Patrick was one day preaching before the King of Ireland he set his Staffe on the Kings Foot by chance & pierced it with the Spike at the end of it. This wound our Saint healed instantly by his Prayers. But they had much more material & lasting effect in the next mentioned instance of their efficacy for in consequence of his supplication no venomous Animal could since that time live in Ireland. St. Patrick was the Reformer of Sheep Stealers for once on a time when he could not by admonition induce the Pirra who had stolen a Sheep to come forth & declare it he caused the Sheep to heat in the Belly of the Man that had eaten it who repented of his Crime & as well as his Fellowes in iniquity left off that abominable practice. - The Legend remarks, that the Irish were in those days "an evyll rude & wyldc People" the prayd that

that a sign might be shown for their
conversion. He made a circle in the
~~Clay~~ Earth with his Staff. it opened & there
appeared "a great Pytte & a deep a place
of Purgatory where many should enter
& never return & some that entered &
returned only staid one day on the earth
It appears by the Legend that many People
long afterwards had strange Visions in
that Place - much has been written about
St. Patrick's Purgatory - St. Patrick died
in the time of Aurelius Ambrosius King
John found his Tomb in the Province of
Ulster. The Legend further says that he
had a grant of God that no Irishman
should abide the coming of Antichrist
he lived, untill he was 122 Years old
& he had not the honour of Martyrdom

S. David,

This Saint is not mentioned in the Golden Legend --



Johnson

The Renowned
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
SEVEN CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM;

*St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain,
St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of
Ireland, and St. David of Wales.*

S H E W I N G,

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A L S O,

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The Renowned

HISTORY

OF THE

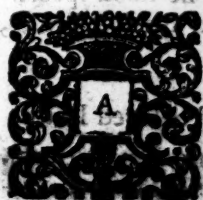
SEVEN CHAMPIONS

OF

CHRISTENDOM.

CHAP. I.

The strange and wonderful Birth of St. GEORGE of England. The Manner of his being cut out of his Mother's Womb, and afterwards stolen from his Nurse, by Kalyb, the Lady of the Woods: Her Love to him, and her Gifts: He incloses her in a Rock of Stone, and redeems six Christian Knights out of Prison.



AFTER the angry Gods had ruined the capital City of Phrygia, and turned King Priam's glorious Buildings to a waste and desolate Wilderness, Duke *Eneas*, driven from his native Habitation, with many of his distressed Countrymen, wandered about the World, like Pilgrims, to find some happy Region, where they might erect the *Palladium*, or Image of their subverted *Troy*: But before that Labour could be accomplished, *Eneas* ended his Days in the Confines of *Italy*, and left his Son *Ascanius* to govern in his Stead; *Ascanius* dying, left the sovereign Power to *Sylvius*, from whom it descended to the noble and adventurous

Brute, who, being the fourth in lineal Descent from *Aeneas*, first conquered this Island of *Britain*, then inhabited with Monsters, Gyants, and a kind of wild People, without any Form of Government: He had no sooner subdued these, but he established good and wholesome Laws, and then first laid the Foundation of *New Troy*, which he named *Troynovant*, but, in Process of Time, it came to be called *LONDON*.

Thus began the Island of *Britain* to flourish, not only in magnificent and sumptuous Buildings, but in courageous and valiant Knights, whose most noble and adventurous Attempts in the truly heroic Feasts of Chivalry, Fame shall draw forth and rescue from the dark and gloomy Mansions of Oblivion.

The Land was now replenished with Cities, and divided into Shires or Counties: Dukedoms, Earldoms, and Lordships, were the Rewards of Merit, and noble Services performed in Martial Fields, and not bestowed as Bribes to enslave the State, or given to indulge the slothful Pride and Effeminacy of the Panders to their Prince's Lust.

The ancient City of *Coventry* gave Birth to the first Christian Hero of *England*, and the first who ever fought Adventures in a Foreign Land; whose Name is to this Day held in high Esteem thro' all Parts of *Europe*, and whose bold and magnanimous Deeds in Arms gave him the Title of *The valiant Knight, St. GEORGE* of *England*, whose Golden Garter is not only worn by Nobles but by Kings, and in Memory of whose Victories the Kings of *England* fight under his Banner. It is the History of this worthy Champion of our native Country, that, by the Assistance of the Heavenly Muse, divine *Caliope*, I have undertaken to write.

E'er Nature yet, and the due Course of Time had called him from the safe Recesses of his Mother's Womb, she dreamed that she had conceived a Dragon, which should cause her Death: This frightful Dream she long kept secret, till the painful

Burthen grew so heavy that her Womb was scarce able to endure it; so taking an Opportunity to disclose it to her Lord and Husband, then Lord High Steward of *England*, she spoke to him in this Manner:

" My Honourable Lord,

" You know I am by Birth the Daughter of a King, of *England's* King, and that I have been, for One and Twenty Years, your true and loyal Wife, and yet, till now, had never any Hope of having Child, whereby your Name might survive, when you shall be no more; therefore I conjure you, by the Pleasure of your Youth, and by the dear and natural Love you bear the Infant in my Womb, that you will seek, by some artificial Means, to unfold the mysterious Indications of my frightful Dreams, which for Thirty Nights together have disturbed my soft Slumbers. When methought I had conceived a dreadful Dragon that would cause its Parents Death. Thus *Hecuba*, the beauteous Queen of *Troy*, when *Paris* was in her Womb, dreamed, that she had conceived a Firebrand, which indeed proved true; for this *Paris* having ravished the Paragon of *Greece*, and brought *Helen* into *Troy*, the *Grecians*, in Revenge thereof, turned the Towers of *Ilium* into Flames of Fire. Therefore, most dear and belov'd Lord, let us consult how to prevent the like Danger, and my being Mother of a vicious Son.

These Words struck such Terror to his Heart, that, for a Time, he stood speechless, but having recovered his lost Senses, he answered in this Sort.

" My dearest and most beloved Lady,

" What Art and Science can perform, with all convenient Speed shall be essay'd; for, never will I close my Eyes till I have found some skilful Person who will

“ will undertake to unfold the mystick Meaning of these terrifick Dreams.

This noble Lord leaving the delightful Partner of his Bed, in company with other Ladies, who came to comfort her in her melancholy Condition, took his Journey to the solitary Walks of *Kalyb*, the wise Lady of the Woods, attended only by a single Knight, who bore under his Arm a white Lamb, which they intended to offer as a Sacrifice to the Enchantress. Thus travelling, for the Space of two Days, they came to a Thicket beset about with old withered and hollow Trees, wherein they were entertained with such dismal croakings of the Night Raven, hissing of Serpents, bellowing of Bulls, and roaring of Monsters, that it seemed to be rather the Habitation of Furies than a mortal Dwelling; but here was the dark and dreary Mansion of the enchanting *Kalyb*, Lady of the Woods, in the midst of which she took up her Abode, in a lonely Cave, which had a strong Iron Gate at its Entrance, whereon there hung a Brazen Trump for those to sound, who wanted Audience of the Sorcerers.

The Lord and Knight first offering their Lamb, with all Humility, before the Postern of the Cave, then casting off all Fear, blew the Trump, the Sound of which, with one Blast, seemed to shake the very Foundation of the Earth: After which they heard a loud and hollow Voice utter the following Words:

“ Sir Knight, from whence thou cam’st return,

“ Thou hast a Son most strangely born:

“ A Dragon that shall split in twain

“ Thy Lady’s Womb with racking Pain;

“ A Champion Bold, from thence shall spring,

“ Who’ll practice many a wond’rous Thing:

“ Return, therefore, make no Delay,

“ For all is true that here I say.

NS II.

This dark Riddle, or rather mystick Oracle, being thrice repeated in this Order, so much amazed them, that they stood in doubt whether it were best to return, or sound the brazen Trump a second Time; but the Lord High Steward, being persuaded by the Knight, not to move the Impudence of *Kalyb*, rested content with the Answer she had given them, and, quitting the enchanted Cave, made all the Speed he could to his native Habitation; but in the mean Time his Lady being over-charged with the extreme Pain and Anguish of her labouring Womb, was forced either to give up her own Life or destroy that of the Infant; but she, regarding more the Benefit of her Country than her own Safety, and for the Preservation of her Offspring, most willingly committed her tender Womb to be opened, that the Infant might be taken out alive.

Thus after a learned Consultation of many the most eminent Surgeons, to try if there was any Possibility of saving her, which being found impracticable; this noble and magnanimous Lady was cast into a deep Sleep, at which Time her Womb being laid open by the proper Instruments of Incision, the Infant was taken alive from the Bed of its Creation. Nature, on his Breast, had pictured the lively Image of a Dragon; upon his Right-Hand a blood-red Cross, and a Gold Garter on his Left-Leg. He was named *George*, and three Nurses were provided for him, one to give him suck, another to lull and rock him asleep, and the third to prepare his Food. Not many Days after his Nativity, the fell Enchantress *Kalyb*, being an utter Enemy to all true Nobility, by the Help of Charms and Witchcraft, found Means to steal away the Infant from his careless Nurses.

The Lord High-Steward of England, at this Time returning, how were his Expectations frustrated! when instead of the safe Delivery of his Lady, and the Com-

B

fort

fort of a Son, he found the one in her cold Grave, and the other carry'd he knew not whither: The News of these Disasters for a while bereaved him of his Wits, and he stood senseless, like weeping *Niobe*, but at last he broke forth into these bitter Exclamations:

“ O Heavens! why cover ye not the Earth with everlasting Night? Why do these Eyes accurs'd behold the Sun? O that the Waves of *Ænipeus* would end my Days; or yon high Mountains crush me with their Fall! Or Heavens! let me rove a wretched Exile and forlorn, in solitary Woods to make my Moan, the senseless Trees, the savage and untam'd Beasts, would grieve at Miseries like mine. What Monster has bereav'd me of my Child? What Tyrant's glutted with his Blood? O that the Winds would bring me Tydings of him, tho' from the most distant Quarters of the World, thither would I fly to see him, or where he hid beneath the Ocean's deepest Floods, thither would I dive to bring him forth. Or if, like feather'd Fowls, he wing'd the liquid Air, thither would I mount to catch him in my Arms, and embrace Him that never yet mine Eyes beheld. But why do I rave? and vainly thus exclaim? when neither Earth, or Air, or Seas, or any Thing in Earth, Air or Seas, can bring me Comfort.

Thus complained he many Months for the Loss of his Son, and sent Messengers into every Circuit of the Land, to make Enquiry after him; but no Man was fortunate enough to return with happy Tydings. He therefore storing himself with Gold, and many precious Jewels of an inestimable Value, resolv'd to travel the World over, to find what he wanted, or to leave his Bones in some remote Region. So leaving his native Country, he wandered from Place to Place, without Success, till

thro' Care and Age, his Locks were turned to Silver Grey, and his venerable Beard became like Down upon a Thistle: Till at length quite wearied out with Grief, and fruitless Toil, he laid himself down close by the ruined Walls of a decayed Monastery in the Kingdom of *Bohemia*, and there finish'd his Enquiry, and his Life together: The common People of the Country, coming to the Knowledge of his Name, by a Jewel he wore in his Bosom, caus'd it to be engraven on a Marble Stone, right over the Place where he was buried: And there we will leave him to sleep in Peace, and return to his Son, still kept by *Kalyb*, the Lady of the Woods, in her enchanted Cave.

And now twice seven Times the Sun had ran his annual Course, and pass'd through every Sign of the Zodiack, since *Kalyb* had first in Keeping the noble *St. George of England*, whose Mind many Times thirsted after honourable Adventures, and who many Times attempted to set himself at Liberty; but the fell Enchantress, tendering him as the Apple of her Eye, appointed twelve sturdy Satyrs to attend his Person, so that neither Force nor Policy could farther his Intent. She kept him not to insult over as a Slave, nor triumph in his Wretchedness, but daily fed his Fancy with all the Delights that Art or Nature could afford; for she plac'd her whole Felicity in him, and lusted after his Beauty. But he seeking Glory from Martial Discipline, and Knightly Achievements, utterly refus'd her proffer'd Embraces, and highly disdain'd so wicked a Creature. She, seeing how much he neglected her Love, drawing him to a private Part of the Cave, begun thus to court him to her Arms.

“ Thou knowest, Divine Youth, how eagerly I have sought thy Love, and how I doat upon thy Manly Charms, yet thou, more cruel than the *Lybian Tyger*, can'st reject my Sighs and Tears.
“ But

"But now, my dear Knight, if thou wilt
"make me happy in thy wish'd Embrace,
"for thy Sake I will shew all the Power
"of my magick Charms, move Heaven,
"if thou requestest it, to rain down Stones
"in Showers upon thy Enemies, I will con-
"vert the Sun and Moon to Fire and
"Blood, depopulate whole Regions, and
"lay the Face of Nature waste."

Our noble Knight St. George, considering
that Love might blind the Wisest, and
guessing, by these fair Promises, that he
might find an Opportunity to obtain his
Liberty, made her this Answer.

"Most wise and learned Kalyb, thou
"Wonder of the World, I will conde-
"scend to all thy Heart desires, upon these
"Conditions: That I may be sole Gover-
"nor and Protector of this enchanted Cave,
"and that thou discoverest to me my
"Birth, my Name and Parentage."

She very willingly consented to these
Terms, and began to answer his Demands
as follows: "Thou art by Birth, said she,
"Son to the Lord Albert, High Steward
"of England, and from thy Birth to this
"Day have I kept thee, as my own Child,
"within these solitary Woods". So taking
him by the Hand, she led him into a Bra-
zen Castle, wherein remained Prisoners, six
of the bravest Knights of the whole World.
"These, said she, are six worthy Cham-
"pions of Christendom: The first is St.
"Denis of France, the second St. James of
"Spain, the third St. Anthony of Italy, the
"fourth St. Andrew of Scotland, the fifth
"St. Patrick of Ireland, the sixth St. Iva-
"vid of Wales; and thou art born to be
"the seventh, thy Name St. George of
"England, for so shalt thou be named in
"Times to come."

Then leading him a little farther, she
brought him into a magnificent Building,
where stood seven the beautifullest Steeds

that ever Eye beheld. "Six of these, said
"she, belong to the Six Champions, and
"the Seventh, whose Name is Bayard,
"will I bestow on thee". Then she led
him to another Apartment, where hung
the richest Armour in the World; there
choosing out the strongest Croislet from her
Armory, she with her own Hands buckled
it upon his Breast, laced on his Helmet,
and dressed him in the Armour; afterwards
bringing forth a mighty Faulchion, she
likewise put it in his Hand, and said to
him, "Thou art now clothed in richer
"Armour than Ninus the first Monarch of
"the World. Thy Steed is of such Force
"and invincible Power, that whilst thou
"art mounted on his Back, no Knight in
"the World shall be able to conquer thee.
"Thy Armour is of the purest Lydian
"Steel, that no Battle-Ax can bruise, nor
"any Weapon can pierce. Thy Sword,
"which is called Ascalon, was made by the
"Cyclops, it will hew in sunder the hardest
"Flint, or cut the strongest Steel; and in
"its Pummel there lies such magick Vir-
"tue, that neither Treason, Witchcraft,
"nor any other Violence can be offered
"to thee as long as thou wearest it."

Thus the lascivious Kalyb was so blinded
by the Love, or rather the Lust she had
for him, that she not only bestowed all the
Riches of her Cave upon him, but gave
him Power and Authority, by putting a
Silver Wand in his Hand, to work her own
Destruction. For, coming by a huge Rock
of Stone, he struck it with this enchanted
Wand, whereupon it immediately opened,
and laid in his View a vast Number of
young Infants, whom the Enchantress had
murdered by her Witchcraft and Sorceries.
"This, said she, is a Place of Horror,
"where nought is heard but Shrieks and
"Groans of dying Men and Babies; but
"if your Ears can endure to hear, and
"Eyes behold them, I will lead you that
"Way". So the Lady of the Woods,
boldly stepping in before, and little sus-
pecting

pecting any Danger from the secret Policy of St. George, was deceived in her own Practices; for no sooner was she entered the Rock, but he struck the Silver Wand thereon, and it closed in an Instant; and there confined her to bellow forth her lamentable Complaints to senseless Stones, without any Hope of being released.

Thus this Noble Knight deceived the wicked Enchantress *Kalyb*, and likewise set

the other six Champions at Liberty, who rendered him all Knightly Courtesies, and gave him Thanks for their safe Delivery. So providing themselves with all Things suiting their generous Purposes, they took their Journey from the enchanted Grove. Their Proceedings, Fortunes, and Heroical Adventures shall be shewn in the following Chapters.

C H A P. II.

Kalyb's Lamentation in the Rock; her last Will and Testament; she is torn to Pieces by Spirits; with other Passages in the Cave.

AFTER the Departure of the seven worthy Champions, *Kalyb*, finding herself close imprisoned in the Rock, by the Policy of the *English* Knight, grew into such extream Passion of the Mind, that she cursed the Hour of her Creation, and bitterly inveighs against all the horrid Powers of her barbarous and bloody Art. The Earth she wearied with her Cries, and even the flinty Stones seem to weep in Pity of her Anguish. The Oaks were blasted round the enchanted Rock, and hollow Winds reccho Murmurs to her hideous Groans. O miserable *Kalyb*! cried she, cursed be thy Destiny, for now thou art inclosed within a desolate and darksome Den! where neither Sun can lend thee Comfort with his enlivening Beams, nor the cool Breath of Air refresh thy parch'd and burning Body, thou art thyself, by magick Art, empaled and rooted to the Centre of Earth, who were't thyself the Wonder of the Times for Magick. I, that by Art have made my Journey to the lowest Depths of Hell, where Multitudes of black and ugly Spirits have trembled at my Charms; I, that have bound the Furies in my Iron Chains, and caused them to attend my Pleasure, thro'

the Wilds of *Egypt*, or where the tawny Moor inhabits, am now myself constrained to languish in eternal Darknes. Woe to my Soul! Woe to my Charms! and Woe to all my magick Spells! for they have bound me in this hollow Rock! Let the Sun grow Pale, and the Earth be covered with eternal Darknes. Let the Firmament be turned to Pitch; Roar Hell! Quake Earth! Swell Seas! and all ye Stars and Planets burst from your Spheres, let all Nature be convulsed and tortur'd with the Misery of wretched *Kalyb*!

Thus wearied she the Hours: one while accusing Fortune of Tyranny, another blaming the Falshood and Treachery of the *English* Knight, sometimes tearing her curl'd Locks, that, like wreathing Snakes, hung dangling down her deformed Neck; then beating her Breasts, and rending her Garment, she thunders forth these Terms of Conjuraton: "Come! come, ye Princes
" of the Elements, Fire, Air, Earth and
" Water! come, tear this Rock in Pieces,
" this Rock that holds confined in Adamantine Chains the Limbs and Body of
" excruciated *Kalyb*. Appear ye Shadows
" of black Night; *Magol, Cumoth, Helve-*
" 220,

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"*za, Zontoma*, come when I call". At which Words the Earth began to quake, and all the Elemental Spirits were obedient to her Voice, some from the Fire, in the Resemblance of burning Dragons, breathing flaming Sulphur from their Nostils; some from the Water in the Shape of hideous and unwieldy Fish; some from the Air, the Purest of the Elements, like the Shadows of human Beings; and others from the gross Earth, most ugly, black and dreadful to behold. Now when these Legions of Spirits had encompassed the wicked Enchantress about, Hell began to bellow forth such harsh and jarring Sounds, that the enchanted Rock was burst asunder with the very Noise thereof, and then lost *Kalyb's* Charms were gone forever. The Hundred Years her Magick was to last, were now completely finished, and the Bond subscribed with her own precious Blood, and sealed with her own Hands, were brought in Witness against her, by which she knew her Life was at an End. Therefore in this most fearful Manner she began to make her last Will and Testament.

"First, Welcome, said she, my sad Executors. Welcome my Grave and everlasting Tomb, which are prepared in the fiery Lakes of *Phlegeton*. The winding Sheet, wherein is to be wrapped my foul Body and condemned Soul, is melted Lead and boiling Brimstone. No Worms shall consume this horrid Carcass, but it shall be toss'd about with fiery Forks, from Place to Place, and from one Furnace to another: Therefore attend to *Kalyb's* woful Testament, and engrave the Legacies she gives, in Rolls of Brass upon the burning Banks of *Acheron*.

"First, These Eyes that now begin to late to weep with hapless Tears, I give unto the watry Spirits, for they have ran sack'd all the Treasures of the hidden Deep, to satisfy my unsatiable Desires; next I bequeath these Hands, which did subscribe the bloody Obligation of my perpetual Banishment from Joy, unto those Spirits that hover in the Air; my Tongue, that did conspire against the Majesty of Heaven, I give to those Spirits that have their Being in the Fire; my earthly Heart, I bequeath to those gross Demons that dwell in the dark Dungeons of the Earth; and the rest of my condemn'd Body, to the Torments due to my Demerits.

This strange and dreadful Testament was no sooner made, than all the Spirits seized upon the Enchantress, and tore her Body into a Thousand Pieces, scattering her Members among the four Elements, some to the Spirits of the Air, some to the Water, others to the Fire and Earth, and these carried them away with such terrible Noises that all Nature seem'd amazed, and all Things within hearing of them, died instantly away; Birds, Beasts, and even the reptile Worm that crawled upon the Ground; Trees, which but just before were flourishing and green, were blasted all at once, and the Grass faded away for Want of that natural Moisture, that the Clouds denied to shed on so vile a Place.

Thus, by the just Judgment of Heaven, was *Kalyb* punished for her Wickedness, whom we leave to endless Torments, and return to the Seven worthy Champions of *Christendom*, whose laudable Adventures Fame has enrolled in the Records of Eternity.

C H A P. III.

St. George slays the burning Dragon in Egypt, and redeems Sabra, the King's Daughter, from Death. Is betray'd by Almidor, the black King of Morocco, and sent to the Soldan of Persia, where he slew two Lions, and remained Seven Years in Prison.

AFTER the Seven Champions departed from the enchanted Cave of *Kalyb*, they made their Abode in the City of *Conventry*, for the Space of nine Months, in which Time they erected a sumptuous Monument over the Herse of *St. George's* Mother. And at that Time of the Year, when *Flora* had embroidered the Green Mantle of the Spring, they armed themselves like Knights-Errant, and took their Journey to seek for foreign Adventures, accounting nothing more dishonourable than to spend their Time in Idleness, and not achieve somewhat that might make their Names memorable to Posterity. So travelling Thirty Days without any Adventure worth noting; at length they came to a broad Plain, where stood a brazen Pillar, and where Seven several Ways met, which the worthy Knights thought a proper Place to take Leave of each other, and every one went a contrary Road, in which we will, for this Time, likewise take Leave of Six, that we may accompany the Fortunes of our *English* Knight, who, after many Months Travel, by Sea and Land, happily arrived within the Territories of *Egypt*, which Country was then greatly annoyed by a dangerous Dragon: But before he had journey'd far in this Kingdom, the silent Night outspread her sable Wings, and a still Horror seem'd to cover every Part of Matter. At length, he came to a poor old Hermitage, wherein he purpos'd to seek some Repose for himself and Horse, till the rosy-finger'd Morning should again reluminate the Vault of Heaven, and light him on his destined Course: But entering the Cottage, he found

an ancient Hermit bowing under the Weight of Age, and almost consumed with holy Watching, and religious Tears, to whom he thus address'd himself:

" Father,
 " May a Traveller, for this Night, crave
 " Shelter with you, for himself and Horse;
 " or can you direct me to any Town or
 " Village to which I may proceed on my
 " Journey with Safety?

The old Man, starting at the sudden Approach of *St. George*, made him Answer:

" That he need not enquire of his Country, for he knew it by his Burgonet, (for indeed, thereon were engraved the Arms of *England*) " but, I sorrow, continued he, for thy hard Fortune, and that it is thy Destiny to arrive in this our Country of *Egypt*, wherein those alive are scarce sufficient to bury the Dead, such cruel Devastation is made thro' the Land by a most terrible and dangerous Dragon, now ranging up and down the Country, the raging Appetite of which must every Day be appeased with the Body of a real Virgin, whom he swalloweth down his envenomed Throat, and the Day on which this horrid Sacrifice is omitted, he breathes such a pestiferous Stench, as occasions a mortal Plague; and this having been practiced for Twenty-four Years, there is not now one true Virgin left throughout all *Egypt* but the King's Daughter, and she, To-morrow, is to be made an Offering to the Dragon, unless
 " there

“ there can be any brave Knight found who
“ shall have Courage enough to encounter
“ with him, and kill him; and then the King
“ hath promised to give such Knight his
“ Daughter, whose Life he shall have saved,
“ in Marriage, with the Crown of E-
“ gypt, after his Decease.

This royal Reward so animated the *English* Knight, that he vowed he would either redeem the King's Daughter, or lose his own Life in so glorious an Enterprize. So taking his Repose that Night in the old Man's Hermitage, till the chearful Cock, the true Messenger of Day, gave him Notice of the Sun's Uprise, which caused him to buckle on his Armour, and harness his Steed with all the strong Caparisons of War, he took his Journey, guided only by the old Hermit, to the Valley, where the King's Daughter was to be offered up in Sacrifice. When he approached within Sight of the Valley, he saw at a Distance, the most amiable and beautiful Virgin that ever Eyes beheld, array'd in a pure white *Arabian* Silk, leading to the Place of Death, accompanied by many sage and modest Matrons: The Courage of the brave *English* Knight was so stimulated by this melancholy Scene, that he thought every Minute a whole Day, till he could rescue her from the threatened Danger, and save her from the unsatiable Jaws of the fiery Dragon; so advancing towards the Lady, he gave her Hopes, that her Deliverance was at Hand, and begg'd her to return to her Father's Court.

The noble Knight, like a bold and daring Hero, then entered the Valley where the Dragon had his Abode, who no sooner had Sight of him, but his leathern Throat sent forth a Sound more terrible than Thunder. The Size of this fell Dragon was fearful to behold, for, from his Shoulders to his Tail, the Length was fifty Feet, the glittering Scales upon his Body were as bright as Silver, but harder than Brass; his Belly was of the Colour of Gold, and

larger than a Tun. Thus weltered he from his hideous Den, and so fiercely assailed the gallant Champion, with his burning Wings, that at the first Encounter he had almost felled him to the Ground; but the Knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the Dragon such a Thrust with his Spear, that it shiver'd in a thousand Pieces; upon which the furious Dragon smote him so violently, with his venomous Tail, that then, indeed, he brought both Man and Horse to the Ground, and sorely bruised two of St. George's Ribs, in the Fall; but he stepping backwards, chanced to get under an Orange-Tree, which had that rare Virtue in it, that no venomous Creature durst come within the Compass of its Branches; and here the valiant Knight rested himself, till he had recovered his former Strength; but he no sooner felt his Spirits revived than, with an eager Courage, he smote the burning Dragon under his yellow burnished Belly, with his trusty Sword *Ascalon*, and from the Wound there came such an Abundance of black Venom, that it spouted on the Armour of the Knight, which, by the meer Force of the Poison, burst in two, and he himself fell on the Ground, where he lay, for some Time, quite lifeless, but had rolled himself under the Orange-Tree, in which Place the Dragon had not Power to offer him any farther Violence. The Fruit of this Tree was of that Excellence, that whoever tasted it was immediately cured of all Manner of Wounds and Diseases.

Now, it was the noble Champion's good Fortune to recover himself a little, by the pure Effluvia of the Tree, and then he chanced to espy an Orange, which had lately dropped from it, by tasting of which, he was so refreshed, that in a short Time he was as sound as when he began the Encounter. Then kneeled he down and made his humble Supplication, that Heaven would send him such Strength and Agility of Body as might enable him to slay the fell Monster;

ster; which being done, with a bold and courageous Heart, he smote the Dragon under the Wing, where it was tender, and without Scale, whereby his good Sword *Ascalon*, with an easy Passage, went to the very Hilt, through the Dragon's Liver and Heart, from whence there issued such an Abundance of reeking Gore, as turned all the Grass in the Valley to a Crimson Hue, and the Ground, which was before parched up by the burning Breath of the Dragon, was now drenched in the Moisture that proceeded from his venomous Bowels, the Loss of which, forced him to yield his vital Spirit to the Champion's conquering Sword.

The noble Knight St. George for *England* having performed this, first paid due Honour to the Almighty for his Victory, and then with his Sword cut off the Dragon's Head, and fix'd it on a Trunchion, made of that Spear, which, at the Beginning of the Battle shiver'd in Pieces against the Dragon's scaly Back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty Steed lay, as it were, in a Swoon, without any Motion; but the *English* Champion, now squeezing the Juice of one of the Oranges in his Mouth, the Virtue of it immediately expelled the Venom of the Poison, and recovered his former Strength.

There was then in the *Egyptian* Court, and had been for some Time, *Almidor*, the black King of *Morocco*, who had long sought the Love of *Sabra*, the King's Daughter, but by no Policy, Means, or Manhood, could he accomplish what his Heart desired. And now having less Hopes than ever, by the successful Combat of St. George with the Dragon, he resolved to try the utmost Power of Art, and treacherously despoil the Victor of his Laurels, which he falsely designed to crown his own Temples with, and thereby obtain the Grace of the Lady, who loathed his Company, and more detested his Person than the Crocodile of *Nile*. But, even as the Wolf barks in vain against the Moon, so shall this fantas-

tical and cowardly *Almidor* attempt to seize in vain the Glory won by the *English* Knight, altho' he had hired, by Gifts and Promises, twelve *Egyptian* Knights to beset the Valley where St. George slew the burning Dragon, who were to bereave him, by Force, of the Spoils of his Conquest. Thus, when the magnanimous Champion came riding in Triumph, from the Valley, expecting to have been received as a Conqueror, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have heard the Bells throughout the Kingdom ringing with the joyful Peels of Victory, and every Street illuminated with Bonfires, and blazing Tapers, contrary to his Expectation, he was met with Troops of armed Knights, not to conduct him in Triumph to the *Egyptian* Court, but, by insidious Baseness and Treachery, to bereave him of his Life, and the Glory he had that Day so nobly acquired by his invincible Arms: For, no sooner had he passed the Entrance of the Valley, but he saw the *Egyptian* Knights brandishing their Weapons, and dividing themselves, to intercept him in his Journey to the Court. So, tying his Horse to a Tree, he resolved to try his Fortune on Foot, there being Twelve to One, yet did St. George, at the first Onset, so valiantly behave himself with his trusty Sword *Ascalon*, that, at one Stroke, he slew Three of the *Egyptian* Knights, and before the Golden Chariot of the Sun had gone another Hour in its Diurnal Course, some he had dismember'd of their Heads and Limbs, and some he had cut in two, so that their Entrails fell to the Earth, and not one was left alive to carry Home the News of their Defeat. *Almidor*, the black King, stood the whole Time of the Battle on the Top of a Mountain, to behold the Success of his hired Champions; but when he saw the dismal Catastrophe of these mercenary Knights, and how the good Fortune of the *English* Champion had carried the Honour of the Day, he cursed his Destiny, and accused blind Chance of Cruelty in thus disappointing the Hopes of his treacherous

cherous Enterprize: But having a Heart full fraught with Malice and Envy, he secretly vowed to himself that he would practice some other Treachery, to bring St. George to Destruction. So running before to the Court of King *Ptolomy*, and, without relating what had happened to the twelve *Egyptian* Knights, he cry'd out, *Victoria, Victoria*, the Enemy of *Egypt* is slain. Upon which *Ptolomy* order'd every Street of the City of *Memphis* to be hung with rich Arras, and embroider'd Tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous Chariot of massive Gold, the Wheels and other Timber-work whereof were of the purest Ebony, the Covering rich Silk embossed with Gold; this, with an Hundred of the noblest Peers of *Egypt*, attired in Crimson Velvet, mounted on Milk-white Coursers, richly caparisoned, attended the Arrival of St. George, who was conducted in the most solemn Manner into the City, all the loftiest as well as sweetest Instruments of Musick, both going before and following after the resplendent Chariot in which he was drawn to the Court of King *Ptolomy*, where he surrender'd up the Trophies of his Conquest into the Hands of the beauteous *Sabra*, who was so ravished with the noble Person and princely Presence of the *English* Knight, that, for a Time she was scarce able to speak, but having recovered herself, she took him by the Hand, and led him to a rich Pavilion, where she unarmed him, and with the most precious Salves imbalmed his Wounds, and with fine Linnen Cloths wiped off the Blood; after which she conducted him to a rich Repast, furnished with all Manner of delicate Meats, where the King, her Father, was present, who enquired of his Country, Parentage, and Name. After the Banquet was over he installed him with the Honour of Knighthood, and put upon his Feet a pair of golden Spurs. But the lovely Princess, his Daughter, could feast on Nothing but the Hopes of the Champion.

Nº IV.

pion's Love, and having attended him to his Night's Repose, she sat near his Bed, and striking the melodious Strings of her Lute, lull'd him to Rest with the sweetest Harmony that ever was heard. No sooner had the blushing Morn display'd her Beauties in the East, and gilded, with her radiant Beams, the Mountain Tops, but *Sabra* repaired to the *English* Champion's Lodgings, and at his first Uprising presented him with a Diamond of inestimable Value, which she pray'd him to wear on his Finger, not only as an Ornament, but as it was indued with many most excellent and occult Virtues. The next who entered the Room was *Almidor*, the treacherous black King of *Morocco*, having a Bowl of *Greek* Wine in his Hand, which he offered to the noble Champion St. George of *England*, but when he stretched forth his Arm to accept the same, the Diamond which fair *Sabra* had made him a Present of, waxed pale, and from his Nose fell just three Drops of Blood, which the King's Daughter observing, suspected some secret Poison to be infused in the Wine, whereupon she shrieked out so loudly, and so suddenly, that it alarmed the whole Court, and carried her Suspicions to the Ears of her Father; but so great was his Love for the black King, that he would not give Credit to any Thing could be suggested against him.

Thus was *Almidor* a second Time prevented in his evil Designs, which made him more enraged than a chaced Boar; yet resolving the Third should pay for all, he impatiently expected another Opportunity to put his hellish Purposes in Execution.

St. George remained many Days in the *Egyptian* Court, sometimes revelling among the Gentlemen, dancing and sporting among the Ladies, at other Times in Tilts, Tournaments, and other noble and heroick Exercises; and all that Time was the Breast of the beauteous *Sabra* inflamed

D

with

with the most ardent Love for him, of which the treacherous *Almidor* had Intelligence by many secret Practices, and many Times his own Ears were Witnesses to their Discourse. One Evening in particular, after the glorious Sun was set in *Thebis's* Lap, it was his Fortune to wander near a Garden Wall, to taste the cooling Air, where the two Lovers, without seeing him, were seated in a Bower of *Jessamine*, and after much Talk, he heard the love-sick *Sabra* thus complain:

" My Soul's Delight, my noble *George* of *England*, dearer than all the World beside, why art thou more obdurate than the Flint, since all my falling Tears can never mollify thy Heart? Nor all the Sighs, the many Thousand Sighs, I have sent as Messengers of my true Love, were ever yet requited with a Smile. Refuse not her, my dear-lov'd Lord of *England*, refuse not her, that, for thy Sake, would leave her Parents, Country and Inheritance, altho' that Inheritance be the Crown of *Egypt*, and would follow thee as a Pilgrim through the wide World. The Sun shall sooner lose its Splendor, the pale Moon drop from her Orb, the Sea forget to ebb and flow, and all Things change the Course ordained by Nature, than *Sabra*, Heiress of *Egypt*, prove inconstant to St. *George* of *England*, let then the Priests of *Hymen* knit that Gordian Knot, the Knot of Wedlock, which Death alone has Power to untie.

These Words so fired the Champion's Heart, that he was almost entangled in the Snares of Love, he, who before had never given Way to any Passion but the Love of Arms: Yet, to try her Patience a little more, he made her this Answer:

" Lady of *Egypt*, art thou not content, that I have risk'd my own Life to pre-

serve your's, but you would have me also sacrifice my Honour: Give over the Chace of dazzling Glory! Lay all my warlike Trophies in a Woman's Lap, and change my Truncheon for a Distaff. No, *Sabra*, *George* of *England* is a Knight, born in a Country where true Chivalry is nourish'd, and hath sworn to see the World far as the Lamp of Heaven can lend him Light, before he's fetter'd in the Chains of Wedlock: Therefore think no more of one that is a Stranger, a Wanderer from Place to Place, but cast your Eyes on one more worthy your own high Rank. Why do you decline the Suit of *Almidor*, who is a King, and would think no Task too arduous to obtain your Love?

At which Words she instantly replied:

" The fell King of *Morocco* is more bloody-minded than a Serpent, but thou as gentle as a Lamb; his Tongue more ominous than the screeching Night-Owl, but thine sweeter than the Morning-Lark; his Touch more odious than the biting Snake, but thine more pleasant than the curling Vine. What if thou art a Stranger to our Land, thou art more precious to my Heart, and more delightful to my Eyes, than Crowns and Diadems.

" But stay, reply'd the *English* Champion, I am a *Christian*, Madam, thou a *Pagan*. I honour God in Heaven, you Shadows earthly of a vile Impostor here below: Therefore, if you would obtain my Love, you must forsake your *Mabomet*, and be baptized into the Christian Faith." " With all my Soul, reply'd the *Egyptian* Lady, I will forsake my Country's Gods, and for thy Love become a *Christian*." And thereupon she broke a Ring, and gave him one half as a pledge
of

of her Love, and kept the other half herself : And so, for that Time, went out of the Garden.

The treacherous *Almidor*, who had listened during all this Discourse, was galled to the very Heart to hear how much his Mistress despised him and his proffered Love ; but was now resolved to strike a bold Stroke with the King, her Father, to separate her from his too successful Rival ; and accordingly hastened away to the *Egyptian* King, and prostrating himself before him, he spoke in the following Manner :

“ Know, great Monarch of the East, that I am come to unfold a Secret which nearly concerns the Welfare of your Country. It was my Chance this Evening, when *Titan* had withdrawn his radiant Beams, to seek the cool refreshing Air close by your private Garden Wall, where being myself unseen, I over-heard a deep concerted Plan of Treason, laid between your Daughter and the *English* Knight, for she hath given him a solemn Pledge of Love, and with that Pledge a Promise to forsake the Faith of *Egypt*, sets the great Prophet at Defiance, and will embrace the *Christian* Doctrine. Nay, she forsakes not only *Mahomet*, but her Father, and her native Land, to wander with this Stranger Knight, who, for being so highly honoured in your Court, thus robs you of your Daughter.

“ Now, by our Holy Prophet, reply'd the King, this damned Christian shall not reap the Harvest of our Daughter's Love, for he shall lose his Head, tho' not in our Court, where we have heap'd such Honours on him ; but *Almidor*, be secret, and I'll acquaint you with my Purpose, I will send him to my Kinsman, the Soldan of *Persia*, from whom he shall never more return to *Egypt*, ex-

cept his Ghost bring Tydings of his Fate in that Country.” And to answer this Purpose they contrive between them the following Letter :

To the Soldan of Persia.

“ I *Ptolomy*, King of *Egypt*, and the Eastern Territories, send Greeting to Thee, the mighty Soldan of *Persia*, great Emperor of the Provinces of the larger *Asia*. I make this my Request, trusting to the League of Friendship between us, that thou put the Bearer hereof, thy Slave, to Death ; for he is an utter Enemy to all *Asia* and *Africa*, and a proud Contemner of our Religion. Therefore fail not hereof, as thou tenderest our mutual Friendship. So we bid thee Farewel.

Thy Kinsman,

PTOLOMY.

King of Egypt.

As soon as this Letter was signed and sealed with the great Seal of *Egypt*, *St. George* was sent, in Embassy, with the bloody Sentence of his own Destruction, and was sworn, by the Honour of Knighthood, to deliver it safe, leaving behind him, as a Pledge of his Fidelity, his good Steed, and trusty Sword *Afcalon*, in the Keeping of *Ptolomy*, taking with him only one of that King's Horses, for his easy travelling.

Thus was the innocent Lamb betrayed by the subtle Fox, and sent to the hunger-starv'd Lion's Den, not being suffered to give the least Notice to the fair *Sabra*, of his sudden Departure, but travelled Day and Night thro' many a solitary and dismal Wilderness, without any Adventure worth Notice, only hearing the sad Cry of the Night Raven croaking in his Ear, and the fearful Sound of screeching Owls from the blasted Oak, and such like ominous Messengers of ill-boding Fortune, which fore-

told:

told some direful Accident at Hand. Yet no Fear could daunt his noble Mind, nor Danger hinder his intended Journey, and so at length he arrived within Sight of the Soldan's Palace, which looked more like Paradise than any earthly Habitation: For as History reports, the Walls and Towers of the Palace were of the purest Marble, the Windows Chrystal, set in Work of carved Silver enamelled with oriental Pearl: The outward Walls, the Gates and Pillars were of Brass; and the Building gilt with Gold. About the Palace was a River of great Depth and Breadth, over which stood a Bridge erected on Arches adorned with Images, and Carvings in *Alto* and *Basso Relieve*; under these Arches were hung a Hundred Silver Bells, so that no Creature could pass into the Palace, but they gave warning to the Soldan's Guard. At the End of the Bridge was built a Tower of Alabaster, on the Top of which stood an Eagle of Gold, with Eyes of such precious Stones, that all the Palace glittered with the Splendor of them.

On the Day that St. *George* enter'd the Soldan's Court, there was a solemn Procession in Honour of the false Prophet *Mabomet*, with which the *English* Champion was so moved, that he tore down their Ensigns and Streamers, and trampled them under his Feet: Whereupon the Infidels presently fled to the Soldan for Succour, and shewed him how a strange Knight had despised their *Mabomet*, and trod their Banners in the Dust. Whereupon he sent an Hundred of his armed Knights to know the Cause of that sudden Uproar, and to bring the *Christian* Champion bound before his Majesty: But he entertained these *Persian* Knights with such a bloody Banquet, that some of their Heads were tumbled in the dirty Streets, and the Channels overflowed with Streams of their Blood, the Pavement before the Palace was almost covered with slaughtered Men, and the

Walls were besprinkled with Purple Gore: So victoriously he behaved himself, that e'er the Sun declined in the West, he had brought to the Ground most Part of the Soldan's Knights, and forced the rest, like frightened Sheep, to fly to their Soldan for Aid, who then remained in his Palace with a Guard of a Thousand Men; but at the Report of this unexpected Tumult, he furnished his Soldiers with all the proper Habiliments of War, and came marching from his Palace with such a mighty Force, as if he had apprehended all the Powers of *Christendom* had been coming to invade the Territories of *Asia*. But such was the invincible Courage of St. *George*, that he encountered with them all, and made such a Massacre in the Soldan's Court, that the whole Area was covered, and the Gates stopp'd up with Heaps of slaughter'd *Persians*. At last the Alarm-Bell was rung, and the Beacons set on Fire, upon which the Populace rose in Arms, and came flocking about the *English* Champion like Swarms of Bees: Whereat, through his long Fatigue, and the Multitude of his Enemies, his undaunted Courage was forced to yield, and his restless Arm, wearied with the Fight, constrained to let his Weapon fall to the Ground. And thus he whose Fortitude had sent Thousands to wander on the Banks of *Acheron*, stood now obedient to the Mercy of his Enemies, who with their brandished Weapons, and sharp-edged Faulchions environed him about.

Now, bloody-minded Monster, said the Soldan, what Countryman so e're thou art, Jew, Pagan, or misbelieving Christian, look for a Sentence of severe Punishment for every Drop of Blood thy unhappy Hand hath here shed: First, thy Skin shall be fled from off thy Flesh alive; next, thy Flesh shall be torn with red-hot Pincers from thy Bones; and lastly, thy Limbs parted from each other by wild Horses.

This

This bloody Sentence being pronounced by the Soldan, St. George answered in the following Manner:

"Great Potentate of Asia,

"I crave the Liberty and Law of Arms
"whereto all the Kings of the Earth are
"by Oath forever bound: First, In my
"native Country, my Descent is of Royal
"Blood, and therefore I challenge a Com-
"bat. Secondly, I am an Ambassador
"from the mighty Ptolomy, King of E-
"gypt, therefore is my Person sacred.
"Lastly, The Laws of Asia, and indeed
"all Nations, grant me a safe Conduct
"back; and Ptolomy is answerable for
"every Thing I have done.

Thereupon he delivered the Letter, sealed with the Great Seal of Egypt, which was no sooner broke open and read, but the Soldan's Eyes sparkled with Fire, and upon his Brow sat the Image of Wrath and Indignation.

"By the Report of Ptolomy, said the
"Soldan, thou art a Great Contemner of
"our Holy Prophet and his Laws; there-
"fore his Pleasure is, that you be put
"to Death. Which, by Mahomet, I
"swear, shall be fulfilled.

And upon this he gave him up to the safe Custody of an Hundred of his Guards, till the Time of Execution, which was ordered to be in Thirty Days. Hereupon they disrobed him of his rich Apparel, and cloathed him in base and servile Weeds: His Arms, that were lately employed in supporting the mighty Target, and wielding the weighty Battle-Ax, were now strongly fettered up in Iron Bolts, and those Hands, which were wont to be garnished with Steel Gauntlets, they bound with Hempen Cords, till the purple Blood started from his Fingers Ends; and being thus depouled of all Knightly Digni-

N^o V.

ty, he was convey'd to a dark Dungeon, where the Light of Heaven was never seen, nor the glorious Sun could send one gladening Ray, to shew a Difference betwixt Day and Night. All his Comfort was to reckon up the Number of the Persians he had slain; and sometimes his restless Thoughts were pondering on ungrateful Ptolomy; sometimes running on the Charms of lovely Sabra, distracted with reflecting how she would take his sudden Departure. He then sketch'd out her Picture on the Wall, and to the senseless Form would often thus complain:

"O cruel Destiny! Why am I punish-
"ed in this Sort? Have I conspired against
"the Majesty of Heaven, that it has
"hurl'd such Vengeance on my Head?
"O! shall I never regain my former Li-
"berty, that I may be revenged on those
"who have imprisoned me? Frown angry
"Heavens on these bloody-minded Infir-
"dels, these daring Rebels against the
"Truth of thy Divinity; these professed
"Enemies of Christ: And may the Plagues
"of Pharaoh light upon their Country,
"and the Miseries of Oedipus upon their
"Princes: Let them be Witnesses of their
"Daughters Ravishments, and behold
"their Cities flaming like the burning
"Battlements of Troy.

Thus lamented he the Loss of his Liberty, cursing the Day of his Birth, and the Hour of his Creation, wishing it might be never number'd in the Year, but be accounted ominous to all future Ages. His Sighs exceeded the Number of Sands on the Sea-shore, and his Tears the Water Bubbles on its Surface.

Thus Sorrow was his Companion, and Despair his chief Solicitor, till Hyperion's Golden Car had rested thirty Times in the purple Palace of Thetis; which was the precise Time allotted by the Soldan of Persia for him to live; so expecting every

E

Minute

Minute to entertain the wish'd-for Messenger of Death, he heard afar off the terrible Roaring of two Lions, that for the Space of four Days had been restrained from Food and natural Sustenance, that with the more Eagerness and Fury they might fate their Hunger-starv'd Bowels with the Body of the Thrice renowned *English* Champion. The Cry of these Lions so terrify'd his Mind that the Hair of his Head grew stiff; and on his Brows were large Drops of Sweat, and in his Soul such Fire and Rage, that with Violence he broke his Chains asunder, then rent the Amber-coloured Tresses from his Head, with which he wrapp'd his Arms, preparing for the Assault of the Lions, which he imagined were designed to be the Executioners of the Soldan's Sentence upon him, as indeed they were; and at that Instant the Guards, who brought them, let them out of the Dungeon upon him, but such was his invincible Fortitude, and so polittick was he in his Defence, that when the starved Lions came running on him with open Jaws, he courageously thrust his sinew'd Arms, that were covered with the Hair of his Head, into their Throats, whereby they were presently choked, and then he pulled out their Hearts.

Which Spectacle the Soldan's Guards beholding, were so amazed with Fear that they ran in all Haste to the Palace to acquaint the Soldan with what had happened, who commanded every Part of the Court to be strongly guarded with armed Soldiers, supposing the *English* Knight rather some Monster ascended from the Infernal Regions, than one of the Human Species. And such Terror seized the Soldan, when he heard that he had killed the two Lions, after having slaughtered two Thousand *Persians* with his own Hands; and having likewise Intelligence of his having destroyed the burning Dragon of *Egypt*, that he caused the Dungeon, wherein he was kept, to be doubly fortified with Iron Bars, lest,

by Force or Stratagem, the Champion should recover his Liberty, and thereby endanger the whole Kingdom of *Persia*. Here, for the Term of seven Winters, he remained in the greatest Want and Distress, feeding upon Rats and Mice, and creeping Worms, which he caught in the Dungeon, nor tasting in that whole Time, of any Bread but what was made of Bran, and drinking only Channel Water, which was daily served him thro' the Iron Grates. Here we will now leave St. *George*, languishing under Want and Oppression, and return to *Egypt*, where we left *Sabra*, the Champion's betrothed Lady, lamenting the Absence of him, whom she loved dearer than all the World besides.

Sabra, the fairest Virgin that ever Mortal Eye beheld, in whom Nature had shewn the utmost Perfection; her Body was straiter than the stately Cedar, and the Tincture of her Skin surpassed the Beauty of the *Paphian* Queen, but one was bending with her Weight of Woes, and the other tarnish'd with the brackish Tears that daily trickled down the Roses of her Cheeks, whereon sat the Image of Discontent, and she herself seemed a Mirror of patient Sorrow. All Company was loathsome to her Sight, she shunned even the Fellowship of those Ladies who were once her most intimate Companions, and betook herself only to a solitary Cabinet, where, with her Needle, she amused the Time, and having wrought the Figures of many a bleeding Heart, she bathed them with the Luke-warm Tears that fell from the Conduit of her Eyes; then, with her auborn Locks, that hung in wanton Ringlets down her Ivory Neck, she dry'd them up; and thinking on the plighted Promises of her dear loved Knight, fell into these sad Complainings:

" O Love! said she, more sharp than
 " keenest Razors, with what Inequality
 " do'st thou torment my wounded Heart,
 " not linking my dear Lord's in like Affec-
 " tion

“ section with it. O *Venus* ! whom both
 “ Gods and Men obey, if thou bee’st ab-
 “ solute in thy Power, command my wan-
 “ dering Lord to return, or let my Soul
 “ be wafted to his sweet Bosom, where
 “ my bleeding Heart already is enshrined.
 “ But foolish Fondling that I am ! he
 “ hath rejected me, and even shuns my
 “ Father’s Court where he was honoured
 “ and esteemed, to wander through the
 “ World to seek another Love. No, no,
 “ it cannot be, he is more constant, his
 “ Mind more noble than to forget his
 “ plighted Vows, and much I fear some
 “ Treachery has bereft me of him, some
 “ stony Prison keeps him from me, for
 “ only Chains and Fetters could thus long
 “ with-hold him from my Arms. If so,
 “ sweet *Morpheus*, God of Golden Dreams,
 “ reveal to me my Love’s Abode, shew
 “ me in Sleep the Shadow of his lovely
 “ Form, give me to know the Reason of
 “ his sudden Departure, and of his long
 “ and painful Absence.

After this Exclamation she closed her
 radiant Eyes in Sleep, when presently the
 very Image, as she thought, of her dear
 lov’d Knight, St. *George*, appeared, not as
 he was wont in shining Arms, and with
 his Burgonet of glittering Steel, nor mount-
 ed on his stately Steed, deckt with a crim-
 son Plume of spangled Feathers, but in
 over-worn and simple Attire, with pale
 Looks and emaciated Body, like a Ghost
 new risen from the hollow Grave, breath-
 ing, as it were, these sad and woful Ex-
 pressions :

“ SABRA, I am betray’d for Love of Thee,
 “ And lodg’d in Cave as dark as Night ;
 “ From whence, I never more, ah wo is
 “ me !
 “ Shall have the Pleasure of thy beauteous
 “ Sight :
 “ Remain thou true and constant for my
 “ Sake,
 “ That of my Absence none may ’Vantage
 “ make.

“ Let Tyrants know if ever I obtain
 “ What now is lost by Treason’s faithless
 “ Guile,
 “ False *Egypt*’s Scourge I ever will remain,
 “ And turn to streaming Blood *Morocco*’s
 “ Soil.
 “ That hateful Prince of *Barbary* shall rue,
 “ The fell Revenge that is his Treason’s
 “ due.
 “ The *Persian* Towers shall smoak with
 “ Fire,
 “ And lofty *Babylon* be tumbled down :
 “ The Cross of *Christendom* shall then aspire,
 “ To wear the proud *Egyptian* tripple
 “ Crown.
 “ *Jerusalem* and *Judah* shall behold
 “ The Fall of Kings by Christian Cham-
 “ pions bold.
 “ Thou Maid of *Egypt* still continue chaste,
 “ A Tyger seeks thy Virgin’s Name to
 “ spill,
 “ Whilst *George* of *England* is in Prison
 “ plac’d,
 “ Thou shalt be forc’d to wed against thy
 “ Will :
 “ But after this shall happen mighty things,
 “ For from thy Womb shall spring three
 “ wond’rous Kings.

This strange and woful Speech was no
 sooner ended, but she awaked from her
 Sleep, and presently reached out her Ivo-
 ry Arms, thinking to embrace him, but
 met with nothing but empty Air, which
 caused her to renew her former Complaints.

“ Oh ! wherefore dy’d I not in this my
 “ troublesome Dream, said the sorrowful
 “ Lady, that my Ghost might have
 “ haunted those inhuman Monsters who
 “ have thus betrayed the bravest Cham-
 “ pion that the Eye of Heaven, or the
 “ Sons of Earth have e’er beheld ? For
 “ his Sake will I exclaim against the In-
 “ gratitude of *Egypt*, and like ravished
 “ *Philomel*, fill every Corner of the Land
 “ with Ecchoes of his Wrong : My Woes
 “ are

“ are greater, and by far exceed the Sor-
 “ rows of *Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, mourn-
 “ ing for *Aeneas*.

With such like plaintive Words wearied she the Time away, till twelve Months were fully finished: At last her Father understanding what ardent Affection she bore to the *English* Champion, spoke to her in this Manner:

“ Daughter, I charge thee on the Obe-
 “ dience and Duty which thou owest to
 “ me, both as thy Father and thy King,
 “ to banish from thy Thoughts all fond
 “ Affection for the wandering Knight;
 “ whom thou hast made unworthily the
 “ Object of thy Love, for he hath nei-
 “ ther Home nor Habitation. Thou seest
 “ he has forsaken thee, and in his Travels
 “ is wedded to another. Therefore, as
 “ you value my Love, or dread my Dis-
 “ pleasure, I charge thee again to think of
 “ him no more: But cast your Eyes on the
 “ black King of *Morocco*, who is deserv-
 “ ing of thee, and whose Nuptials with
 “ thee I intend to celebrate in *Egypt* short-
 “ ly, with all the Honours due to my
 “ own and his high Rank.

Having said these Words, he departed without waiting for an Answer, by which fair *Sabra* knew, he was not to be thwarted in his Will. Therefore she poured forth these sad Words:

“ O unkind Father! to cross the Af-
 “ fection of thy Child, and thus force
 “ Love where there is no Liking: Yet
 “ shall my Mind continue true to my
 “ dear-lov'd Lord, altho' my Body be
 “ forc'd against Nature to obey, and *Al-
 “ midor* have the Honour of my Mar-
 “ riage-Bed, yet shall *English George* only
 “ have my Heart, and my Virginity, if
 “ ever he return to *Egypt*.

Hereupon she pulled forth a Chain of Gold, and wrapped it seven Times about her Alabaster Neck. “ This, said she, hath been seven Days steep'd in *Tyger's* Blood, and seven Nights in *Dra-
 “ gon's* Milk, whereby it hath obtained
 “ such excellent Virtue, that so long as I
 “ wear it about my Neck, no Man on
 “ Earth can enjoy my Virginity, though
 “ I should be forced to the State of Mar-
 “ riage, and lie seven Years in the Bed of
 “ Wedlock, yet by the Virtue of this
 “ Chain, shall I still continue a true Vir-
 “ gin.

Which Words were no sooner ended, but *Almidor* enter'd her sorrowful Chamber, and presented her with a Wedding-Garment, which was of the purest *Median* Silk, emboss'd with Pearl and glittering Gold, perfum'd with sweet *Syrian* Powders; it was of the Colour of the Lilly, when *Flora* had bedeck'd the Fields in *May* with Nature's Ornaments; glorious and costly were her Vestures, and so state-ly were the Nuptial Rites solemniz'd, that *Egypt* admired the Grandeur of her Wedding, which for seven Days was held in the Court of *Ptolomy*, and then mov'd to *Tripoly*, the chief City in *Barbary*, where *Almidor's* forced Bride was crown'd Queen of *Morocco*; at which Coronation the Conduits ran with *Greek* Wines, and the Streets of *Tripoly* were beautify'd with Pageants, and delightful Shews. The Court re-sounded such melodious Harmony, as tho' *Apollo* with his Silver Harp had descended from the Heavens: Such Tilts and Tournaments were perform'd betwixt the *Egyptian* Knights, and the Knights of *Barbary*, that they exceeded the Nuptials of *Hecuba* the beauteous Queen of *Troy*: Which honourable Proceedings we leave for this Time to their own Contentments, some Masking, some Dancing, some Revelling, some Tilting, some Banqueting. Leave

we also the Champion of *England*, *St. George*, mourning in the Dungeon in *Persia*, as you heard before, and return to the other six Champions of *Christendom*, who departed from the Brazen Pillar, every

one his several Way, whose Knightly and Noble Adventures, if the Muses grant me their Assistance, I will most amply discover to the Honour of *Christendom*.

C H A P. IV.

St. Denis, the Champion of France, lives seven Years in the Shape of an Hart; and proud Eglantine, the King of Theffaly's Daughter, is transformed into a Mulberry-Tree; but recover their former Shapes by Means of St. Denis's Horse.

CALLING now to Mind the long and weary Travels *St. Denis*, the Champion of *France*, endur'd, after his Departure from the other six Champions at the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the Beginning of the former Chapter, from which he wander'd thro' many a desolate Grove and Wilderness, without any Adventure worth noting, 'till he arriv'd upon the Borders of *Theffaly* (being a Land, as then, inhabited only with wild Beasts) wherein he endur'd such a Scarcity of Victuals, that he was forc'd, for the Space of seven Years, to feed upon the Herbs of the Field, and the Fruits of Trees, till the Hairs of his Head were like Eagles Feathers, and the Nails of his Fingers like Birds Claws: His Drink, the Dew of Heaven, which he lick'd from the Flowers in Meadows; his Attire, the Bay Leaves and broad Docks, that grew in the Wood; his Shoes the Bark of Trees, wherein he travell'd through many a thorny Brake: But at last, as it was his Fortune, or cruel Destiny, (being over-prest with the Extremity of Hunger) to taste and feed upon the Berries of an enchanted Mulberry-Tree, whereby he lost the lively Form and Image of his human Substance, and was transform'd into the Shape and Likeness of a wild Hart; which strange and sudden

N^o VI.

Transformation, this noble Champion little mistrusted, 'till he espied his mishapen Form in a clear Fountain, which Nature had made in a cool and shady Valley; but when he beheld the Shadow of his deformed Body, and how his Head, late honoured with a Burgonet of Steel, was now disgraced with a Pair of *Sylvan* Horns, his Countenance, which was the Index of his noble Mind, now covered with the Likeness of a Brute; and his Body, which was erect, tall, smooth and fair, now bending to Earth on four Feet, and cloathed in a rough hairy Hide of a dusky brown Colour, having his Reason still left, he ran again to the Mulberry-Tree, supposing the Berries he had eaten to be the Cause of his Transformation, and there laying himself upon the bare Ground, he thus began to complain:

“What magick Charms, or what bewitching Spells, said he, are contained in this curst Tree? whose poisonous Fruit hath confounded my future Fortunes, and reduced me to this miserable Condition. O thou cœlestial Ruler of the World! O merciful Power of Heaven! look down with Pity on my hapless State; incline thine Ears to listen to my Woes; I, who was late a Man, am now an horned Beast. A Soldier, F
“once

" once my Country's Champion, now a
 " timorous Deer, the Prey of Dogs, my
 " glittering Armour changed into a hairy
 " Hide, and my brave Array now vile as
 " common Earth: Henceforth, instead of
 " princely Palaces, these shady Woods
 " must be my sole Retreat, wherein my
 " Bed of Down must be a Heap of Sun-
 " dry'd Moss; my sweet-delighting Mu-
 " sick, blustering Winds, that with tempest-
 " tuous Gusts, make the whole Wilderness
 " tremble: The Company I am obliged
 " henceforth to keep, must be the Sylvan
 " Satyrs, Driades, and airy Nymphs, who
 " never appear to human Eyes, but at
 " Twilight, or the Midnight Moon; the
 " Stars that beautify the Chrystal Vault,
 " and wide Expanse of Heaven shall here-
 " after serve as Torches to light me to
 " my woful Bed; the scowling Clouds
 " shall be my Canopy, and my Clock to
 " give me Notice how Time runs stealing
 " on, the dismal Sounds of hissing Snakes,
 " or croaking Toads.

Thus describ'd he his own Misery, 'till
 the bitter Tears of Wretchedness gush'd

out in such Abundance from the Conduits
 of his Eyes, and his heavy Sighs so vio-
 lently forc'd their Passage from his bleed-
 ing Breast, that they even seem'd to con-
 strain the savage Bears, and merciless Ty-
 gers to relent in Pity of his Moan, and like
 harmless Lambs to sit bleating in the Woods,
 to hear his mournful Exclamations.

Long and many Days continued this
 Champion of *France* in the Shape of an
 Hart, in greater Misery than the unfor-
 tunate *English* Champion in *Persia*, not
 knowing how to recover his former Shape,
 and human Substance. But on a Day as he
 lamented the Loss of his natural Form, un-
 der the Branches of that enchanted Mul-
 berry-Tree, which was the Cause of his
 Transformation, he heard a most grievous
 and terrible Groan, which he supposed to
 portend that something extraordinary was
 to ensue: Upon which suspending his Sor-
 rows for a Time, he heard an hollow Voice
 breathe from the Trunk of the Mulberry-
 Tree, the following Words:

The VOICE in the Mulberry-Tree.

Cease to lament, thou famous Man of *France*,
 With gentle Ears come listen to my Moan,
 In former Time it was my fatal Chance
 To be the proudest Maid that e'er was known;
 By Birth I was the Daughter of a King,
 Though now a breathless Tree, and senseless Thing.

My Pride was such that Heaven confounded me,
 A Goddess in my own Conceit I was:
 What Nature lent, too base I thought to be,
 But deem'd myself all others to surpass,
 And therefore *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* sweet,
 The Food of Heav'n for me I counted meet.

My Pride despis'd the finest Bread of Wheat,
And purer Food I daily sought to find ;
Refined Gold was boil'd still in my Meat,
Such Self Conceit my Senses all did blind :
For which the Gods above transformed me,
From human Substance to this senseless Tree.

Seven Years in Shape of Hart thou must remain,
And then the purple Rose by Heav'n's Decree,
Shall bring thee to thy former Shape again,
And end at last thy woful Misery :
When this is done, before you cut in twain
This fatal Tree wherein I do remain.

After he had heard these Words from the Mulberry-Tree, he was so much amaz'd at the Strangeness thereof, that he for some Moments was depriv'd of Speech, and the Thoughts of his long appointed Punishment bereav'd him of his Understanding : But at last recovering his Senses, though not his human Form, he bitterly complained of his Misfortunes.

“ Oh ! unhappy Creature, (said the distressed Champion) more miserable than
“ *Progne* in her Transformation, and more
“ unfortunate than *Alceon*, whose perfect
“ Picture I am made : His Misery continued but a short Time, for his own
“ Dogs, the same Day, tore him into a
“ Thousand Pieces, and bury'd his transform'd Carcass in their hungry Bowels :
“ But mine is appointed by the angry
“ Destinies, 'till seven Times the Summer's Sun shall yearly replenish his radiant Brightness, and seven Times the
“ Winter's Rain shall wash me with the
“ Showers of Heaven.

Such were the Complaints of the transform'd Knight of *France*, sometimes remembering his former Fortunes, how he had spent his Days in the Honour of his Country, at other Times thinking upon

the Place of his Nativity, renown'd *France*, the Nurse and Mother of his Youth, and again treading with his Foot (for Hands he had none) in sandy Ground, the Print of the Words which he had heard from the Mulberry-Tree, and many Times numbering the Minutes of his tedious Punishment with the Flowers of the Field. Ten Thousand Sighs he daily breath'd from his Breast, and still when the sable Mantle of the dark and gloomy Night had overspread the Azure Firmament, and drawn her Curtains before the brighter Windows of the Heavens, all Creatures took their sweet Repose, and closed their Eyes in Sleep, but him ; and when all Things else were silent but the murmuring Brooks, and Rills, the distressed Champion made their Musick his only Comfort. The Queen of Night was many Hundred Times a Witness to his Lamentations. The wandering Owl, that ventures not abroad but in the Dark, sat houting o'er his Head ; and the sad but sweetly complaining *Philomel*, with mournful Melody, joined in the Chorus of his Sighs. But during the whole Term of his seven Years Misery, his trusty Steed never once forsook him, but with all Love and Diligence attended on him Day and Night, never straying from his Side ; and

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If extream Heat in Summer, or pinching Cold in Winter, grew troublesome to him, his Horse would shelter and defend him.

At last, when the Term of seven Years was fully expir'd, when he was to recover his former Substance, and human Shape, his good Horse, which he regarded as the Apple of his Eye, clamber'd an high and steep Mountain, which Nature had beautified with all kind of fragrant Flowers, as odoriferous as the Gardens of the *Hesperides*; from whence he pull'd a Branch of purple Roses, and brought them betwixt his Teeth to his distressed Master, being still in the same Disorder and Discontent, under the Mulberry-Tree. The Champion of *France* no sooner beheld this, but he remember'd that by a purple Rose he shou'd recover his former Shape, and so joyfully receiv'd the Roses from his trusty Steed: Then casting his Eyes up to the celestial Throne of Heaven, he convey'd these consecrated Flowers into his empty Stomach.

After which he laid him down upon the Bosom of his Mother Earth, where he fell into such a sound Sleep, that all his Senses and vital Spirits ceas'd to perform their usual Offices, for the space of four and twenty Hours, in which Time the Windows and Doors of Heaven were opened, from whence descended such a Shower of Rain, that it wash'd away his hairy Coat and Beast-like Shape; his horned Head and long Visage were turned again into a lively Countenance, and all the rest of his Members, both Arms, Legs, Hands, Feet, Fingers, Toes, with all the rest of Nature's Gifts, receiv'd their former Shape.

But when the good Champion awaked from his Sleep, and perceived the wonderful Workmanship of Heaven, in transforming him to his human Likeness: He first gave Honour to Almighty God: Next, bless'd the Ground whereon he had liv'd so long in Misery: Then beholding his

Armour which lay near him, quite stain'd, and almost spoil'd with Rust; his Burgonet and keen-edg'd Cuttleax besmear'd over with Dust: Then lastly, pondering in his Mind, the faithful Service his trusty Steed had done him, during the Time of his Calamity, whose sable-colour'd Mane hung frizzling down his brawny Neck, which before was wont to be platted curiously with artificial Knots, and his Forehead which was always beautified with a tawny Plume of Feathers, now disfigured with over-grown Hair, the good Champion, St. Denis of *France*, was so grieved, that he stroak'd down his jetty Back, 'till the Hair of his Body lay as smooth as *Arabian Silk*; then pull'd he out his trusty Faulchion, which, in so many fierce Assaults, and dangerous Combats, had been bath'd in the Blood of his Enemies, and by the long Continuance of Time lying idle, was now almost consum'd with canker'd Rust; but by his Labour and great Industry, he recover'd its former Beauty and Brightness again.

Thus both his Sword and Horse, his martial Furniture, and all other Habilliments of War, being brought to their first and proper Qualities, the noble Champion resolv'd to pursue his intended Adventure, in cutting down the Mulberry-Tree: So taking his Sword, which was of the purest *Spanish* Steel, made such a Stroak at the Root thereof, that at one Blow he cut it quite in sunder, from whence immediately flash'd such a mighty Flame of Fire, that the Mane was burnt from his Horse's Neck, and likewise the Hair of his own Head had been fir'd, had not his Helmet preserv'd him: And no sooner was the Flame extinguish'd, but there ascended from the hollow Tree a naked Virgin (in Shape like *Daphne* which *Apollo* turn'd into a Bay-Tree) fairer than *Pigmalion's* Ivory Image, or the Northern Snow, her Eyes more clear than the Icy-Mountains, her Cheeks like

like Roses dipped in Milk; her Lips more Lovely than the Turkish Rubies, her Alabaster Teeth like Indian Pearls, her Neck seemed an Ivory Tower, her dainty Breasts a Garden where Milk White Doves sate and sung, the rest of Nature's Lineaments a stain to *Juno*, *Pallas*, or *Venus*, at whose excellent Beauty, this Valiant and Undaunted Champion more admired, than her wonderful Transformation; for his Eyes were ravished with such exceeding Pleasure, that his Tongue could remain no longer silent, but was forced to unfold the Secrets of his Heart, and in these Terms began to utter his Mind:

Thou most Divine and Singular Ornament of Nature! said he, fairer than the Feathers of the *Silvan* Swan that swims upon *Meander's* Crystal Streams, and far more Beautiful than *Aurora's* Morning Countenance, to thee the Fairest of all Fairs, most humbly and only to thy Beauty do I here submit my Affections. Also I swear by the Honour of my Knighthood, and by the Love of my Country of *France*, (which Vow I will not violate for all the Treasures of Rich *America*, or the Golden Mines of Higher *India*) whether thou art an Angel descended from Heaven, or a Fury ascended from the vast Dominions of *Proserpine*: Whether thou art some Fairy or *Silvan* Nymph, which inhabits in the Fatal Woods, or else an Earthly Creature, for thy Sins transformed into this Mulberry-tree, I am not therefore Judge. Therefore sweet Saint, to whom my Heart must pay its due Devotion, unfold to me thy Birth, Parentage, and Name, that I may the bolder presume upon thy Courtesies. At which Demand, this New Born Virgin, with a shamefac'd Look, modest Gesture, sober Grace, and blushing Countenance, began thus to reply:

Sir Knight, by whom my Life, my

No VII.

Love, and Fortunes are to be commanded, and by whom my Humane Shape and Natural Form is Recovered: First know, you Magnanimous Champion, that I am by Birth the King of *Thessaly's* Daughter, and my Name was called for my Beauty proud *Eglantine*: For which contemptuous Pride, I was transformed into this Mulberry Tree, in which green Substance I have continued Fourteen Years. As for my Love, thou hast deserved it, before all Knights in the World, and to thee do I plight that true Promise before the Omnipotent Judger of all Things: And before that secret Promise shall be infringed, the Sun shall cease to shine by Day, the Moon by Night, and all the Planets forsake their natural Order.

At which Words the Champion gave her the Courtesies of his Country, and sealed her Promises with a loving Kiss.

After which, Beautiful *Eglantine*, being ashamed of her Nakedness, weaved herself a Garment of Green Rushes intermix'd with such Variety of Flowers, that it surpassed, for Workmanship, the Indian Maidens curious Webs; her curling Locks of Hair continued still of the Colour of the Mulberry Tree, and made her appear like *Flora* in her greatest Royalty, when the Fields were decked with Nature's Tapestry.

She then washed her Lilly Hands, and Rose-Coloured Face in the Dew of Heaven, which she gathered from a Bed of Violets. Thus in Green Vestments, she intends in Company of her true Love, (the Valiant Knight of *France*) to take her Journey to her Father's Court, Where after some few Days Travel, they arrived safe, and were welcomed according to their Wishes, with the most honourable Entertainments. The King of *Thessaly* no sooner beheld his Daughter, of whose strange transformation he was ignorant, but he fell into a Swoon,

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through

through exceeding Joy, but coming to his Senses, he embraced her, and proffered such Courtesie to the strange Knight, that S. Denis accounted him the Mirror of all Courtesie, and the Pattern of true Nobility.

After the Champion was unarmed, his stiff and wearied Limbs were bathed in New Milk and White Wine, he was conveyed to sweet smelling Fire made of Ju-

niper, and the Fair Eglantine conducted by the Maidens of Honour to a private Chamber, where she was Disrobed of her *Silvan* Attire, and apparelled in long Robes of Purple Silk: In which Court of *Theffaly* we will leave our Champion of *France* with his Lady, and go forward in the Discourse of the other Champions, discovering what Adventures happened to them during the Seven Years.

CHAP. V.

How S. James, the Champion of Spain, continued Seven Years Dumb for the Love of the Fair Jew, and how he should have been Shot to Death by the Maidens of Jerusalem, with other Things which happen'd in his Travels.

NOW must my Muse speak of S. James of Spain, the Third Champion, and what happened unto him in his Seven Years Travels through many a strange Country by Sea and Land, where his Honourable Acts were so dangerous and full of Wonder, that I want Skill to express, and Art to describe: Also I am forced for brevities sake, to pass over his dangerous Battle with the Burning Drake upon the Flaming Mount in *Sicily*, which terrible Combate continued for the space of Seven Days and Seven Nights: Likewise I omit his travel in *Cappadocia*, through a Wilderness of Monsters, with his Passage over the Red Seas, where his Ship was devoured with Worms, his Mariners drowned, and himself, his Horse, and Furniture safely brought to Land by the Sea Nymphs and Mermaids: Where after his long Travels, passed Perils, and dangerous Tempests, amongst the stormy Billows of the raging Seas, he arrived in the unhappy Dominions of *Judah*, unhappy by reason of the long and trou-

blesome Misery he endured for the Love of a Fair Jew. For coming to the beautiful City of *Jerusalem*, (being in that Age the Wonder of the World, for brave Buildings, princely Palaces, and wonderful Temples) he so admired the glorious Situation thereof (being the richest Place that ever his Eyes beheld) that he stood before the Walls of *Jerusalem*, one while gazing upon her golden Gates, glittering against the Sun's bright Countenance, another while beholding her Stately Pinacles, whose lofty peeping Tops seemed to touch the Clouds; another while wondring at her Towers of Jasper, Jet and Ebony, her strong and fortified Walls, three times double about the City, glittering Spires of the Temple of *Sion*, built in the Fashion and Similitude of the Pyramids, the ancient Monument of *Greece*, whose Battlements were covered with Steel, the Walls burnished with Silver, the Ground paved with Tin. Thus as this Noble and Famous Knight at Arms stood beholding the Situation of *Jerusalem*, there suddenly Thundred such

such a Peal of Ordnance within the City, that it seemed in his ravished Conceit to shake the Veil of Heaven, and to move the deep Foundations of the fastned Earth; whereat his Horse gave such a sudden start, that he leaped ten Foot from the Place whereon he stood. After this, he heard the Sound of Drums, and the chearful Echoes of brazen Trumpets, by which the valiant Champion expected some honourable Pastime, or some great Tournament to be at hand; which indeed so fell out: For no sooner did he cast his Eyes toward the East-side of the City, but he beheld a Troop of well-appointed Horse come marching through the Gates: After them twelve armed Knights mounted on twelve warlike Coursers, bearing in their Hands twelve Blood-red Streamers, whereon was wrought in Silk the Picture of *Adonis* wounded by a Boar: After them the King drawn in a Chariot, by *Spanish* Mares. The King's Guards were a hundred naked *Moors* with *Turkish* Bows and Darts, feathered with Ravens Wings: After them marched *Celestine* the King of *Jerusalem's* fair Daughter, mounted on a tame Unicorn. In her Hand a Javelin of Silver, and armed with a Breast Plate of Gold, artificially wrought like the Scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were too *Amazonian* Dames clad in green Silk: After them followed a Number of Esquires and Gentlemen, some upon *Barbarian* Steeds, some upon *Arabian* Palfreys, and some on Foot, in Pace more nimble than the tripping Deer, and more swift than the tamest Hart upon the Mountains of *Thessaly*.

Thus *Nebuzaradan*, great King of *Jerusalem* (for so he was called) solemnly hunted in the Wilderness of *Judab*, being a Country very much annoyed with wild Beasts, as the Lion, the Leopard, the Boar, and such like; in which Exer-

cise, the King appointed, as it was proclaimed by his chief Herald at Arms, (which he heard repeated by the Shepherd in the Fields) that whosoever slew the first wild Beast in the Forest, should have in Reward a Corslet of Steel so richly engraven, that it should be worth a Thousand Sheckles of Silver. Of which honourable Enterprize when the Champion had understanding, and with what liberal Bounty the Adventurous Knight would be rewarded, his Heart was fraught with invincible Courage, thirsting after glorious Attempts, not only for hope of Gain, but for the Desire of Honour, at which his illustrious and undaunted Mind aimed, to eternize his Deeds in the memorable Records of Fame, and to shine as a Crystal Mirror to all ensuing Times. So closing down his Bever, and locking on his Furniture, he scoured over the Plains before the Hunters of *Jerusalem*, in Pace more swift than the winged Winds, till he approached an old unfrequented Forest, wherein he espied a huge and mighty wild Boar, lying before his mossy Den, gnawing upon the mangled Joints of some Passenger, which he had murdered as he travelled through the Forest.

This Boar was of wonderful Length and Bigness, and so terrible to behold, that at the first Sight he almost daunted the Courage of the *Spanish* Knight: For his monstrous Head seemed ugly and deformed, his Eyes sparkled like a fiery Furnace, his Tusks more sharp than Pikes of Steel, and from his Nostrils fumed such a violent Breath, that it seemed like a Tempestuous Whirlwind; his Bristles were more hard than seven times melted Brass, and his Tail more loathsome than a Wreath of Snakes: Near whom when *S. James* approached, and beheld how he drank the Blood of humane Creatures, and devoured their Flesh, he blew his

Silver

Silver Horn, which as then hung at the Pommel of his Saddle, in a a Scarf of Green Silk : Whereat the furious Monster turned himself, and most fiercely assail'd the noble Champion, who most nimbly leaped from his Horse, and with his Spear struck such a violent Blow upon the Breast of the Boar, that it shivered into Twenty Pieces : Then drawing his Falchion from his Side, he gave him a Second Encounter, but all in vain, for he struck as it were upon a Rock of Stone, or a Pillar of Iron, not hurting the Boar : But at last with staring Eyes and open Jaws, the greedy Monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive : But the nimble Knight as then trusted more to Policy, than Fortitude, and so skipped from place to place, till on a sudden he thrust his keen edged Cuttle-Ax down his Throat, and split his Heart in sunder. Which being accomplished to his own desire, he cut off the Boar's Head, and so presented the Honour of the Combat to the King of *Jerusalem*, who with his mighty Train of Knights, but now entered the Forest : Who having graciously received the Gift, and bountifully fulfilled his Promises, demanded the Champion's Country, his Religion, and Place of his Nativity : But no sooner had Intelligence that he was a Christian Knight, and Born in the Territories of *Spain*, but presently his Kindness changed to a great Fury, and by these Words, expressed his Anger to the Christian Champion.

Knowest thou not, bold Knight (said the King of Jerusalem) that it is the Law of Judah, to harbour no uncircumcised Man, but either to banish him out of the Land, or end his Days by some untimely Death. Thou art a Christian, and therefore shalt die : Not all thy Country Treasures, the wealthy Spanish Mines, nor if all the Alps which divide the Countries of Italy and

Spain, were turned to Hills of Burnisht Gold, and made my lawful Heritage, they should not redeem thy Life. Yet for the Honour thou hast done in Judah, I grant thee this Favour by the Law of Arms to choose thy Death, else hadst thou suffered most grievous Torment. Which severe Judgment so amazed the Champion, that desperately he would have killed himself with his own Sword, but that he thought it more Honour to his Country to die in the Defence of *Christendom*. So like a truly noble Knight, fearing not the Threats of the *Jews*, he gave his Sentence of his own Death. First he requested to be bound to a Pine Tree with his Breast laid open naked against the Sun ; then to have an Hour's respite to make his Supplication to his Creator, and afterwards to be shot to Death by a true Virgin.

Which Words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarmed him of his Furniture, bound him to a Pine Tree, and laid his Breast open, ready to receive the bloody Stroke of some unrelenting Maiden : But such Pity, Meekness, Mercy and kind Lenity lodged in the Heart of every Maiden, that none would take in hand, or be the bloody Executioner of so brave a Knight. At last the tyrannous *Nabuzaradan* gave strict Commandment upon pain of Death, that Lots should be cast betwixt the Maids of *Judah* that were there present, and to whom the Lot fell, she should be the fatal Executioner of the Condemned Christian. But by chance the Lot fell to *Celestine* the King's Daughter, being the fairest Maid then living in *Jerusalem*, in whose Heart no such Deed of Cruelty could be harboured. Instead of Death's fatal Instrument, she shot towards his Breast, a deep strained Sigh, the true Messenger of Love, and afterwards to Heaven she thus made her humble Supplication.

Thou great Commander of celestial moving Powers, convert the cruel Motions of my Father's Mind, into a Spring of pitiful Tears, that they may wash away the Blood of this Innocent Knight, from the Habitation of his stained purple Soul. O Judah and Jerusalem, within whose Bosoms live a Wilderness of Tygers, degenerate from Nature's kind, more cruel than the hungry Cannibals, and more obdurate than untam'd Lions! What merciless Tygers can unrip that Breast, where lives the Image of true Nobility, the very Pattern of Knighthood, and the Map of a noble Mind? No, no, before my Hand shall be stained with Christians Blood, I will like Scylla, against all Nature, sell my Country's Safety, or like Medea, wander with the Golden Fleece to unknown Nations.

In such manner complained the Beautiful Celestine the King's Daughter of Jerusalem, till her Sighs stopped the Passage of her Speech, and her Tears stained the natural Beauty of her Rosie Cheeks; her Hair which glittered like to Golden Wires, she besmeared in Dust, and disrobed herself of her costly Garments, and then with a Train of her Amazonian Ladies, when to the King her Father, where after a long Suit, she not only obtained his Life, but Liberty, yet therewithal his perpetual Banishment from Jerusalem, and from all the Borders of Judah, the want of whose Sight more grieved her Heart, than the Loss of her own Life. So this noble and praiseworthy Celestine returns to the Christian Champion, who expected every Minute to be put to death, but this expectation fell out contrary; for the good Lady after she had sealed Two or Three Kisses upon his pale Lips, being changed through the fear of Death, cut the Bands that bound his Body to the Tree into many pieces, and then with a Flood of Salt Tears, the Motives of True Love, she

No VIII.

thus revealed her Mind.

Most Noble Knight, and true Champion of Christendom, thy Life and Liberty I have gained, but therewith thy Banishment from Judah, which is a Hell of Horror to my Soul; for in thy Bosom have I built my Happiness, and in thy Heart I account the Paradise of my true Love, thy first Sight and lovely Countenance did ravish me, for when these Eyes beheld thee mounted on thy princely Palfrey, my Heart burned in Affection towards thee: Therefore, dear Knight, in Reward of my Love, be thou my Champion, and for my sake wear this Ring, with this Posse Engraven in it, Ardeo Affectione. And so giving him a Ring from her Finger, and therewithal a Kiss from her Mouth, she departed with a sorrowful Sigh, in Company of her Father and the rest of his honourable Train, back to the City of Jerusalem, being as then near the setting of the Sun. But now S. James the Champion of Spain, having escaped the danger of Death, and at full liberty to depart from that unhappy Nation, he fell into many Cogitations, one while thinking upon the true Love of Celestine (whose Name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the Cruelty of her Father: Then intending to depart into his own Country, but looking back to the Towers of Jerusalem, his Mind suddenly altered, for thither he purposed to go, hoping to have Sight of his Lady and Mistress, and to live in some disguised sort in her Presence, and be his Loves true Champion against all Comers. So gathering certain Black berries from the Trees, he coloured his Body all over like a Blackmoor; but yet considering that his Country Speech would discover him, intended likewise to continue Dumb all the time of his Residence in Jerusalem.

So all things ordered according to his Desire, he took his Journey to the City,

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where with Signs he declared his Intent, which was to be entertained in the Court, and to spend his time in the Service of the King. Whose Countenance when the King beheld, which seemed of the natural Colour of the *Moors*, he little mistrusted him to be the Christian Champion whom before he greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest *Indian* Knights that ever his Eye beheld; therefore he installed him with the Honour of Knighthood, and appointed him to be one of his Guard, and likewise his Daughter's only Champion. Thus when *S. James* of *Spain* saw himself invested in that honourable Place, his Soul was ravished with such exceeding Joy, that he thought no Pleasure comparable to his, no Place of *Elysium* but the Court of *Jerusalem*, and no Goodness but his beloved *Celestine*.

Long continued he dumb, casting forth many a loving Sigh in the Presence of his Lady and Mistress, not knowing how to reveal the Secrets of his Mind.

So upon a time, there arrived in the Court of *Nabuzaradan*, the King of *Arabia*, with the Admiral of *Babylon*, both presuming upon the Love of *Celestine*, and craving her in the way of Marriage, but she exempted all their Motions of Love from her chaste Mind, only building her Thoughts upon the *Spanish* Knight, who she supposed to be in his own Country.

At whose melancholly Passions her importunate Suitors, the King of *Arabia*, and the Admiral of *Babylon* marvelled; and therefore intended upon an Evening to present her with some rare devised Mask. So choosing out fit Consorts for their Courtly Pastimes, of which Number the King of *Arabia* was chief and First Leader of the Train, the great Admiral of *Babylon* was the Second, and her own Champion, *S. James*, the Third,

who was called by the Name of the *Dumb Knight*: In this Manner the Mask was performed.

First entred a most Excellent Consort of Musick, after them the aforesaid Maskers in Cloth of Gold, and most curiously imbroidered, and danced about the Hall, at the end whereof the King of *Arabia* presented *Celestine* with a costly Sword, at the Hilt whereof hung a Silver Glove, and upon the Point was erected a Golden Crown: Then the Musick founded another Course, of which the Admiral of *Babylon* was Leader, who presented her with a Vesture of pure Silk of the Colour of the Rain-Bow, brought in by *Diana*, *Venus* and *Juno*: Which being done, the Musick founded the third time, in which Course *S. James*, tho' unknown, was the Leader of the Dance, who at the end thereof presented *Celestine* with a Garland of sweet Flowers, which was brought in by three Graces, and put upon her Head. Afterwards the Christian Champion intending to discover himself unto his Lady and Mistress, took her by the Hand, and led her a stately *Morisco* dance, which was no sooner finished, but he offered her the Diamond Ring which she gave him at his departure in the Woods, which she presently knew by the Poly, and shortly after had intelligence of his Dumbness, his counterfeit Colour, his changing of Nature, and the great Danger he put himself to for her Sake: Which caused her with all the speed she could possibly make, to break off Company, and to retire into a Chamber which she had by, where the same Evening she had a long Conference with her faithful Lover and adventurous Champion: And to conclude, they made an Agreement betwixt them, that that the same Night, unknown to any in the Court, she bad *Jerusalem* Adieu, and by the Light of *Cynthia's* glittering Beams,

Beams, stole from her Father's Palace, where in Company of none but S. James, she took her Journey towards the Country of *Spain*. But this Noble Knight by Policy prevented all ensuing Dangers, for he shod his Horse backwards, whereby when they were missed in the Court, they might be followed the contrary way.

By this means escaped the two Lovers from the Fury of the *Jews*, and arrived safely in *Spain* in the City of *Sevil*, where in the brave Champion S. James was

born: Where now we leave them for a time to their own contented Minds. Also passing over the Disturbances in *Jerusalem* for the Loss of *Celestine*, the vain pursuits of adventurous Knights, the preparing of fresh Horse to follow them, the frantick Passions of the King for his Daughter, the melancholy Moan of the Admiral of *Babylon* for his Mistress, and the woful Lamentation of the *Arabian* King, for his Lady and Love: We will return to the Adventures of the other Christian Champions.

CH A P. VI.

The terrible Battle between S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, and the Giant Blanderon; and afterwards of his strange Entertainment in the Giant's Castle, by a Thracian Lady, and what happened to him in the same Castle.

IT was the same time of the Year when the Earth was newly deckt with the Summer's Livery, when the noble Champion S. Anthony of *Italy* arriv'd in *Thracia*, where he spent his seven Years Travels to the honour of his Country, the Glory of God, and to his own still lasting Memory: For after he had wandered through Woods and Wildernesses, by Hills and Dales, by Caves and Dens, and other unknown Passages, he arrived at last upon the Top of a high Moun-

tain, whereon stood a wonderful strong Castle, which was kept by the most mighty Giant under the Cope of Heaven, whose puissant Force all *Thrace* could not overcome, nor once attempt to withstand, but with the Danger of their whole Country. The Giant's Name was *Blanderon*, his Castle of the purest Marble-Stone, his Gates of Brass, and over the principal Gate were Graven these Verses following:

*Within this Castle lives the Scourge of Kings,
A furious Giant, whose unconquer'd Power,
The Thracian Monarch in Subjection brings,
And keeps his Daughters Prisoners in his Power;
Seven Damsels fair this Monstrous Giant keeps,
That sings him Musick while he Nightly sleeps.*

*His Bars of Steel a thousand Knights have felt,
Which for these Virgins sake have lost their Lives;*

For

The History of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

*For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,
This most inhumane Giant still survives :
Let simple Passengers take heed betime,
When up this Mountain they intend to climb.*

*But Knights of Worth and Men of noble Mind,
If any chance to travel by this Tower,
That for these Maidens sake will be so kind,
To try their strength against the Giant's Power,
Shall have a Virgin's Prayer both Day and Night,
To prosper them with good successful Fight.*

After he had read what was written over the Gate, desire of Fame so encouraged him, and the thirst of Honour so imboldned his valiant Mind, that he either vowed to redeem these Ladies from their Servitude, or die with Honour by the Fury of the Giant. So going to the Castle Gate, he struck so vehemently thereon, with the Pummel of his Sword, that it sounded like a Thunder-Clap: Whereat Blanderon suddenly started up, being fast asleep close by a Fountains side, and came pacing forth of the Gate, with an Oak-Tree upon his Neck; who at the sight of the Italian Champion so lightly flourished it about his Head, as though it had been a little Cuttle-Ax, and with these Words gave the noble Champion Entertainment:

*What Fury hath incensed thy overboldned
Mind thus to adventure thy feeble Force
against the Violence of my strong Arms: I
tell thee hadst thou the strength of Hercules,
who bore the Mountain Atlas on his Shoulders,
or the Policy of Ulysses by which
the City of Troy was ruined, or the Might
of Xerxes, whose Multitudes drank up the
Rivers as they passed; yet all too feeble,
weak, and impotent, to encounter with the
mighty Giant Blanderon; thy Force I
esteem as a Blast of Wind, and thy Stroaks
as a few Drops of Water: Therefore be-
take thee to thy Weapon, which I compare
to a Bulrush, for on this Ground will I*

*measure out thy Grave, and after cast thy
feeble Palfrey with one of my Hands head-
long down this steep Mountain.*

Thus boasted the vain, glorious Giant upon his own strength. During which time, the valiant Champion had alighted from his Horse, where after he had made his humble Supplication to the Heavens for his good speed, and committed his Fortune to the Imperial Queen of Destiny, he approached within the Giant's Reach, who with his great Oak so nimbly bestirred him with such vehement Blows, that they seemed to shake the Earth, and to rattle the Wall of the Castle like mighty Thunder-Claps, and had not the politick Knight continually skipped from the Fury of his blows, he had been soon killed, for every stroak the Giant gave, the Root of his Oak entred at the least two or three Inches into the Ground. But such was the Wisdom and Policy of the worthy Champion, not to withstand the Force of his Weapon, till the Giant grew breathless, and not able through his long labour to lift the Oak above his Head, and likewise the heat of the Sun was so intolerable (by reason of the exream Heighth of the Mountain, and the mighty Weight of his Iron Coat) that the Sweat of the Giant's brows ran into his Eyes, and by reason he was so extream fat, he grew so blind, that he could not see to combat with him any

longer; and as far as he could perceive, would have retired or run back again into his Castle, but that the *Italian* Champion with a bold Courage assailed the Giant so fiercely, that he was forced to let his Oak fall, and stand gasping for Breath; which when this noble Knight beheld, with a fresh Supply he redoubled his Blows so courageously, that they fell on the Giant's Armour like a Storm of Winters Hail, whereby at last *Blanderon* was compelled to ask the Champion Mercy, and to crave at his Hands some respite of breathing; but his Demand was in vain, for the valiant Knight supposed now or never to obtain the Honour of the Day; and therefore rested not his weary Arm, but redoubled blow after blow, till the Giant for want of breath, and through the Anguish of his deep gashed Wounds, was forced to give the World a Farewel, and to yield the Riches of his Castle to the most Renowned Conqueror, *S. Anthony* the Champion of *Italy*: But by that time the long and dangerous Encounter was finished, and the Giant *Blanderon's* head was severed from his Body, the Sun late mounted on the highest part of the Elements, which caused the Day to be extreme hot and sultry, the Champion's Armour so scalded him, that he constrained to unbrace his Corset, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and to cast his Body upon the cold Earth, to mitigate his extreme Heat. But such was the unnatural coolness of the Earth, the Vapours of it struck presently to his Heart, by which his vital Air of Life excluded, and his Body lay without sense or moving: Where at the Mercy of pale Death he lay bereaved of feeling for the space of an Hour.

During which time Fair *Rosalinde* (one of the Daughters of the *Thracian*
No IX.

King, being as then Prisoner in the Castle) by chance looked over the Walls, and espied the Body of the Giant headless, under whose Subjection she had continued in great Servitude for the time of Seven Months, likewise by him a Knight unarmed, as she thought, panting for breath, which the Lady judged to be the Knight that had slain the Giant *Blanderon*, and the Man by whom her Delivery should be recovered; she presently descended the Walls of the Castle, and ran with all speed to the adventurous Champion, whom she found Dead. But yet being nothing discouraged of his Recovery, feeling as yet a warm Blood in every Member, retired back with all speed to the Castle, and fetcht a Box of precious Balm, which the Giant was wont to pour into his Wounds after his encounter with any Knight: With which Balm the courteous Lady chafed every Part of the breathless Champion's Body, one while washing his stiff Limbs with her Salt Tears, which like Pearls fell from her Eyes, another while drying them with Tresses of her Golden Hair, which hung dangling in the Wind; then chafing his lifeless Body again with a Balm of a contrary Nature, but yet no Sign of Life could she see in the Dead Knight, which caused her to despair of his Recovery. Therefore like a loving, meek, and kind Lady, considering he had lost his Life for her sake, she intended to bear him Company in Death, and with her own Hands to finish her Days, and die upon his Breast, as *Thisbe* died upon the Breast of her true *Pyramis*: Therefore as the Swan sings a while before her Death, so this sorrowful Lady warbled forth this Swan like Song over the Body of the noble Champion.

Muses;

The History of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

*Muses, come mourn with doleful Medoly,
 Kind Silvan Nymphs that sit in Rosie Bowers,
 With brackish Tears come mix your Harmony,
 To wail with me both Minutes, Days, and Hours,
 A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I,
 To ease my Heart a while before I Die.*

*Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die,
 Dead is the Knight which for my sake is slain:
 Dead is the Knight, for whom my careful cry,
 With wounded Soul, for ever shall complain.
 A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.*

*I'll lay my Breast upon a Silver Stream,
 And swim in Elysium's Lilly Fields:
 There in Ambrosia Trees I'll write a Theme,
 Of all the woful Sighs my sorrow yields,
 A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.*

*Farewel fair Woods, where sing the Nighingales,
 Farewel fair Fields, where feed the light Foot Deer,
 Farewel you Groves, you Hills, and Flowery Dales,
 But fare you ill the Cause of all my Woes:
 A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.*

*Ring out my Grief, you hollow Caves of Stone,
 Both Birds, and Beasts, with all Things on the Ground;
 You senseless Trees be assistant to my Moan,
 That up to Heaven my Sorrows may resound:
 A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.*

*Let all the Towns of Thrace ring out my Knell,
 And write in Leaves of Brass what I have said;
 That after Ages may remember well,
 How Rosalinde liv'd and dy'd a Maid.*

She had no sooner ended, but the desperate Lady unsheathed the Champion's Sword, which was besprinkled with the Giant's Blood, and being at the very Point to execute her intended Tragedy, and the sharp-edged Weapon directly against her Breast, she heard the distressed Knight give a terrible Groan; whereat she stopped her remorseless Hand, and

with more Discretion tendred her own Safety: For by this time the Balm where-with she anointed his Body, by wonderful Operation, recovered the Champion, insomuch that after some few gasps and deadly sighs, he rais'd up his stiff Limbs from the cold Earth, where like one cast into a Trance, for a time he gazed up and down the Mountain, but at last having

ving recovered his lost Senses, espied the *Thracian* Damsel stand by, not able to speak one Word, her Joy so abounded: But after some time he revealed to her the manner of his dangerous encounter, and successful Victory; and she the Cause of his Recovery, and her intended Tragedy. Where after many kind Salutations, she courteously took him by the Hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that Night she lodged his weary Limbs in an easy Bed stuffed with Turtle Feathers, and softest Thistle Down.

The noble-Minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous Battle, till Golden *Phæbus* bad him good Morrow. Then rising out of his Bed, he attired himself, not in his wonted Habiliments of War, but in Purple Garments, and intended to overview the Rarities of the Castle: But the Lady *Rosalinde* was busied in preparing Delicates for his Repast, where after he had refreshed himself with a dainty Banquet, he by the advice of *Rosalinde*, stripped the Giant from his Iron Furniture, and left his naked Body upon a craggy Rock, to be devoured by hungry Ravens, which being done, the *Thracian* Virgin discovered all the Castle to the Adventurous Champion: First she led him to a Leaden Tower, where hung a Hundred well approved Corslets, with other Martial Furniture, which were the Spoils of such Knights as he had violently slain: After that, she brought him to a Stable, wherein stood a Hundred pampered Jades, which daily fed upon Humane Flesh, against it was placed the Giant's own Lodging, his Bed was of Iron, corded with mighty Bars of Steel, the Tester, or Covering, of carved Brass, the Curtains were of Leaves of Gold, and the rest of a strange and wonderful Substance, of the Colour of the Ele-

ment: After this, she led him to a broad Pond of Water, more clear than Quick-silver, the Streams whereof lay continually as smooth as Crystal, whereon swam Six milk white Swans, with Crowns of Gold about their Necks.

Oh here (said the *Thracian* Lady) *begins the hell of all my Grief.* At which Words a shower of pearly Tears ran from her Eyes, that for a time they staid the Passage of her Tongue: But having discharged her Heart from a few sorrowful Sighs, she began in this manner to tell her forepasts'd Fortunes.

These Six milk white Swans, Most Honourable Knight, you behold swimming in this River (quoth the Lady *Rosalinde*) *be my Natural Sisters, both by birth and blood, and all Daughters to the King of Thrace, being now Governour of this unhappy Country, and the beginning of our Imprisonment began in this unfortunate Manner:*

The King my Father, ordained a solemn Hunting to be held thro' the Land, in which honourable Pastime, my self, in Company of my Six Sisters was present: So in the middle of our Sports, when the Lords and Barons of Thracia were in Chase after a mighty She Lion, the Heavens suddenly began to lour, the Firmaments over-cast, and a general Darknes overspread the Face of the whole Earth: Then presently arose such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together; by which our Lordly Troops of Knights and Barons were separated one from another, and we poor Ladies forced to seek for Shelter under the bottom of this high Mountain; where when this cruel Giant Blanderon espied us, as he walked upon his Battlements, he suddenly descended the Mountain, and fetcht us all under his Arm up into the Castle, where ever since we have lived in great

great Servitude; and for the wonderful Transformation of my Six Sisters thus, it came to pass as followeth.

Upon a time the Giant being overcharged with Wine, grew enamoured with our Beauties, and desired much to enjoy the Pleasure of our Virginities, our excellent Gifts of Nature so inflamed his Mind with Lust, that he would have forced us every one to satisfy his sinful desires; he took my Six Sisters one by one into his Lodging, thinking to defile them, but their earnest Prayers so prevailed in the sight of God, that he preserved their Chastities by a most strange and wonderful Miracle; and turned their comely Bodies into the shape of milk white Swans, in the same form as here you see them swimming. So when this monstrous Giant saw that his Intent was cross, and how there was none left behind to supply his want, but my unfortunate self, he restrained his filthy Lust, not violating my Honour with any stain of Infamy, but kept me ever since a most pure Virgin, only with sweet inspiring Musick to bring him to his Sleep.

Thus have you heard (Most noble Knight) the true Discourse of my most unhappy Fortunes, and the wonderful Transformation of my Six Sisters, whose Loss to this Day is greatly lamented throughout all Thracia: And with that Word she made an end of her Tragical Discourse, not able to utter the rest for Weeping. Whereat the Knight being oppressed then with like Sorrow, embraced her about the slender Waist, and thus kindly began to comfort her:

Most dear and kind Lady, within whose Countenance I see how Vertue is entron'd, and in whose Mind lives true Magnanimity, let these Words suffice to comfort thy sorrowful Thoughts. First, think that the Heavens are most beneficial unto thee, in preserving thy Chastity from the Giant's insatiate Desires: Secondly, for thy Deli-

very by my means from thy slavish Servitude: Thirdly and Lastly, that thou remaining in thy natural Shape and Likeness, may live to be the means of thy Sisters Transformation; therefore dry up these Crystal pearled Tears, and bid thy long continued Sorrows Adieu, for Grief is Companion with Despair, and Despair a Procurer of Infamous Death.

Thus the woful Thracian Lady was comforted by the noble Christian Champion; where after a few kind Greetings, they intended to travel to her Father's Court, there to relate what happened to her Sisters in the Castle, likewise the Giant's Confusion, and her own safe Delivery, by the Illustrious Prowess of the Christian Knight. So taking the Keys of the Castle, which were of a wonderful weight, they locked up the Gates, and paced Hand in Hand down the steep Mountain, till they approached the Thracian Court, which was distant from the Castle about Ten Miles: But by that time they had a sight of the Palace, the Night approached, which discontented the weary Travellers; but at last coming to her Father's Gates, they heard a solemn sound of Bells ringing the Funeral Knell of some noble State: The Cause of which they demanded of the Porter; who in this manner expressed the truth of the matter to them.

Fair Lady and most Renowned Knight, (said the Porter) for so you seem both by your Speeches and honourable Demands, the Cause of this ringing is for the loss of the King's Seven Daughters, the Number of which Bells be Seven; called after the Names of the Seven Princesses, which never yet have ceased their doleful Melody, since the departure of the unhappy Ladies, nor never must, until News be heard of their safe Return.

Then now their Tasks be ended (said the noble Minded Rosalinde) for we bring

bring News of the Seven Princesses Abode. At which Words the Porter being ravished with Joy, in all haste ran to the Steeple, and caused the Bells to cease, whereat the King of *Thracia* hearing the Bells cease their wonted Melody, suddenly started up from his Princely Seat, and like a Man amazed ran to the Palace Gate, whereat he found his Daughter *Rosalinde* in Company of a strange Knight: Which when he beheld, his Joy so exceeded, that he swooned in his Daughter's Bosom; but being recovered to his former Sense, he brought them up into his Princely Hall, where their Entertainments were so honourable in the Eyes of the whole Court, that it were too tedious to describe: But their Joy was presently dashed with *Rosalinde's* tragical Discourse; for the good old King when he heard of his Daughters transformations, and how they lived in the Shape of Milk white Swans, he rent his Locks of Silver Hair, which time had died with the Pledge of Wisdom: His rich embroidered Garments, he tore in many Pieces, and clad his aged Limbs in a dismal, black, and sable Mantle, also he commanded that his Knights and Adventurous Champions, instead of glittering Armour, should wear the Weeds of Death, more black in hue than Winter's darkest Nights, and all the Courtly Ladies and Gallant *Thracian* Maidens, instead of Silken Vestments, he commanded to wear both heavy, sad, and melancholly Ornaments, and even as unto a solemn Funeral, to attend him to the Giant's Castle, and there obsequiously to offer up unto the angry Destinies, many a bitter Sigh and Tear, in remembrance of his transformed Daughters; which Decree of the sorrowful *Thracian* King was performed with all convenient speed: For the next Morning no sooner had *Phæbus* cast his Beauty into the King's Bed chamber, No X.

ber, but he apparelled himself in Mourning Garments, and in Company of his melancholly Train set forward to his woful Pilgrimage. But here we must not forget the Princely Minded Champion of *Italy*, nor the noble Minded *Rosalinde*, who at the King's Departure towards the Castle, craved leave to stay behind, and not so suddenly to begin new Travels: Wherefore the King condescended, considering their late Journey the Evening before: So taking the Castle Keys from the Champion, he bad his Palace Adieu, and committed his Fortune to his sorrowful Journey; where we leave him in a World of discontented Passions, and a while discourse of what happened to the Christian Champion and his beloved Lady; For by that time the Sun had thrice measured the World with his restless Steeds, and thrice his Sister *Luna* wandred to the West, the noble *Italian* Knight grew weary of his long continued Rest, and desired rather to abide a in Court that Entertained the doleful murmuring of Tragedies, or where the joyful Sound of Drums and Trumpets should be heard: Therefore he took *Rosalinde* by the Hand, being then weeping for want of her Father, to whom the noble Knight in this manner expressed his secret Intent.

My most devoted Lady and Mistress (said the Champion) a Second Dido for thy Love, a stain to Venus for thy Beauty, Penelope's compare for Constancy, and for Chastity, the Wonder of all Maids: The faithful Love that hitherto I have found since my arrival, for ever shall be shrouded in my Heart, and before all Ladies under the Cope of Heaven, thou shalt live and die my Love's true Goddess: And for thy sake I'll stand as Champion against all Knights in the World: But to impair the Honour of my Knighthood, and to live like a Carpet Dancer in the Lap of Ladies I

will not; though I can tune a Lute in a Prince's Chamber, I can sound a fierce Alarm in the Field; Honour calls me forth, Dear Rosalinde, and Fame intends to buckle on my Armour, which now lies rusting in the idle Courts of Thrace. Therefore I am constrained (though most unwillingly) to leave the comfortable Sight of thy Beauty, and commit my Fortune to a longer Travel; but I protest wheresoever I come, or in what Region soever I be harboured, there will I maintain to the Loss of my Life, that both thy Love, Constancy, Beauty, and Chastity, surpasseth all Dames alive: And with this Promise, my most divine Rosalinde, I bid thee Farewel. But before the honourable-minded Champion could finish what he propos'd to utter, the Lady being wounded inwardly with extream Grief, not able to endure to keep silent any longer, but with Tears falling from her Eyes, brake off his Speech in this Manner:

Sir Knight (said she) by whom my Liberty hath been obtained: The Name of Lady and Mistress wherewith you entitle me, is too high and proud a Name, but rather call me Handmaid, for on thy noble Person will I ever more attend: It is not Thrace can harbour me when thou art absent, and before I do forsake thy Company and kind Fellowship, Heaven shall be no Heaven, the Sea no Sea, nor the Earth no Earth; but if thou provest unconstant, these tender Hands of mine shall never be unclasped, but hang on thy Horse Bridle, till my Body like Theleus's Son be dashed in sunder against hard flinty Stone: Therefore forsake me not, Dear Knight of Christendom. If ever Camina proved true to her Sinatus, or Alstone to her Lover, Rosalinde will be as true to thee. So with this plighted Promise she caught him fast about the Neck, from whence she would not unclothe her Hands till he had vow'd

by the Honour of true Chivalry, to make her his sole Companion, and only Partner of his Travels.

They being both agreed, she was most trimly attired like a Page in green Sarsenet, her Hair bound up most cunningly with a Silk Lint, artificially wrought with curious Knots, that she might Travel without suspicion or blemish of Honour; her Rapier was a Turkish Blade, and her Ponyard of the finest fashion, which she wore at her Back tied with an Orange-Tawny coloured Scarf, beautified with Tassels of Silk, her Buskins of the smoothest Kid skins, her Spurs of the purest Lydian Steel, in which, when the noble and beautiful Lady was attired, she seemed in Stature like the God of Love, when he fate dandled upon Dido's Lap, or rather Ganymede, Love's Minion, or Adonis, when Venus shewed her white skin to entrap his Eyes to her unchast Desires. But to be brief, all things being in readiness for their departure, this Famous Worthy Knight mounted on his eager Steed, and Rosalinde on her gentle Palfrey, in pace more easy than the winged Winds, or a Cock-Boat floating upon Crystal Streams, they both bad Adieu to the Country of Thracia, and committed their Journey to the Queen of Chance: Therefore smile Heavens, and guide them with a most happy Star, until they arrive where their Souls do most Desire. The bravest and boldest Knight that ever wandred by the way and the loveliest Lady that ever Eye beheld.

In whose travels my Muse must leave them for a Season, and speak of the Thracian mourners, who by this Time had watered the Earth with abundance of their Ceremonious Tears, and made the Elements true Witnesses of their sad Lamentations, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

How S. Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, Travelled into a Vale of Walking Spirits, and how he was set at Liberty by a going Fire, after his Journey into Thracia, where he recovered the Six Ladies to their Natural Shapes, that had lived Seven Years in the Likeness of Milk-White Swans; with other Accidents that befel the most noble Champion.

NOW of the honourable Adventures of S. Andrew, the Famous Champion of Scotland, must I discourse, whose Seven Years Travels were as strange as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the Beginning of the History, he travelled through many strange and unknown Nations, beyond the Circuit of the Sun, where but one time in the Year he shews his bright Beams, but continual Darkness over-spreads the whole Country, and there lives a kind of People that have Heads like Dogs, that in extremity of Hunger do devour one another, from which People this noble Champion was strangely delivered; where after he had wandred certain Days, neither seeing the glad some brightness of the Sun, nor the comfortable countenance of the Moon, but only guided by the Planets of the Elements, he happened to a Vale of Walking Spirits, which he supposed to be the very Dungeon of Burning Acheron: There he heard the blowing of unfeen Fires, boiling of Furnaces, rattling of Armour, trampling of Horses, jingling of Chains, lumbring of Iron, roaring of Spirits, and such like horrid Noises, that it made the *Scottish* Champion almost at his Wits end. But yet having an undaunted Courage, exempting all Fear, he humbly made his Supplication to Heaven, that God would deliver him from that place

of Terror; and so presently as the Champion kneeled down upon the barren Ground, (whereon grew neither Herb, Flower, Grass, or any other Green Thing) he beheld a certain Flame of Fire walking up and down before him, at which he stood for a time amazed, whether it were best to go forward, or to stand still: But remembering himself how he had read in former Times of a going Fire, called *Ignis Fatuus*, the Fire of Destiny; by some, *Will with the Wisp*, or *Jack with the Lanthorn*; and likewise, by some simple Country People, *The Fair Maid of Ireland*, which commonly used to lead wandring Travellers out of their ways; the like Imaginations entred into the Champion's Mind. So encouraging himself with his own Conceits, and cheering up his dull Senses, late oppressed with extream Fear, he directly followed the going Fire, which so justly went before him, that by that time the Guider of the Night had climbed 12 Degrees in the Zodiack, he was safely delivered from the Vale of Walking Spirits, by the direction of the going Fire.

Now began the Sun to dance about the Firmament, which he had not seen in many Months before, whereat his dull Senses much rejoiced, being long covered before with Darkness, that every Step
he

he trod, was as pleasurable, as though he walked in a Garden bedecked with all kind of fragrant Flowers.

At last, without any further molestation, he arrived within the Territories of *Thracia*, a Country as you have heard in the former Chapter, adorned with the Beauty of many fair Woods and Forrests, through which he Travelled with small rest, and less sleep, till he came to the Foot of the Mountain, whereupon stood the Castle wherein the woful King of *Thrace*, in Company of his sorrowful Subjects, still lamented the unhappy Destinies of his six Daughters turned into Swans, having Crowns of Gold about their Necks: When the Valiant Champion *S. Andrew* beheld the lofty Situation of the Castle, and the Invincible Strength it seemed to be of, he expected some strange Adventure to befall him in the said Castle, so preparing his Sword in readiness, and buckling close his Armour, which was a Shirt of Silver Mail, for lightness in Travel, he climbed the Mountain, whereupon he espied the Giant lying upon a craggy Rock, with his Limbs and Members all rent and torn, by the Fury of hungered starved Fowls; which loathsome Spectacle was no little Wonder to the Worthy Champion, considering the mighty stature and bigness of the Giant: Where leaving his putrefied Body to the Winds, he approached the Gates; where after he had read the Supercription over the same, without any Interruption, entred the Castle, whence he expected a fierce encounter by some Knight that should have defended the same; but all things fell out contrary to his Imagination, for after he had found many a strange Novelty and hidden Secret closed in the same, he chanced at last to come where the *Thracians* duly observed their Ceremonious Mournings, which in this order were daily performed:

First, Upon *Sundays*, which in that Country is the first Day in the Week, all the *Thracians* attired themselves after the manner of *Bacchus's* Priests, and burned perfumed Incense, with sweet *Arabian* Frankincense upon a Religious Shrine, which they offered to the *Sun* as chief Governor of that Day, thinking thereby to appease the angry Destinies, and to recover the unhappy Ladies to their former Shapes: Upon *Mondays*, clad in Garments after the manner of *Silvans*, a Colour like to the Waves of the Sea, they offered up their Tears to the *Moon*, being the Guider and Mistress of that Day: Upon *Tuesdays* like Soldiers trailing their Banners in the Dust, and Drums sounding sad and doleful Melody, in sign of Discontent, they committed their Proceedings to the Pleasures of *Mars*, being Ruler and Guider of that Day: Upon *Wednesday* like Scholars unto *Mercury*: Upon *Thursday* like Potentates to *Love*: Upon *Fridays* like Lovers with sweet sounding Musick to *Venus*; and upon *Saturday* like manual Professors to the angry and discontented *Saturn*.

Thus the woful *Thracian* King, and his sorrowful Subjects consumed seven months away, one while accusing Fortune of despite, another while the Heavens of Injustice; the one for his Children's Transformations, the other for their long limited Punishments. But at last, when the *Scotish* Champion heard what bitter Moan the *Thracians* made about the River, he demanded the Cause and to what purpose they observed such Ceremonies, contemning the Majesty of *Jehovah*, and only worshipping but outward and vain Gods: To whom the King after a few sad Tears, strained from the Conduits of his aged Eyes, replied in this manner:

Most noble Knight, for so you seem by your Gesture and other outward Appearance

ance (said the King) if you desire to know the Cause of our continual Grievs, prepare your Ears to hear a Tragical and woful Tale, whereat methinks I see the Elements begin to Mourn, and cover their Azured Countenance with Sable Clouds: These Milk White Swans you see, whose Necks are beautified with Golden Crowns, are my Six natural Daughters, transformed into this Swan-like Substance, by the Appointment of the Gods; for of late this Castle was kept by a cruel Giant, named Blanderon, who by violence would have ravished them, but the Heavens to preserve their Chastities, prevented his Lustful Desires, and transformed their beautiful Bodies to these Milk-white Swans: And now Seven Years the chearful Spring hath renewed the Earth with her Summer's Livery, and Seven times the Nipping Winter Frosts have bergaved the Trees of Leaf and Bud, since first my Daughters lost their Virgin Shapes; Seven Summers have they swam upon this Crystal Stream, where instead of Rich Attire, and Embroidered Vestments, their smooth Silver Coloured Feathers adorn their comely Bodies: Princely palaces, wherein they were wont, like tripping Sea Nymphs, to dance their Measures up and down, are now exchanged into cold Streams of Water; wherein their chiefest Melody is the Murmuring of cold Liquid Bubbles, and their Joyful Pleasure to hear the Harmony of humming Bees, which some Poets call the Muses Birds.

Thus have you heard (most Worthy Knight) the woful Tragedy of my Daughters, for whose sakes I will spend the Remnant of my Days heavily, complaining of their long appointed Punishments, about the Banks of this unhappy River: Which sad Discourse was no sooner ended, but the Scottish Knight thus replied, to the Comfort and great Rejoycing of the Company.

Most noble King (said the Champion)
No. XI.

your heavy and dolorous Discourse hath constrained my Heart to a wonderful Passion and compelled my very Soul to rue your Daughters Miseries: But yet a greater Grief and deeper Sorrow than that hath taken Possession of my Breast, whereof my Eyes have been Witnesses, and my Ears unhappy Hearers of your Misbelief, I mean your Unchristian Faith: For I have seen since my first Arrival into this same Castle, your Propbane and Vain Worship of strange and false Gods, as of Phœbus, Luna, Mars, Mercury, and such like Poetical Names, which the Majesty of high Jehovah utterly contemns: But Magnificent Governor of Thracia, if you seek to recover your Daughters by humble Prayer, and to obtain your Soul's Content by true Tears, you must abandon all such vain Ceremonies, and with true Humility believe in the Christians God, which is the God of Wonders, and chief Commander of the rouling Elements, in whose Quarrel this unconquered Arm, and this undaunted Heart of mine shall Fight: And now be it known to thee, great King of Thrace, that I am a Christian Champton, by birth a Knight of Scotland, bearing my Country's Arms upon my Breast, (for indeed thereon he bore a Silver Cross, set in Blue Silk) and therefore in the Honour of Christendom, I Challenge forth the proudest Knight at Arms, against whom I will maintain that our God is the true God, and the rest fantastical and vain Ceremonies.

Which sudden and unexpected Challenge, so daunted the Thracian Champions, that they stood amazed for a time, gazing upon one another, like Men dropt from the Clouds; but at last consulting together, how the Challenge of the strange Knight was to the Dishonour of their Country, and utter Scandal of all Knightly Dignity; they with a general Consent craved leave of the King, that

the Challenge might be taken, who as willingly condescended as they demanded.

So both Time and Place was appointed, which was the next Morning following, by the King's Commandment, upon a large and plain Meadow close by the River side, whereon the Six Swans were swimming; whereupon, after the Christian Champion had cast down his steely Gauntlet, and the *Thracian* Knights accepted thereof, every one departed for that Night, the Challenger to the East side of the Castle to his Lodging, and the Defendants to the West, where they slept quietly till the next Morning, who by the break of Day, were awakened by a Herald of Arms: But all the passed Night our *Scotish* Champion never entertained one Motion of Rest, but busied himself in trimming his Horse, buckling on his Armour, lacing on his Burgonet, and making Prayers to the Divine Majesty of God, for the Conquest and Victory, till the Morning's Beauty chased away the Darkness of the Night; and no sooner were the Windows of the Day full opened, but the valiant Champion of *Christendom* entred the Lifts where the King in Company of the *Thracian* Lords was present to behold the Combat; and so after *S. Andrew* had twice or thrice traced his Horse up and down the Lifts, bravely flourishing his Launce, at the top whereof hung a Pendant of Gold, whose Posy was thus written in Silver Letters, *This Day a Martyr or a Conqueror*. Then entred a Knight in exceeding bright Armour, mounted upon a Courser as White as the Northern Snow, whose Caparison was of the Colour of the Elements, betwixt whom was a fierce Encounter, but the *Thracian* had the Foil and with Disgrace departed the Lift. Then Secondly entred another Knight in Armour, varnished with Green Varnish, his Steed of the Co-

lour of an Iron Grey; who likewise had the Repulse by the Worthy Christian. Thirdly entred a Knight in a Black Corset mounted upon a big boned Palfrey, covered with a Veil of sable silk, in his Hand he bore a Launce pailed round about with Plates of steel; which Knight among the *Thracians* was accounted the strongest in the World, except it were those Giants that descended from a monstrous Lineage; but no sonner encountered these hardy Champions, but their Launces shivered in sunder, and flew so violently into the Air, that it much amazed the Beholders; then they alighted from their Steeds, and so valiantly bestirred them with their keen Faulchions, that the fiery Sparkles flew so fierce from these noble Champions steel Helms, as from an Iron Anvil: But the Combat endured not very long, before the most hardy *Scotish* Knight espied an Advantage wherein he might shew his Matchless Fortitude; whereupon he struck such a mighty blow upon the *Thracian's* Burgonet, that it cleaved his Head just down to his Shoulders; whereat the King suddenly started from his Seat, and with a wrathful Countenance threatned the Champion's Death in this manner:

Proud Christian (said the King) *thou shalt repent his Death, and curse the time that ever thou camest to Thracia: His Blood we will revenge upon thy Head, and quit thy committed Cruelty with a sudden Death*: And so in Company of a Hundred Armed Knights, he encompassed the *Scotish* Champion, intending by Multitudes to murder him. But when the valiant Knight *S. Andrew* saw how he was oppressed by Treachery, and environed with mighty Troops, he called to Heaven for Succour, and animated himself by these Words of Encouragement. *Now for the Honour of Christendom, This Day a Martyr or a Conqueror*; and therewithal he so valiantly

valiantly behaved himself with his Cuttle Ax, that he made Lanes of Murdered Men, and felled them down by Multitudes, like as the Harvest Men do mow down Ears of ripened Corn, whereby they fell before his Face like Leaves from Trees, when the Summer's Pride declines her Glory. So at last after much bloodshed, the *Thracian* King was compelled to yield to the *Scotish* Champion's Mercy, who swore him for the Safety of his Life, to forsake his prophane Religion, and become a Christian, whose living true God the *Thracian* King vowed for ever more to worship, and thereupon he kissed the Champion's Sword.

This Conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that he presently gave end to his Daughters Punishments, and turned the Ladies to their former Shapes. But when the King beheld their smooth Feathers, which were as white as Lilies, exchanged to natural Fairness, and that their black Bills and slender Necks were converted to their first created Beauty, he bad Adieu to his Grief and long continued Sorrows, protesting ever after to continue a true Christian for the *Scotish* Champion's sake, by whose Divine Orisons, his Daughters obtained their former Features: So taking the Christian Knight in company of the Six Ladies, to an excellent Rich Chamber, prepared with all things according to their Wishes, where first the Christian Knight was unarmed, then his Wounds washed with white Wine, new Milk, and Rose Water, and so after some dainty Repast, conveyed to his Night's Repose. The Ladies being the joyfullest Creatures under Heaven, never entertained one Thought of sleep, but passed the Night in their Father's Company, till the Morning Messengers bad them good Morrow.

Thus all things being prepared in a readiness they departed the Castle, in

Triumphing manner, marching back to the *Thracian* Palace, with streaming Banners in the Wind, Drums and Trumpets sounding joyful Melody, and with sweet inspiring Musick caused the Air to resound with Harmony: But no sooner were they entred the Palace, which was in distance from the Giant's Castle, about Ten Miles, but their Triumphs turned to exceeding Sorrow, for *Rosalinde* with the Champion of *Italy*, as you have heard before, was departed the Court; which unexpected News so daunted the whole Company, but especially the King, that the Triumphs for that time were deferred, and Messengers were dispatched in pursuit of the Adventurous *Italian*, and lovely *Rosalinde*.

Likewise when *S. Andrew* of *Scotland* had intelligence how it was one of those Knights which was Imprisoned with him under the wicked Enchantress *Kalyb*, as you heard in the Beginning of the History, his Heart thirsted for his most honourable Company, and his Eyes seldom closed quietly, nor took any rest, until he was likewise departed in the pursuit of his sworn Friend, which was the next Night following, without making any acquainted with his Intent: Likewise when the Six Ladies understood the secret Departure of the *Scotish* Champion, whom they affected dearer than any Knight in the World, they stored themselves with sufficient Treasure, and by stealth took their Journeys from their Father's Palace, intending either to find out the victorious and approved Knight of *Scotland*, or to end their Lives in some foreign Region.

The Rumour of whose Departure, no sooner came to the King's Ears, but he purposed the like Travel, either to obtain the sight of his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb beyond the Circuit of the Sun: So attiring himself in homely Ruffet

Ruffet, like a Pilgrim, with an Ebon staff in his Hand, tipst with Silver, took his Journey all unknown from his Palace. Whose sudden and secret Departure struck such an extream intolerable heaviness in the Court, that the Palace Gates were Sealed up with Sable Mourning Cloth,

the *Thracian* Lords exempted all Pleasure, and like Flocks of Sheep strayed up and down without Shepherds, and Ladies and courtly Gentles sate sighing in their private Chambers; where we leave them for this time, and speak of the Success of the other Champions,

C H A P. VII.

How S. Patrick, the Champion of Ireland, Redeemed the Six Thracian Ladies out of the Hands of Thirty Bloody-Minded Satyrs, and of their purposed Travel in a Pursuit after the Champion of Scotland.

BUT now of that valiant Knight at Arms, *S. Patrick* the Champion of *Ireland*, must I speak, whose Adventurous Accidents were so nobly performed, that if my Pen were made of Steel, I should wear it out to declare his Prowess and worthy Adventures. When he departed from the Brazen Pillar, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kind Aspect, and sent him such a Star to be his Guide, that it lead him to no courtly Pleasures, nor to vain Delights, but to the Throne of Fame, where Honour sate enstalled upon a Seat of Gold. Thither travelled the warlike Champion of *Ireland*, whose illustrious Battels the Northern Isles have Chronicled in Leaves of Brass: Therefore *Ireland* be proud, for from thy Bowels did spring a Champion, whose Prowess made the Enemies of *Christ* to tremble, and watered the Earth with Streams of Pagans Blood: Witness whereof the Isle of *Rhodes*, the Key and Strength of *Christendom*, was recovered from the *Turks* by his Martial and Invincible Prowess; where his dangerous Battels, fierce Encounters, bloody Skirmishes, and long Assaults, would

serve to fill a mighty Volume, all which I pass over, and wholly discourse of Things appertaining to this History. For after the Wars of *Rhodes* were fully ended, *S. Patrick* (accounting idle Ease the Nurse of Cowardise) bad *Rhodes* Farewel, being then strongly fortified with Christian Soldiers, and took his Journey through many an unknown Country, where at last, it pleased so the Queen of chance, to direct his steps into a solitary Wilderness, inhabited only by Wild *Satyrs*, and a People of Inhumane Qualities, giving their wicked Minds only to Murder, Lust, and Rapine; wherein the noble Champion travelled up and down many a weary step, not knowing how to qualify his Hunger, but by his own Industry in killing of Venison, and pressing out the Blood between two flat Stones, and daily Roasted it by the Heat of the Sun; his Lodging was in the hollow Trunk of a Blasted Tree, which Nightly preserved him from the drooping showers of Heaven, his chief Companions were sweet resounding Ecchoes, which commonly re-answered the Champion's Words.

In this manner lived *S. Patrick* the *Irish* Knight, in the Woods, not knowing how to set himself at Liberty, but wandering up and down as it were in a Maze wrought by the curious Workmanship of some excellent Gardiner, it was his chance at last to come into a dismal shady Thicket, beset about with baleful Mistletoe, a place of Horror, wherein he heard the cries of some distressed Ladies, whose bitter Lamentations seemed to pierce the Clouds, and to crave Succour of the Hands of God, which unexpected cries not a little daunted the *Irish* Knight, so that it caused him to prepare his Weapon in readiness against some sudden encounter; so crouching himself under the Root of an old withered Oak (which had not flourished with Green Leaves many a Year) he espied afar off, a Crew of bloody minded *Satyrs*, haling by the hair of the head Six unhappy Ladies, through many a thorny Brake and Briar, which woful Spectacle forced such a Terror in the Heart of the *Irish* Knight, that he presently made out for the Rescue of the Ladies to redeem them from the Fury of the merciless *Satyrs*, which were in Number about Thirty, every one having a Club upon his Neck, which they had made of the Roots of Young Oaks and Pine Trees; yet this Adventurous Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a bold and Resolute Mind, let drive at the sturdiest *Satyr*, whose Armour of Defence was made of a Bull's hide, which was dried so hard against the Sun, that the Champion's Cuttle-Ax prevailed not: After which, the fell *Satyrs* encompassed the Christian Knight round about, and so mightily oppressed him with downright Blows, that had he not by good Fortune leapt under the Boughs of a spreading Tree, his Life had been forced to give the World a speedy Farewel. But such was his Nimbleness and active Policy, that e'er long

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he sheathed his sharp-pointed Faulchion in one of the *Satyrs* Breasts: Which woful sight caused all the rest to flie from his presence, and left the Six Ladies to the pleasure and disposition of the most noble and couragious Christian Champion:

Who after he had sufficiently breathed, and cooled himself in the chill Air, (being almost windless through the long Encounter, and bloody Skirmish) he demanded the cause of the Ladies Travels, and by what means they happened into the Hands of those merciless *Satyrs*, who Cruelly and Tyrannically attempted the Ruin and endless Spoil of their unspotted Virginities. To which courteous Demand, one of the Ladies, after a deep fetcht sigh or two (being strained from the bottom of her sorrowful Heart) in the behalf of herself and the other distressed Ladies, replied in this order:

Know, brave Minded Knight, that we are the unfortunate Daughters of the King of Thrace, whose Lives have been unhappy ever since our Births; for first we did endure a long Imprisonment under the Hands of a cruel Giant, and after the Heavens, to preserve our Chastities from the wicked desire of the said Giant, transformed us into the shape of Swans, in which likeness we remained Seven Years, but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, named S. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, after whom we have Travelled many a weary Step, never crossed by any Violence, until it was our angry Fates to arrive in this unhappy Wilderness, where your Eyes have been true Witnesses of our Misfortunes. Which sad Discourse was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion thus began to comfort the distressed Ladies.

The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand this weary Travel (said the Irish Champion) is my approved Friend, for whose Company, and wished for Sight,

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I will go more weary Miles than there be Trees in this vast Wildernesse: Therefore, most excellent Ladies, true Ornaments of Beauty, be sad Companions in my Travels, for I will never cease till I have found our honourable Friend, the Champion of Scotland, or some of those brave Knights, whom I have not seen these seven Summers.

These Words so contented the sorrowful-Ladies, that without any Exception they agreed, and with as much Willingness consented as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eased their Weariness, and cured their Wounds, which was by the secret

Vertues of certain Herbs growing in the same Woods, they took their Journeys a-new, under the Conduct of this worthy Champion St. Patrick; where, after some Days Travel, they obtained the Sight of a broad beaten Way, where committing their Fortunes to the fatal Sisters, and setting their Faces towards the East, they merrily journeyed together. In whose fortunate Travels we will leave them, and speak of the seventh Christian Champion, whose adventurous Exploits, and knightly Honours, deserve a Golden Pen, dipt in Ink of true Fame, to discourse at large.

C H A P. IX.

How S. David the Champion of Wales, slew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent to the Enchanted Garden of Ormandine, wherein by Magick Art he slept seven Tears.

Saint David, the most noble Champion of Wales, after his Departure from the Brazen Pillar, whereat the other Champions of *Christendom* divided themselves severally to seek their Foreign Adventures, he atchieved many memorable Things, as well in *Christendom*, as in those Nations that acknowledged no true God; which as for this time I omit, and only discourse what happened unto him among the *Tartarians*; for being in the Emperor of *Tartary's* Court (a Place very much honoured with valorous Knights, highly graced with a Train of beautiful Ladies) where the Emperor upon a time ordained a solemn Just and Tournament, to be holden in Honour of his Birth-Day: Whither resorted at the Time appointed (from all the Borders of *Tartary*) the best and the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which honourable and princely Exercise, the noble Knight St. David was ap-

pointed Champion for the Emperor, who was mounted upon a *Morocco* Steed, be-trapped in a rich Caparison, wrought by the curious Work of *Indian* Women, upon whose Shield was set a Golden Griffin rampant in a Field of Blue.

Against him came the Count *Palatine*, Son and Heir-Apparent to the *Tartarian* Emperor, brought in by twelve Knights, richly furnished with Habilliments of Honour, who paced three Times about the Lists before the Emperor and many Ladies that were present to behold the honourable Tournament; which being done, the twelve Knights departed the Lists, and the Count *Palatine* prepared himself to encounter with the Christian Knight (being appointed chief Champion for the Day) who likewise prepared himself, and at the Trumpet's Sound by the Herald's Appointment, they ran so fiercely against each other, that the Ground seemed to shake

shake under them, and the skies to resound Ecchoes of their mighty Strokes.

At the Second Race the Champions ran, S. David had the worst, and was constrained through the forcible strength of the Count *Palatine* to lean backward, almost beside his Saddle, whereat the Trumpets began to sound in sign of Victory: But yet the Valiant Christian nothing dismayed, but with Courage ran the Third time against the Count *Palatine*, and by the Violence of his Strength, he overthrew both Horse and Man, whereby the Count's Body was so extremely bruised with the fall of his Horse, that his Heart Blood issued forth by his Mouth, and his vital Spirits pressed from the Mansion of his Breast, so that he was forced to give the World Farewel.

This fatal Overthrow of the Count *Palatine*, abashed the whole Company, but especially the *Tartarian* Emperor, who having no more Sons but him, caused the Lists to be broken up, the Knights to be unarmed, and the murdered Count to be brought, by four Esquires, into his Palace, where after he was despoiled of his Furniture, and the Christian Knight received in Honour of his Victory, the woful Emperor bathed his Son's Body with Tears, which dropped like Crystal Pearls from the congealed Blood, and after many sad Sighs he breathed forth this woful Lamentation:

Now are my Triumphs turned into everlasting Woes, from a Pleasant Pastime, to a Direful and Bloody Tragedy; O most unkind Fortune, never Constant but in Change! Why is my Life deferred to see the downfall of my Dear Son, the noble Count Palatine? Why rends not this accursed earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my Body into her hungry Bowels? Is this the use of Christians, for true Honour to repay Dishonour? Could not base blood serve to stain his deadly hands withal; but the Royal Blood of my dear Son, in whose revenge

the Face of the Heavens is stained with Blood, and cries for Vengeance to the Majesty of Mighty Jove. The dreadful Furies, the direful Daughters of dark Night, and all the baleful Company of burning Acheron, whose Loins shall be girt with Serpents, and Hair be hanged with Wreaths of Snakes, shall haunt, pursue, and follow that cursed Christian Champion, that hath bereaved my Country Tartary of so precious a Jewel as my dear Son the Count Palatine was, whose magnanimous Prowess did surpass all the Knights of our Realm.

Thus sorrowed the woful Emperor for the Death of his noble Son: Sometimes making the Ecchoes of his Lamentations pierce the Elements: Another while forcing his bitter Curses to sink to the deep Foundations of *Acheron*: One while intending to be revenged on St. David the Christian Champion, then presently his Intent was crossed with a contrary Imagination, thinking it was against the Law of Arms, and a great Dishonour to his Country, by Violence to oppress a strange Knight, whose Actions had ever been guided by true Honour; but yet at last this firm Resolution entred his Mind.

There was adjoining upon the Borders of *Tartary*, an Enchanted Garden, kept by Magick Art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter; the Governor of which Garden was a notable and famous Necromancer, named *Ormandine*, to which Magician the *Tartarian* Emperor intended to send the adventurous Champion St. David, thereby to revenge the Count *Palatine's* Death. So the Emperor after some Days passed, and the Obsequies of his Son being no sooner performed, but he caused the Christian Knight to be brought into his Presence, to whom he committed this heavy Task, and weary Labour.

Proud Knight (said the angry Emperor) thou knowest since thy Arrival in our Territories, how highly I have honoured thee

not only in granting Liberty of Life, but making thee chief Champion of Tartary, which high Honour thou hast repaid with great Ingratitude, and blemished true Nobility, in acting my dear Son's Tragedy: For which unhappy Deed thou rightly hast deserved Death, but yet know, accursed Christian, that Mercy harboureth in princely Minds, and where Honour sits enthronized, there Justice is not too severe: Although thou hast deserved Death, yet if thou wilt adventure to the Enchanted Garden, and bring hither the Magician's Head, I grant thee not only Life, but therewithal the Crown of Tartary after my Decease, because I see thou hast a Mind furnished with all Princely Thoughts, and adorned with true Magnanimity.

This heavy Task and strange Adventure not a little pleased the noble Champion of *Wales*, whose Mind ever thirsted after worthy Adventures; and so after some considerate Thoughts, in this Manner reply'd:

Most High and Magnificent Emperor (said the Champion) *were this Task which you enjoin me to, as wonderful as the Labours of Hercules, or as fearful as the Enterprize which Jason made for the Golden Fleece, yet would I attempt to finish it, and return with Triumph to Tartary, as the Macedonian Monarch did to Babylon, when he had conquered Part of the wide World.* Which Words were no sooner ended, but the Emperor bound him by his Oath of Knighthood, and by the Love he bore unto his Native Country, never to follow other Adventure, till he had performed his Promise, which was to bring the Magician *Ormandine's* Head into *Tartary*; whereupon the Emperor departed from the noble Knight *St. David*, hoping never to see him return, but rather to hear of his utter Confusion, or everlasting Imprisonment.

Thus the valiant Christian Champion being bound to his Promise, within three

Days prepared all Necessaries in readines for his Departure, and so travelled Westward, till he approached the Sight of the Enchanted Garden, the Situation whereof somewhat daunted his valiant Courage, for it was encompassed with a Hedge of withered Thorns and Bryars, which seemed continually to burn: Upon the Top thereof sate a Number of strange and deformed Things, some in the Likeness of Night-Owls, which wondred at the Presence of *St. David*, some in the Shape of *Progne's* Transformation, foretelling his unfortunate Success, and some like Ravens, that with their harsh Throats ring forth hateful Knells of woful Tragedies: The Element which covered the Enchanted Garden, seemed to be overspread with misty Clouds, from whence continually shot Flames of Fire, as though the skies had been filled with blazing Comets: Which fearful Spectacle as it seemed the very Pattern of Hell, struck such a Terror into the Champion's heart, that twice he was in the Mind to return without performing the Adventure, but for his Oath and Honour of Knighthood, which he had pawned for the Accomplishment thereof: So laying his Body on the cold Earth, he made his humble Petition to God, that his Mind might never be oppressed with Cowardice, nor his Heart daunted with faint Fears, till he had performed what the *Tartarian* Emperor had bound him to, the Champion rose from the Ground, and with chearful Looks beheld the Elements, which seemed in his Conceit to smile at the Enterprize, and to foreshew a lucky Event.

So the noble Knight *St. David* with valiant Courage went to the Garden gate by which stood a Rock of Stone, overspread with Moss: In which Rock by Magick Art was inclosed a Sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the Hilt, which was the richest in his Judgment

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that ever his Eyes beheld, for the Steel-Work was engraven very curiously, beset with Jaspers and Sapphire-Stones; the Pummel was in the Fashion of a Globe,

of the purest Silver that the Mines of rich *America* brought forth: About the Pummel was engraven with Letters of Gold these Verses following.

*My Magick Spells remain most firmly bound,
The Worlds strange Wonder unknown by any one.
Till that a Knight within the North be found,
To pull this Sword from out this Rock of Stone:
Then ends my Charms, my Magick Arts and all,
By whose strong Hand wise Ormandine must fall.*

These Verses drave such a conceited Imagination into the Champion's Mind, that he supposed himself to be the Northern Knight by whom the Necromancer should be conquered; therefore without any further Delays, he put his Hand into the Hilt of the rich Sword, thinking presently to pull it out from the Enchanted Rock of *Ormandine*: But no sooner did he attempt that vain Enterprize, but his Senses were overtaken with a sudden and heavy Sleep, whereby he was forced to let go his Hold, and to fall flat upon the Ground, where his Senses were drowned in such a dead Slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himself from Sleep, as to pull the Sun out of the Firmament. The Necromancer, by his magick Skill, had Intelligence of the Champion's unfortunate Success, who sent from the Enchanted Garden four Spirits, in the Similitude and Likeness of four beautiful

Damsels, which wrapped the drowsy Champion in a Sheet of fine *Arabian Silk*, and conveyed him into a Cave, directly placed in the middle of the Garden, where they laid him upon a soft Bed, more softer than the Down of *Culvers*: Where those beautiful Ladies through the Art of wicked *Ormandine*, continually kept him sleeping for the Term of seven Years.

Thus was *St. David's* Adventure cross'd with a bad Success, whose Days Travels was turned into a Nights Repose, whose Nights Repose was made a heavy sleep, which endured until Seven Years was fully finished, where we will leave *St. David* to the Mercy of the Necromancer *Ormandine*, and return to the most noble and Magnanimous Champion *St. George*, where we left him Imprisoned in the Soldan's Court.

C H A P. X.

How St. George escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he Redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment, with the Tragical Tale of the Necromancer Ormandine.

NOW Seven Times had Frosty Bearded Winter covered both Herbs and Flowers with Snow, and be-hung the Trees with Crystal Icicles, since the unfortunate St. George beheld the chearful Light of Heaven, but lived obscure in a dismal Dungeon, by the Soldan of Persia's commandment, as you heard before in the beginning of the History: His unhappy Fortune so discontented his restless Thoughts, that a Thousand Times a Year he wisht an end of his Life, and a Thousand Times he cursed the Day of his Creation:

But at last, when Seven Years were ended, it was the Champion's lucky Fortune to find in a secret corner of the Dungeon a certain Iron Engine, which Time had almost consumed with Rust, where, with long Labour, he digged himself a Passage through the Ground, till he ascended just in the middle of the Soldan's Court, which was at that time of the Night, when all Things were silent: The Heavens he then beheld beautified with Stars, and bright Cynthia, whose glittering Beams he had not seen in many Hundred Nights before, seemed to smile at his safe Delivery, and to stay her wandring Course, till he most happily found means to get without the Compass of the Persian's Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong Gates of the City hinder his flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the noble

Knight being as fearful as the Bird newly escaped from the Fowlers Net, gazed about, and listened where he might hear the Voice of People, at last he heard the Grooms of the Soldan's Stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next Morning for some noble Atchievement. Whereupon the noble Champion St. George taking the Iron Engine, wherewith he Redeemed himself out of Prison, he burst open the Doors, where he slew all the Grooms in the Soldan's Stable: Which being done, he took the strongest Palfrey, and the richest Furniture, with other Necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Arms, and so rode in great comfort to one of the City Gates, where he saluted the Porter in this manner:

Porter, Open the Gates, for St. George of England is escaped, and hath Murdered the Grooms, in whose Pursuit the City is in Arms. Which Words the simple Persian believed for Truth, and so with all speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of England departed, and left the Soldan in his dead Sleep, little mistrusting his sudden Escape.

But by that time the Purple spotted Morning had parted with her Grey, and the Sun's bright Countenance appeared on the Mountain Tops, St. George had rode Twenty miles from the Persian Court, and before his departure was known in the Soldan's Palace, the English Champion had recovered the sight of Grecia, past all

danger of the *Persian Knights* that followed him with a swift Pursuit.

By this time the Extremity of Hunger so sharply Tormented him, that he could Travel no further, but was constrained to sustain himself with certain wild Chestnuts instead of Bread, and sower Oranges instead of Drink, and such faint Food as grew by the way as he Travelled, where the necessity and want of Victuals compelled the noble Knight to breath forth this pitiful Complaint:

Oh Hunger! Hunger! (said the Champion) *sharper than the Stroke of Death, thou art the extreamest Punishment that ever Man endured: If I were now King of Armenia, and chief Potentate of Asia, yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter, with all my Provinces, for one Piece of Brown Bread: O that this Earth would be so kind, as to open her Bowels and cast up some Food, to suffice my Want; or that the Air might be choaked with Mists, whereby feathered Fowl for want of Breath might fall, and yield me some Succour in this my Famishment; but oh! now I see both Heaven and Earth, Hills and Dales, Skies and Seas, Fish and Fowl, Birds and Beasts, and all Things under the Cope of Heaven, conspire my utter Overtthrow; better had it been if I had ended my Days in Persia, than here to be famished in the broad World, where all Things by Nature's Appointment are ordained for Man's Use. Now, instead of courtly Delicates, I am forced to eat the Fruit of Trees, and instead of Greekish Wines, I am compelled to quench my Thirst with Morning Dew, which nightly falls upon the Blades of Grass.*

Thus complained St. George, till glittering *Phæbus* had mounted the Top of Heaven, and drawn the misty Vapours from the Ground, whereby he might behold the Prospects of *Grecia*, and which way to travel most safely. And as he looked he espied directly before his Face a Tower, standing upon a challee Cliff,

distant from him about three Miles, whither the Champion intended to go, not to seek for Adventures, but to rest himself after his weary Journey, and get such Victuals as therein he could find to suffice his Want.

The Way he found so plain, and the Journey so easy, that in half an Hour he approached before the said Tower; where upon the Wall stood a most beautiful Woman, attired after the manner of a distressed Lady, and her Looks heavy, like the Queen of *Troy*, when she beheld her Palace on Fire. The valiant Knight St. George, after he had alighted from his Horse, gave her this courteous Salutation:

Lady (said he) *for so you seem by your outward Appearance, if ever you pitied a Traveller, or granted Succour to a Christian Knight, give to me one Meals Meat, now almost famisht.* To whom the Lady after a curst Frown or two, answered in this Order: *Sir Knight* (quoth she) *I advise thee with all speed to depart, for here thou gettest but a cold Dinner: My Lord is a mighty Giant, and believeth in Mahomet, and if he once do but understand that thou art a Christian Knight, not all the Gold of bigger India, nor the Riches of wealthy Babylon, can preserve thy Life. Now by the Honour of my Knighthood* (replied St. George) *and by the great God that Christendom adores, were thy Lord stronger than mighty Hercules that bore Mountains on his Back, here will I either obtain my Dinner, or die by his accursed Hand.*

These Words so abashed the Lady, that she went with all Speed from the Tower, and told the Giant how a Christian Knight remained at the Gate, who had sworn to suffice his Hunger in despite of his Will: Whereat the furious Giant suddenly started up, being as then in a sound Sleep, for it was the middle of the Day, who took a Bar of Iron in his Hand, and came down to the Tower Gate. His Statue was in Height five Yards, his

Head

Head bristled like a Boar, a Foot there was betwixt each Brow, his Eyes hollow, his Mouth wide, his Lips were like to flaps of Steel, in all his Proportion more like a Devil than a Man. Which deformed Monster so daunted the Courage of *St. George*, that he prepared himself for Death, not through fear of the monstrous Giant, but for Hunger and Feebleness of Body: But here God provided for him, and so restor'd to him his decay'd Strength, that he endured Battel until the closing up of the Evening, by which Time the Giant grew almost blind, through the Sweat that ran down from his monstrous Brows, whereat *St. George* got the Advantage, and wounded the Giant so cruelly under the Short-Ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the Ground, and to give End to his Life.

After which happy Event, *St. George* first gave the Honour of his Victory unto God, in whose Power all his Fortune consisted. Then entering the Tower, whereas the Lady presented him with all manner of Delicates and pure Wines; but the *English* Knight suspecting Treachery to be hidden in her proffered Courtesy, caused her to taste of every Dish, likewise of his Wine, lest some violent Poison should be therein mixed: Finding all things pure and wholesome as Nature required, he sufficed his Hunger, rested his weary Body, and refreshed his Horse.

And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady, he committed his Fortune to a New Travel; where his revived Spirits never entertained longer Rest, but to the refreshing himself and his Horse; so Travelled he through part of *Grecia*, the Confines of *Perrygia*, and into the Borders of *Tartary*, within whose Territories he had not long Journeyed, but he approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden of *Ormandine*, where *St. David* the Champion of *Wales* had so long slept by Magick Art. But sooner did he be-

hold the wonderful Situation thereof, but he espied *Ormandine's* Sword enclosed in the Enchanted Rock: Where after he had read the Superscription written about the Pummel, he essayed to pull it out by strength, where he no sooner put his Hand upon the Hilt, but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had been hung by a Thread of untwisted Silk: But when he beheld the glittering brightness of the Blade, and the wonderful Richness of the Pummel, he accounted the Prize more worth than the Armour of *Achilles*, which caused *Ajax* to run mad, and more Riches than *Medea's* Golden Fleece: But by that time *St. George* had circumspectly looked into every secret of the Sword, he heard a strange and dismal Voice Thunder in the Skies, a Terrible and Mighty Lumbring in the Earth, whereat both Hills and Mountains shook, Rocks removed, and Oaks rent into pieces.

After this, the Gates of the Enchanted Garden flew open, whereat incontinently came forth *Ormandine* the Magician, with his Hair staring on his Head, his Eyes sparkling, his Cheeks blushing, his Hands quivering, his Legs trembling, and all the rest of his Body discomposed, as tho' Legions of Spirits had encompassed him about; he came directly to the worthy *English* Knight that remained still by the Enchanted Rock, from whence he had pulled the Magician's Sword: he took the most valiant and magnanimous Champion *St. George* of *England*, by the Steely Gauntlet, and with great Humility kissed it, then proffering him the Courtesies due unto Strangers, which was performed very graciously; he afterwards conducted him into the Enchanted Garden, to the Cave where the Champion of *Wales* was kept sleeping by four Virgins singing delightful Songs, and after setting him a Chair of Ebony, *Ormandine* thus began to relate of wonderful Things.

Renowned Knight at Arms (said the Necro-

Necromancer,) *Fame's worthiest Champion, whose strange Adventures all Christendom in time to come shall applaud; be silent till I have told my Tale, for never after this, must my Tongue speak again: The Knight which thou seest here wrapt in this Sheet of Gold, is a Christian Champion, as thou art, sprung from the Ancient Seed of Trojan Warriours, who likewise attempted to draw this Enchanted Sword, but my Magick Spells so prevailed, that he was intercepted in the Enterprize, and forced ever since to remain sleeping in this Cave: But now the Hour is almost come of his Recovery, which by thee must be Accomplished: Thou art that Adventurous Champion whose Invincible Hand must finish up my detested Life, and send my Fleeting Soul to draw thy Fatal Chariot on the Banks of Burning Acheron; for my time was limited to remain no longer in this Enchanted Garden, but till that from the North should come a Knight that should pull this Sword from the Enchanted Rock, which thou happily hast now performed; therefore I know my time is short, and my Hour of Destiny at hand. What I report, write in Brazen Lines, for the time will come when this Discourse shall highly benefit thee. Take heed thou observe Three Things: First, That thou take to Wife a pure Maid: Next, That thou erect a Monument over thy Father's Grave: And lastly, That thou continue a professed Enemy to the Foes of Christ Jesus, bearing Arms in the Honour and Praise of thy Country. These things being truly and justly observed, thou shalt attain such Honour, that all Kingdoms of Christendom shall admire thy Dignity: What I speak is upon no vain Imagination, sprung from a Frantick Brain, but pronounced by this mystical and deep Art of Necromancy.*

These Words were no sooner ended, but the most Honourable Fortunate Champion of England, requested the Magician to describe his passed Fortunes,

No XIV.

and by what means he came to be Governor of the Enchanted Garden.

To tell the Discourse of my own Life (replied Ormandine) will breed a new sorrow in my Heart, the remembrance of which will rend my very Soul: But yet most noble Knight, to fulfil thy Request, I will force my Tongue to declare what my Heart denies to utter: Therefore prepare thine Ear to Entertain the wofullest Tale that ever Tongue delivered.

And so after St. George had sate a while silent, expecting his Discourse, the Magician spake as followeth.

The Woful and Tragical Discourse pronounced by the Necromancer Ormandine, of the Misery of his Children.

I Was in former Time King of Scythia, my Name Ormandine, Graced in my Youth with Two Fair Daughters, whom Nature had not only made Beautiful, but replenisht them with all Gifts that Art could devise: The Elder whose Name was *Castria*, the Fairest Maid that ever Scythia brought forth, among the number of Knights that were ensnared with her Love, there was one *Floridon*, Son to the King of Armenia, equal to her in all Ornaments of Nature, a Lovelier Couple never trod on Earth, or Graced any Princes Court in the whole World.

This *Floridon* so fervently burned in Affection with the admired *Castria*, that he Lusted after her Virginity, and practised both by Policy and fair Promises to Enjoy her, which after fell to his own Destruction: For upon a Time, when the Mantles of dark Night had closed in the Light of Heaven, this *Floridon* entered *Castria's* Lodging, furthered by her Chamber Maid, where to her hard hap, he cropped the Bud of her sweet Vir-

O

nity,

nity, and left such a Pledge within her Womb, that before many Days expired, her Shame began to appear, and the deceived Lady was constrained to reveal her Mind to *Floridon*; who in the mean time had betrothed himself to my Younger Daughter, whose Name was *Marcilla*, no less beautified with Feature's Gift than her Elder Sister; but when this Unconstant *Floridon* perceived that the unhappy *Castria* upbraded her with many Ignominious Words, forswearing himself ever to have committed any such Infamous Deed, protesting that he ever scorned to sink in Womans Hands, and counted Chamber-Love a deadly Sting, and a deep Infection to the Honour of his Knighthood.

These unkind Speeches drove *Castria* into such extream Passion of Mind, that she with a shameful Look and Blushing Cheeks, after this manner revealed her Sorrows unto him:

What! knows not Floridon (quoth the Lady) her whom his Lust hath stained with Dishonour? See, see, unconstant Knight, the Pledge of Faithful Vows, behold the Womb where springs thy lively Image; behold this Mark which stains my Father's Ancient House, and sets a shamefaced Blush upon my Cheeks, always when I behold the Company of chaste Virgins: Dear Floridon shadow my Shame with Marriage Rites, that I be not accounted a Byword to the World, nor that this my Babe in time to come, be termed a base Born Child: Remember what plighted Promises, what Vows and Protestations passed betwixt us, remember the Place and Time of my Dishonour, and be not like furious Tygers that repay Love with Despite.

At which Words *Floridon* with a wrathful Countenance, replied in these Words.

Shameless Creature, with what brazen Face dar'st thou outbrave me thus: I tell thee, Castria, my Love was ever yet to

follow Arms, to hear the Sound of Drums, to ride upon a nimble Steed, and not to Trace a Carpet Dance, like Priam's Son, before the Lustful Eyes of Menelaus's Wife: Therefore be gone, disturbing Strumpet, go sing thy harsh Melody in company of Night Birds, for I tell thee, the Day will Blush to cover thy monstrous Shame.

Which reproachful Speeches being no sooner ended, but *Floridon* departed her Presence, not leaving behind him so much as a kind Look: Whereat the distressed Lady being oppressed with intollerable Grief, sunk down, not able to speak for a time, but at last recovering her Senses, she began anew to Complain.

*I that was wont (quoth she) to walk with Troops of Maids, must now abandon and utterly forsake all Company, and seek some Cave, wherein I may sit for ever more and bewail myself: If I return to my Father he will refuse me; if to my Friends, they will be ashamed of me; if to Strangers they will scorn me; if to my Floridon, Oh! he denieth me, and accounts my sight as Ominous as the baleful Crocodiles. O unconstant Floridon! thou didst promise to shadow this Fault with Marriage, but now Vows, I see, are vain: Thou hast forsaken me, and tied thy Faith unto my Sister *Marcilla*, who must Enjoy thy Love, because she continues Chaste, without any spot of Dishonour.*

Thus complained the woful *Castria*, roving up and down the Court of *Scythia*, for Five Months: At the end of which time, the appointed Marriage of *Floridon* and *Marcilla* drew nigh, and the Prince, and Potentates of *Scythia*, were all present to see *Hymen's* Holy Rites; in which Honourable Assemblies, none were more busy than *Castria*, to beautify her Sisters Wedding. The Ceremonies being no sooner performed, and the Day spent in Pleasures, fitting the Honour of so great and Mighty a Train, but *Castria* requested the use of the Country, which was this,

that

that the first Night of every Maidens Marriage, a known Virgin should lie with the Bride, which Honourable Task was committed to *Castria*; who provided against the Hour appointed a Silver Bodkin, and hid it secretly in the Tramels of her Hair, wherewith she intended to prosecute Revenge. The Bride's Lodging Chamber was appointed far from the hearing of any one, least the Noise of People should hinder her quiet sleep.

But at last when the Hour of her Wishes approached, that the Bride should take leave of her Ladies, and Maidens that attended her to her Chamber, the New Married *Floridon*, in Company of many *Scythian* Knights, committed *Marcilla* to her quiet Rest, little mistrusting the bloody purpose of her Sister's Mind.

But now behold how every thing fell out according to her Desires: The Ladies and Gentlemen were no sooner departed, and silence taken Possession of the whole Court, but *Castria* locked the Chamber Door, and secretly conveyed the Keys under the Beds Head, not perceived by the betrayed *Marcilla*; which poor Lady after some Speeches departed to Bed; wherein she was no sooner laid, but a heavy Sleep over-mastered her Senses, whereby her Tongue was forced to bid her Sister Good Night, who as then sate discontented by her Bed side, watching the time wherein she might conveniently act the Bloody Tragedy: Upon a Court Cupboard stood Two burning Tapers, that gave Light to the whole Chamber, which in her Conceit seemed to burn Blue: After this, she took her Silver Bodkin, that before she had secretly hidden in her Hair, and came to her New Married Sister, being then overcome with a heavy Slumber, and with her Bodkin pierced her tender Breast: who immediately at the Stroke thereof started from her Sleep, and gave such a pitiful Shriek, that it would have awakened the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood

far from the hearing of Company, except her bloody minded Sister, whose Hand was ready to redouble her Fury, with a Second Stroke.

But when *Marcilla* beheld the Sheets and Ornaments of her Bed bestained with purple Gore, and from her Breast ran Streams of Crimson Blood, which like to a Fountain trickled from her Bosom, she breathed forth this cruel Exclamation against the Cruelty of *Castria*.

O Sister (quoth she) hath Nature harboured in thy Breast a Bloody Mind! What Fury hath incensed thee thus to commit my Tragedy? In what have I misdone, or wherein hath my Tongue offended thee: What Cause hath been the occasion that thy remorseless Hand against Nature hath converted my joyful Nuptials to woful Funeral: This is the Cause (replied *Castria*, and therewithal shewed her Womb, grown big through the Burthen of her Child) *that I have bathed my Hands in thy Blood.*

Which Words being no sooner finished, but she violently pierced her own Breast, whereby the Two Sisters Blood were equally mingled together.

Now when the Morning Sun had chased away the dark Night, *Floridon* who little mistrusted the Tragedy of the Two Sisters, repaired to the Chamber Door, with a Consort of skilful Musicians, where the inspiring Harmony sounded to the Walls, and *Floridon's* Morning Salutations were spent in vain: he burst open the Door, where being no sooner entred, but he found the Two Ladies weltring in their own Gore: Which woful Spectacle presently so bereaved him of his Wits, that like a Frantick Man he raged up and down, and in this manner bitterly complained.

Oh immortal Powers? Open the wrathful Gates of Heaven, and in your Justice punish me, for my unconstant Love hath murdered two of the bravest Ladies that ever

Nature framed, revive sweet Dames of Scythia, and bear me speak, that am the wofullest Wretch that ever spoke with a Tongue: If Ghost may here be given for Ghost, dear Ladies take my Life and live, or if my Heart might dwell within your Breasts, this Hand shall equally divide it.

Which woful Lamentation being no sooner breathed from his sorrowful Breast, but he finished his Days, by the Stroke of that same accursed Bodkin, that was the bloody Instrument of the Two Sisters Death: which he found still remaining in the remorseless Hand of *Castria*.

Thus have you heard (most Worthy Knight) the true Tragedy of Three of the most goodliest Personages that ever Nature framed: But now with diligent Ears listen unto the unfortunate Discourse of my own Misery, which in this unhappy manner fell out: For no sooner came the flying News of the murdered Princesses to my Ears, but I grew into such a discontented Passion that I abandoned my self from company of People, and fate for Seven Months in a solitary Passion, lamenting the Loss of my Children, like weeping *Niobe*, which was the sorrowfullest Lady that ever lived.

During which time, the Report of *Floridon's* unhappy Tragedy was bruited to his Father's Ears, being the sole King of *Armenia*; whose Grief so exceeded the Bounds of Reason, that with all convenient speed he gathered the greatest Strength *Armenia* could make, and in Revenge of his Son's Murder, entred my Territories, and with his well approved Warriours subdued my Provinces, slaughtered my Soldiers, conquered my Captains, slew my Commons, burnt my Cities, and left my Country Villages Desolate; where, when I beheld my Country overspread with Famine, Fire, and Sword, Three Intestine Plagues, wherewith Heaven scourgeth the Sins of the Wicked, I

was forced for the Safeguard of my Life, to forsake my Native Habitation, Kingly Government, only committing my Fortune (like a Banish'd Exile) to wander in unknown passages, where care was my chief Companion, and Discontent my only Solicitor: At last it was in my Destiny to arrive in this unhappy Place, which I supposed to be the Walks of Despair, where I had not remained many Days in my Melancholly Passions, but methought the many Jaws of deep *Avernus* opened, from whence ascended a most fearful Devil, that enticed me to bequeath my Fortune to his disposing, and he would defend me from the Fury of the whole World: To which I presently condescended upon some assurance; then presently he placed before my Face this Enchanted Sword, so surely closed in Stone, that it should never be pulled out, but by the Hands of a Christian Knight, and till that Task was performed, I should live exempt from all Danger, although all the Kingdoms of the Earth assailed me: Which Task (most Adventurous Champion) thou hast now performed, whereby I know the Hour of my Death approacheth, and my Time of Confusionⁿ is at hand.

This Discourse pronounced by the Necromancer *Ormandine*, was no sooner finished, but the Worthy Champion *St. George* heard such a rattling in the Skies, such a lumbring in the Earth, that he expected some strange Event to follow: Then casting his Eyes aside saw the Enchanted Garden to vanish, and the Champion of *Wales* to awake from his long Sleep, wherein he had remained Seven Years; who like one risen from a Swoon, for a time stood Speechless, not able to utter one Word, till he beheld the noble Champion of *England*, that stedfastly gazed upon the Necromancer; who at the vanishing of the Enchantment, presently gave a terrible Groan and died.

The Two Champions after many courteous Embracings and kind Greetings, revealed to each other the strange Adventures they had passed. *S. David* told how he was Bound by the Oath of Knight-hood, to perform the Adventure of *Ormandine*: Whereupon *S. George* presently delivered the Enchanted Sword, with the

Necromancer's Head, into the Hands of *S. David*, which he presently severed from his Body. But here must my weary Muse leave *S. David* Travelling with *Ormandine's* Head to the *Tartarian* Emperor, and speak of the following Adventures that happened to *S. George*, after his departure from the Enchanted Garden.

C H A P. XI.

How S. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where he Stole away Sabra, the King's Daughter of Egypt, from the Black Moor King, and how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the means of a Lion, and what happened to him in the same Adventure.

Saint *George*, after the Recovery of *S. David*, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his Journey toward *Christendom*, whose pleasant Banks he long desired to behold, and thought every Day a Year, till his Eyes enjoyed a sweet sight of his Native Country of *England*, upon whose Chalky Cliffs he had not Rode in many a weary Summer's Day: Therefore committing his Journey to a fortunate Success, he travelled through many a dangerous Countrey, where the People were not only of a bloody Disposition, given to all manner of Wickedness, but the Soil greatly annoyed with Wild Beasts.

Thus in extream Danger Travelled the noble Champion *St. George*, till he arrived in the Territories of *Barbary*, in which Country he purposed for a time to remain, and to seek for some Noble Atchievement, whereby his Fame might be increased; And being encouraged with this Princely Cogitation, the noble Champion of *England*, climbed to the Top of a huge Mountain; where he unlocked his Bever, which before had not been lifted up in

many a Day, and beheld the wide and spacious Country, how it was beautified with lofty Pines, and adorned with many goodly Palaces. But amongst the Number of the Towers, and Cities which the *English* Champion beheld, there was one which seemed to exceed the rest both in Situation and brave Buildings, which he supposed to be the chiefest City in all the Country, and the place where the King usually kept his Court: To which *St. George* intended to Travel, not to furnish himself with any needful Thing, but to accomplish some Honourable Adventure, whereby his worthy Deeds might be Eternized in the Book of Memory. So after he had descended from the Top of the steepy Mountain, and had Travelled into a low Valley about two or three Miles, he approached an old and almost Ruinated Hermitage over-grown with Moss, and other Weeds; before the Entry of this Hermitage sate an Ancient Father upon a round Stone, taking the Heat of the warm Sun, which cast such a comfortable brightness upon the Hermit's Face, that his white Beard seemed to glitter like

like Silver, and his Head to exceed the Whiteness of the Northern Iſicles; to whom after St. George had given the due Reverence that belonged unto Age, he demanded the Name of the Country, and the City he Travelled to, and under what King the Country was governed: To whom the Courteous Hermit thus replied.

Most noble Knight, for so I guess you are, by your Furniture and outward Appearance, you are now in the Conſines of Barbary, the City opposite before your Eyes is called Tripoly, remaining under the Government of Almidor, the Black King of Morocco, in which City he now keepeth his Court, attended on by as many Gallant Knights as any King under the Cope of Heaven.

At which Words the noble Champion of England suddenly started, as though he had Intelligence of some baleful News, which deeply discontented his Princely Mind: His Heart was presently incens'd with a speedy Revenge, and his Mind so extremely Thirsted after Almidor's Tragedy, that he could scarce answer again to the Hermit's Words: But bridling his Fury, the angry Champion spake in this manner:

Grave Father (said he) through the Treachery of that accursed King, I endured Seven Years Imprisonment in Persia, where I suffered both Hunger, Cold, and extream Misery: But if I had my good Sword Ascalon, and my trusty Palfrey, which I left in the Egyptian Court, where remains my Betrayed Love, the King's Daughter of Egypt, I would be Avenged on the Head of Almidor, were his Guard more strong than the Army of Xerxes, whose Multitudes drank the Rivers dry. Why, said the Hermit, Sabra, the King's Daughter of Egypt is Queen of Barbary, and since her Nuptials were solemnly performed in Tripoly, are Seven Summers fully finished.

Now by the Honour of my Country Eng-

land (replied S. George) the Place of my Nativity, and as I am a Christian Knight, these Eyes of mine shall never close, until I have obtained a sight of the sweet Princess, for whose sake I have endured so long Imprisonment: Therefore dear Father be thus kind to a Traveller, as to exchange thy Cloathing for this my Rich Furniture and Steed, which I brought from the Soldan of Persia, for in the Habit of a Palmer I may enjoy the Fruition of her sight without Suspicion; therefore courteously deliver me thy Hermit's Gown, and I will give with my Horse and Armour, this Box of costly Jewels: Which when the grave Hermit beheld, he humbly thanked the noble Champion, and so with all the speed they could possibly make, exchanged Apparel, and in this manner departed.

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with St. George's Furniture, and St. George in the Palmer's Apparel towards the City of Tripoly, who no sooner came to the sumptuous Buildings of the Court, but he espied a hundred poor Palmers kneeling at the Gate, to whom St. George spake after this manner:

My dear Brethren (said the Champion) for what Intent remain you here, or what expect you from this Honourable Court.

We abide here (answer the Palmers) for an Alms, which the Queen once a Day hath given this Seven Years, for the sake of an English Knight, named St. George, whom she affected above all the Knights in the World: But when will this be given, said St. George?

In the Afternoon (replied the Palmers) until which time upon our bended Knees we Hourly pray for the good Fortune of that most noble English Knight, Which Speeches so pleased the valiant Minded Champion St. George, that he thought every Minute a Year till the Golden Sun had passed away the middle part of Heaven; for it was but newly risen from Au-

radiant's bed, whose Light as yet with a
shamefac'd Radiant blush, distained the
Eastern sky.

During which time, the most valiant
and Magnanimous Champion St. George
of England, one while remembering the
extream Misery he endured in *Perfia*, for
her sake, another while thinking upon
the terrible Battle he had with the burn-
ing Dragon in *Egypt*, where he Redeem-
ed her from the Fatal Jaws of Death: At

last it was his Chance to walk about the
Court beholding the sumptuous Buildings,
and the curious Engraven Works by the
Atchievement of Man, bestowed upon
the glittering Windows; where he heard,
to his exceeding Pleasure, the heavenly
Voice of his beloved *Sabra*, descending
from a Window upon the West side of
the Palace, where she warbled forth this
sorrowful Ditty upon her Ivory Lute.

Die all Desires of Joy and Courly Pleasures,

Die all Desires of Princely Royalty,

Die all Desires of Worldly Treasures,

Die all Desires of Stateby Majesty:

Since he is gone that pleased most my Eye,

For whom I wish Ten thousand Times to Die.

O that mine Eyes might never cease to Weep,

O that my Tongue might evermore Complain,

O that my Soul might in his Bosom sleep;

For whose sweet sake my Heart doth live in Pain:

In Woe I sing with brinish Tears desprant,

Out-worn with Grief, Consum'd with Discontent.

In time my Sighs will Dim the Heaven's fair Light,

Which Hourly fly from my tormented Breast,

Except St. George that Noble English Knight,

With safe return abandon my unrest;

Then careful Cries shall end with deep annoy,

Exchanging weeping Tears, for smiling Joy.

Before the Face of Heaven this Vow I make,

Tho' unkind Friends have Wed me to their Will,

And Crown'd me Queen my Ardent Flames to slake,

Which in despite of them shall flourish still,

Beare witness Heavens and Earth, what I have said,

For George's sake I live and die a Maid.

Which being no sooner ended, but she
departed the Window, quite from the
hearing of the English Champion, that
stood gazing up to the Casements, pre-
paring his Ears to entertain her sweet
Tuned Melody the Second Time: But it

was in vain; whereas he grew in more
perplexed Passions than *Aneas*, when he
had lost his beloved *Creusa* amongst the
Army of the *Grecians*: Sometimes wish-
ing the Day to vanish in a Moment that
the Hour of her Benevolence might Ap-
proach,

proach, other times comforting his sad Cogitations with the Remembrance of her long continued Constancy for his sake.

Thus spent he the Time away, till the glorious Sun began to decline the Western parts of the Earth, when the Palmers should receive her wonted Benevolence: Against which Time, the English Champion placed himself in the midst of them, that expected the wished Hour of her coming, who at the Time appointed, came to the Palace Gate, attired in Mourning Vesture, like *Polixena*, King *Priam's* Daughter, when she went to sacrifice; her Hair after a careless manner hung wavering in the Wind, almost changed from Yellow burnisht Brightness, to the Colour of Silver, through her long continued Sorrows and Grief of Heart, her Eyes seemed to have wept Seas of Tears, and her wonted Beauty was now stained with the Pearled Dew that trickled down her Cheeks: Where, after the sorrowful Queen had justly numbed the Palmers, and with vigilant Eyes beheld the Princely Countenance of *St. George*, her Colour began to Change from Red to White, and from White to Red, as though the Lily and Rose had strove for Superiority: But yet colouring her Cogitations under a smooth Brow, first delivered her Alms to the Palmers, then taking *St. George* aside, with him she thus kindly began to confer: *Palmer* (said she) *thou resemblest both in Princely Countenance and Courteous Behaviour, that Thrice Honoured Champion of England, for whose sake I have daily bestowed my Benevolence for this Seven Years; his Name is St. George, his Fame I know thou hast heard Reported in many a Country to be the bravest Knight that ever Buckled on Steel Helmet. Therefore for his sake will I grace thee with the chiefest Honour in this Court, instead of thy Russet Gaberdine, I*

will Cloath thee in Purple Silk, and instead of the Ebon Staff, thy Hand shall wield the richest Sword that ever Princely Eye beheld. To whom the noble Champion St. George replied in this Courteous manner.

I have heard (quoth he) *the Princely Achievements and Magnanimous Adventures of that Honoured English Knight, which you so dearly Affected, bruited through many Princes Court, and bow for the Love of a Lady, he hath endured a long Imprisonment, from whence he never looked to return, but to spend the remnant of his Days in lasting Misery: At which the Queen let fall from her Eyes such a Shower of Pearled Tears, and sent such Number of framed Sighs from her grieved Heart, that her Sorrow seemed to exceed the Queen's of Carthage, when she had for ever lost the sight of her beloved Lord. But the brave Minded Champion purposed no longer to continue secret, but with his Discovery to convert her sorrowful moans to smiling Joy: And so casting off his Palmers Weed, acknowledged himself to the Queen, and therewithal shewed the half Ring whereon was Engraven this Poësy, *Ardeo Affectione*: Which Ring in former time (as you may have read before) they had very equally divided betwixt them to be kept in Remembrance of their plighted Faith.*

Which unexpected Sight highly pleased the beauteous *Sabra*, and her Joy so exceeded the Bounds of Reason, that she could not speak one Word, but was constrained through her New conceited pleasure to breath a sad Sigh or two into the Champion's Bosom, who like a true ennobled Knight, entertained her with a loving Kiss, where after these Two Lovers had fully discoursed each to other the Secrets of their Souls, *Sabra* how she continued for his Love a pure Virgin, through the Secret Virtue of a

Golden

Golden Chain steep in Tyger's Blood, which she wore Seven Times double about her Ivory Neck, took him by the Gentle Hand, and led him into her Husband's Stables, where stood his approved Palfrey, who no sooner espied the return of his Master, but he was more proud of his Presence, than *Bucephalus* of the *Macedonian* Monarch, when he most joyfully returned in Triumph from any Victorious Conquest.

Now is the Time (said the excellent Princess *Sabra*) that thou mayest Seal up the quittance of our former Loves; therefore with all convenient Speed take thy approved Palfrey, and thy trusty Sword Alcalon which I will presently deliver into thy Hands, and with all Celerity convey me from this unhappy Country: For the King my Husband with all his Adventurous Knights, are now rode forth on Hunting whose absence will further our flight: But if you stay till his return, it is not a Hundred of the hardiest Knights in the World can bear me from this accursed Palace. At which Words St. George having a Mind graced with all excellent Vertues, replied in this manner.

Thou knowest, my Divine Lady, that for thy Love I would endure as many Dangers, as *Jason* suffered in the *Isle Calcos*, so I might at last Enjoy the Pleasure of true Virginity. For how is it possible thou canst remain a pure Maid when thou hast been a Crowned Queen these Seven Years, and every Night hast entertained a King into thy Bed?

If thou findest me not a true Maid (quoth she) in all that thou canst say, or do, send me back hither again unto my Foe, whose Bed I count more loathsome than a Den of Snakes, and his Sight more ominous than the *Crocodile's*. As for the *Morocco* Crown, which by force of Friends was set upon my Head, I wish that it might be turned into a Blaze of quenchless Fire, so it might not endanger my Body: And for the

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Name of Queen, I account it a vain Title; for I had rather be the English Lady, than the greatest Empress in the World.

At which Speeches St. George willingly condescended, and with all speed purposed to go into *England*: So losing no time, *Sabra* furnished herself with sufficient Treasure, and obtained the good Will of an Eunuch, that was appointed for her Guard in the King's absence, to accompany them in their Travel, and to serve as a trusty Guide, if occasion required.

So these Three worthy Personages committed their Travels to the Guide of Fortune, who preserved them from the Dangers of pursuing Enemies, which at the King's return from Hunting, followed amain to every Port and Haven that divided the Kingdom of *Barbary* from the Confines of *Christendom*: But kind Destiny so guided their Steps, that they Travelled another way, contrary to their Expectations; for when they looked to arrive upon the Territories of *Europe*, they were cast upon the fruitful Banks of *Grecia*: In which Country we must tell what happened to the Three Travelers.

But now *Melpomene*, thou Tragick Sister of the Muses, report what unlucky Crosses happened to these Three Travelers in the Confines of *Grecia*, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill hap turned into a weeping Tragedy; for when they had Journeyed about Three or four Leagues, over many a lofty Hill, they came nigh unto a vast Wilderness, through which the way seemed so long, and the Sun Beams so exceedingly glowed, that *Sabra*, what for weariness in Travel, and the extream Heat of the Day, was constrained to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oak, whose Branches had not been lopt in many a Year: Where she had not long remained, but her Heart

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began to faint for Hunger, and her Colour that was but a little before as fair as any Lady's in the World, began to change for want of a little Drink: Whereat the most Famous Champion St. George, half dead with very grief, comforted her as well as he could, after this manner.

Faint not my dear Lady (said he) here is that good Sword that once preserved thee from the Burning Dragon; and before thou shalt Die for want of Sustenance, it shall make way to every corner of the Wilderiness; where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy Hungry Stomach, or make my Tomb in the Bowels of some Monstrous Beast: Therefore abide thou here under this Tree, in Company of thy Faithful Eunuch, till I return either with the Flesh of some wild Deer, or else some flying Bird to refresh thy Spirit for a New Travel.

Thus left he his beloved Lady with the Eunuch in the Woods, and Travelled up and down the Wilderiness, till he espied a Herd of fatted Deer, from which Company he singled out the fairest, and like a tripping Satyr coursed her to Death: Then with a keen-edged Sword cut out the goodliest Haunch of Venison that ever Hunters Eye beheld; which Gift he supposed to be most welcome to his beloved Lady. But mark what happened in his absence to the two weary Travellers under the Tree: Where after St. George's departure, they had not long fate discourting, one while of their long Journeys, another while of their safe Delivery from the Black-Moor King, spending the stealing Time away with many an Ancient Story, but there appeared out of a Thicket Two huge and monstrous Lions, which came directly pacing towards the two Travellers: Which fearful Spectacle when Sabra beheld, having a Heart overcharged with the extream Fear of Death, wholly committed her Soul into the Hands of God, and her Body almost famished for Food, to suffice the Hunger

of the two furious Lions, who by the appointment of Heaven, proffered not so much as to lay their wrathful Paws upon the smallest Part of her Garment, but with eager Mood assailed the Eunuch, until they had buried his Body in the empty Vaults of their Hungry Bowels: Then with their Teeth lately imbrued in Blood, rent the Eunuch's Steed into small pieces: Which being done, they came to the Lady, who sat quaking half Dead with Fear, and like two Lambs couched their Heads upon her Lap, where with her Hand she stroaked down their bristled Hairs, not daring almost to breath, till a heavy sleep had over-mastered their furious Senses, by which time the Princely Minded Champion St. George returned with a Piece of Venison upon the Point of his Sword: Who at that unexpected sight, stood in a Maze, whether it was best to flie for Safeguard of his Life, or to venture his Fortune against the furious Lions. But at last the Love of his Lady encouraged him to such a forwardness whom he beheld quaking before the dismal Gates of Death: So laying down his Venison, he sheathed his Faulchion in the Bowels of one of the Lions. Sabra kept the other Sleeping in her Lap till his Prosperous Hand had likewise dispatched him: Which Adventure being performed, he first thanked Heaven for Victory, and then in this kind manner saluted his Lady.

Now (Sabra said he) I have by this sufficiently proved thy true Virginity: For it is the Nature of a Lion, be he never so furious, not to harm the unspotted Virgin, but humbly to lay his bristled Head upon a Maiden's Lap. Therefore Divine Paragon, thou art the World's chief Wonder for Love and Chastity, whose honoured Vertues shall ring as far as Phœbus sends his Lights, and whose Constancy I will maintain in every Land where I come, to be the truest under the Circuit of the Sun:

At which Words he cast his Eyes aside, and beheld the bloody Spectacle of the Eunuch's Tragedy, which by *Sabra* was wofully Discourfed to the Grief of *St. George*, where sad Sighs served for a doleful Knell, to bewail his untimely Death: But having a noble Mind not subject to vain Sorrow, where all hope of Life is past, ceased his Grief, and prepared the Venison in readines for his Lady's Repast, which in this order was Dressed.

He had in his Pocket a Firelock, wherewith he struck Fire, and kindled it with Sun burnt Moss, and encreased the Flame with other dry Wood which he gathered in the Wilderness: Against which they Roasted the Venison, and sufficed themselves to their own Contentments. After which joyful Repast, these Two Princely Persons set forward to their wonted Travels, whereby the bappy Guide of Heaven so conducted their Steps, that before many Days passed, they arrived in the *Grecian* Court, even upon that Day when the Marriage of the *Grecian* Emperor should

be solemnly held: Which Nuptials, in former times had been bruited into every Nation in the World, as well in *Europe*, as *Africa* and *Asia*: At which Honourable Marriage the bravest Knights then living on Earth were present: For Golden Fame had bruited the Report thereof to the Ears of the Seven Champions: In *Thessaly*, to *St. Denis* the Champion of *France*, there remaining with his beauteous *Eglantine*; into *Sevil* to *S. James* the Champion of *Spain*, where he remained with his lovely *Celestine*; to *S. Anthony* the Champion of *Italy*, then Travelling into the Borders of *Scythia*, with his Lady *Rosalinde*; likewise to *S. Andrew*, the Champion of *Scotland*, to *S. Patrick* the Champion of *Ireland*, and to *S. David* the Champion of *Wales*.

But now Fame, and smiling Fortune consented to make their Knightly Atchievements to shine in the Eyes of the whole World, therefore by the Conduct of Heaven, they generally arrived in the *Grecian* Emperor's Court.

C H A P. XI.

How the Seven Champions arrived in Grecia at the Emperor's Nuptials, where they performed many noble Atchievements, and how after open Wars were Proclaimed against Christendom by the Discovery of many Knights, and how every Champion departed into his own Country.

TO speak of the Number of Knights that Assembled in the *Grecian* Court together, were a Labour over-tedious, requiring the Pen of *Homer*: Therefore will I omit the Honourable Train of Knights and Ladies that did attend them to the Church; their costly Garments and glittering Ornaments, exceeding the Royalty of *Hecuba*, the Beauteous Queen of *Troy*. And also I

pass over the Sumptuous Banquets, and Delicious Chear that beautified the Emperor's Nuptials, with the Stately Masks and Courtly Dances performed by many noble Personages, and chiefly discourse of the Knightly Atchievements of the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, whose Magnanimous Encounters, have deserved a Golden Pen to relate. For after some few Days the Emperor Proclaimed a solemn

lemen Justing to be held for the space of Seven Days, in the Honour of his Marriage, and appointed for his chief Champions the Seven Christian Knights.

Against the Day appointed the Tournaments should begin, the Emperor caused a large Frame of Timber-Work to be erected, whereon the Empress and her Ladies might stand, for the better view of the Tilters, and at Pleasure behold the Champions Encounters, likewise in the Compass of the Lists were pitched Seven Tents of Seven several Colours, wherein the Seven Champions might remain till the Sound of the Silver Trumpets summoned them to Appear.

Thus every Thing prepared in readines, sitting so great a Royalty, the Princes and Ladies placed on their Seats, the Emperor with his new Married Emprels invested on their lofty Thrones, strongly guarded with an Hundred Armed Knights, the King's Heralds Solemnly Proclaimed the Tournaments, which in this manner began.

The first Day *S. Denis* of *France* was appointed chief Champion against all Comers, who was called by the Title of the *Golden Knight*, who at the Sound of the Trumpet entered the Lists, his Tent was of the Colour of the Marigold, upon the Top an Artificial Sun framed, that seemed to Beautify the whole Assembly; his Horse of an Iron Grey, graced with a spangled Plume of Feathers: Before him rode a Page in Purple Silk, bearing upon his Crest Three Golden *Flower-de-luces*, which did signify his Arms. Thus in this Royal manner entred *S. Denis* the Lists; where after he had Traced twice or thrice up and down, to the open view of the whole Company, he prepared himself in readines to begin the Tournament; against whom ran many *Grecian* Knights, which were Foiled by the *French* Champion, to the wonderful admiration of all Beholders: But to be brief, he so

worthily behaved himself, and with such Fortitude, that the Emperor applauded him for the bravest Knight in the World.

Thus in great Royalty, to the exceeding Pleasure of the Emperor, was the first Day spent, till the dark Evening caused the Knights to break off Company, and repair to their Nights repose. And the next Morning no sooner did *Phœbus* shew his splendid Brightness, but the King of Heralds under the Emperor, with a noise of Trumpets awaked the Champions from their silent sleep, who with all speed prepared for the Second Days Exercises. The chief Champion appointed for that Day, was the Victorious Knight *S. James* of *Spain*: Which after the Emperor and Empress had seated themselves with a stately Train of Beautiful Ladies, entred the Lists upon a *Spanish* Gennet; directly over against the Emperor's Throne his Tent was pitcht, which was of the Colour of Quicksilver, wherein was Pourtraied many fine Devices: Before the Tent attended Four Esquires, bearing Four several Escutcheons in their Hands, whereon were curiously painted the Four Elements: Likewise he had the Title of the *Silver Knight*, who behaved himself no less worthy of all Princely Commendations than the *French* Champion the Day before.

The Third Day *S. Anthony* of *Italy* was chief Challenger in the Tournament, whose Tent was of the Colour of the skies, his Steed furnished with costly Habilliments, his Armour after the *Barbarian* manner, his Shield plated round about with Steel, whereon was painted a Golden Eagle in a Field of Blue, which signified the Ancient Arms of *Rome*: Likewise he had the Title of the *Azure Knight*, whose matchless Chivalry for that Day, won the Prize from all the *Grecian* Knights.

The Fourth Day by the Emperor's Appointment,

pointment, the Worthy Knight S. Andrew of Scotland obtained the Honour as to be chief Challenger for the Tournament: His Tent was framed in the manner of a Ship swimming upon the Waves of the Sea, invironed about with Dolphins, Tritons, and many strange contrived Mermaids: Upon the Top stood the Picture of Neptune the God of the Seas, bearing in his Hand a Streamer, whereon was wrought in Crimfon Silk, a corner Cross, which seemed to be his Country Arms: He was called the Red Knight, because his Horse was covered with a Bloody Veil, his worthy Atchievements obtained such Favour in the Emperor's Eyes, that he threw him his Silver Gauntlet, which was prized at a Thousand Portagues, where after his noble Encounters he enjoyed a sweet Repose.

The Fifth Day S. Patrick of Ireland as chief Champion entred the Lifts upon an Irish Hobby, covered with a Veil of Green, attended by Six Silvian Knights, every one bearing upon his Shoulder a Blooming Tree: His Tent resembled a Summer's Bower, at the Entry whereof stood the Picture of Flora beautified with a Wreath of sweet smelling Roses: He was named the Green Knight; whose worthy Prowess so daunted the Defendants, that before the Tournament began, they gave him the Honour of the Day.

Upon the Sixth Day the Heroical and Noble-Minded Champion of Wales entred the Lifts upon a Tartarian Palfrey, covered with a Veil of Black, to signify a Black and Tragical Day should befall those Grecian Knights, that durst approve his Fortitude: His Tent was pitcht in the manner and form of a Castle in the West Side of the Lifts, before the Entry whereof hung a Golden Shield, whereon was lively portrayed a Silver Griffin Rampant upon a Golden Helmet, which signified the Ancient Arms of Britain. His Princely Atchievements not only obtained due Com-

mendations at the Emperor's Hands, but of the whole Assembly of the Grecian Ladies, wherewith they applauded him to be the most Noble Knight that ever shivered Launce, and the most Fortunate Champion that ever entred into the Grecian Court.

Upon the Seventh and last Day of these Honourable Tournaments, the Famous and valiant Knight at Arms, S. George of England, as chief Challenger, entred the Lifts upon a Sable coloured Steed, betrappt with Bars of burnished Gold, his Forehead beautified with a gorgeous Plume of Purple Feathers, from whence hung many Pendants of Gold, his Armour of the purest Lydian Steel nailed fast together with Silver Plates, his Helmet engraven very curiously, beset with Indian Pearl; and Jasper Stones: Before his Breast-plate hung a Silver Table in a Damask Scarf, whereon was pictured a Lion Rampant in a Bloody Field, bearing Three golden Crowns upon his Head: Before his Tent stood an Ivory Chariot, guarded by Twelve Coal Black Negroes; wherein his beloved Lady and Mistress, Sabra, sat invested upon a Silver Globe, to behold the Heroical Encounters of her most Noble and Magnanimous Champion St. George of England: His Tent was as White as the Swans Feathers, glittering against the Sun, supported by Four Elephants, framed of the purest Brass, about his Helmet he tied a Wreath of Virgin's Hair, where hung his Lady's Glove, which he wore to maintain her excellent Gifts of Nature to exceed all Ladies on the Earth: These costly Habiliments ravished the Beholders with such unspeakable Pleasure, that they stood gazing at his Furniture, not able to withdraw their Eyes from so heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his Victorious Encounter against the Grecian Knights, they supposed him to be the Invincible Tamer of that Seven-headed Monster that climbed to the Elements, offering to

pull *Jupiter* from his Throne. His Steed never gave Encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled Horse and Man to the Ground, where they lay for a Time bereft of Sense. The Tournaments lasted for that Day, from the Sun's Rising, 'till the coal black Evening-Star appeared, in which Time he conquered five hundred of the hardiest Knights then living in *Asia*, and shivered a thousand Lances, to the wonderful Admiration of the Beholders.

Thus were the seven Days brought to an End by the seven worthy Champions of *Christendom*, in Reward of whose noble Achievements, the *Grecian* Emperor being a Man that highly favoured Knightly Proceedings, gave them a Golden Tree with seven Branches, to be divided equally amongst them. Which honourable Prize they conveyed to St. *George's* Pavillion, where in dividing the Branches, the seven Champions discovered themselves to each other, and by what good Fortune they arrived in the *Grecian* Court, whose long wished Sight so rejoiced their Hearts, that they all accounted that happy Day of Meeting, the joyfullest Day that ever they beheld. But now after the Tournaments were fully ended, and the Knights rested themselves some few Days, recovering their wonted Agility of Body, they fell to a new Exercise of Pleasure, not appearing in glittering Armour before the Tilt, nor following the loud sounding Drums and Silver Trumpets, but spending away the Time in Courtly Dances amongst their beloved Ladies and Mistresses, in more Royalty than the *Phrygian* Knights when they presented the Paragon of *Asia* with an enchanted Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their Ears, no pleasant Sonnets to ravish their Senses, nor no curious Dances to please their Eyes. *Sabra*, she was the Mistress of the Revels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent Beauty, which seemed to

exceed the Rest of the Ladies in Fairness, as far as the Moon surpasseth her attending Stars in a frosty Night, and when she danced, she seemed like *Thetis* tripping on the silver Sands, with whom the Sun did fall in Love: And if she chanced to smile, the cloudy Elements would weep, and drop down Heavenly Dew, as though they mourned for Love. There likewise remained in the Court the six *Thracian* Virgins that in former Time lived in the Shape of Swans, which were as beautiful Ladies, as ever Eye beheld, also many other Ladies attended the Empress, in whose Companies the seven Champions daily delighted; sometimes discoursing of amorous Conceits, other Times delighting themselves with sweet sounding Musick; then spending the Day in Banqueting, Revelling, Dancing, and such like Pastimes, not once injuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their Courtly Pleasures continued not long, for they were suddenly dashed with certain News of open Wars proclaimed against all *Christendom*, which fell out contrary to the Expectation of the Christian Knights. There arrived in the *Grecian* Emperor's Palace, an hundred Heralds, of an hundred several Provinces, which proclaimed utter Defiance to all Christian Kingdoms, by these Words.

WE, the High and Mighty Emperors of *Asia* and *Africa*, great Commanders both of Lands and Seas, proclaim by general Consent of all the Eastern Potentates, utter Ruin and Destruction to the Kingdoms of *Christendom*, and to all those Nations where any Christian Knights are harboured: First, *The Soldan* of *Persia*, in Revenge of a bloody Slaughter done in his Palace, by an English Champion: *Ptolemy*, the Egyptian King, in Revenge of his Daughter, violently taken away by the same Knight: *Almidor*, the Black King of *Morocco*, in Revenge of his Queen, likewise

wife taken away by the said English Champion: The great Governor of Theffaly, in Revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a French Knight: The King of Jerusalem, in Revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a Spanish Knight: The Tartarian Emperor, in Revenge of his Son, Count Palatine, slain by the unhappy Hand of the Champion of Wales: The Thracian Monarch, in Revenge of his vain Travel after his seven Daughters, now in keeping of certain Christian Knights: In Revenge of which Injuries, all Kingdoms from the further Parts of Prester John's Dominions to the Borders of the Red Sea, have sent down their Hands and Seals to be Aiders in this Bloody War.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperor gave speedy Commandment to muster up the greatest Strength that *Grecia* could afford, to join with the *Pagans*; to the utter Ruin and Confusion of *Christendom*: Which bloody Edict, or rather inhumane Judgment pro-

nounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the Christian Champions to a speedy Departure, and every one to hasten to his own Country, there to provide for the *Pagans* Entertainment: So after due Considerations, the Champions departed, in Company of their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their Husbands Bosoms, than with their misbelieving Parents: Where after some few Days they arrived in the spacious Bay of *Portugal*, in which Haven they vowed by the Honour of true Knighthood to meet again within six Months ensuing, there to join all their Christian Armies into one Legion: Upon which plighted Resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: *St. George* into *England*, *St. Dennis* into *France*, *St. James* into *Spain*, *St. Anthony* into *Italy*, *St. Andrew* into *Scotland*, *St. Patrick* into *Ireland*, *St. David* into *Wales*. Whose pleasant Banks they had not beheld in many Years before, where their Entertainments were as Honourable as their Hearts desired.

C H A P. XIII.

How the Seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their Troops in the Bay of Portugal; the Number of the Christian Armies, and how St. George made an Oration to the Soldiers.

AFTER the Seven Champions of *Christendom* arrived in their Native Countries, and by true Reports had blazed abroad to every Princes Ear, the bloody Resolution of the *Pagans*; and how the Provinces of *Africa* and *Asia*, had mustered up their Forces to the Invasion of *Europe*; all Christian Kings then, at the Entreaty of the Champions, appointed mighty Armies of well-approved Soldiers, both by Sea and Land, to intercept the Infidels wicked Intention. Likewise by

the whole Consent of *Christendom*, the noble and fortunate Champion of *England*, *St. George*, was appointed chief General and principal Leader of the Armies, and the other Six Champions were elected for his Council and chief Assistants in all Attempts that appertained either to the Benefit of *Christendom*, or the Furtherance of their fortunate Proceedings.

This War so fired the Hearts of many Youthful Gentlemen, and so encouraged the Minds of every common Soldier, that some

some Mortgaged their Lands, and at their own Charges furnished themselves: Some sold their Patrimonies to serve in these honourable Wars; and other some forsook Parents, Kindred, Wife, Children, Friends, and Acquaintance, and without constraint of pressing, offered themselves to follow so Noble a General, as the Renowned Champion of *England*, and to spend their Blood in the Just Quarrel of their Native Country.

To be brief, one might behold the Streets of every Town and City throughout all the Dominions of *Europe*, beautified with Troops of Soldiers, which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. Then the joyful Sound of Thundering Drums, and the Ecchoes of Silver Trumpets Summoning them to Arms; that followed with as much Willingness as the *Grecians* followed *Agamemnon* to the woful Overthrow of *Troy*: For by that Time the Champions had sported themselves in the Bosom of their kind Mistresses, the forward Captains taken their Courtly pastimes, and the willing Soldiers bid Adieu to their Friends and Acquaintance, the Spring had covered the Earth with a New Livery: Which was the appointed Time the Christian Armies should meet in *Portugal*, there to join their several Troops into one Legion: Which promise caused the Champions to bid Adieu to their Native Countries, and with all speed to buckle on their Furnitures, to hoise up Sails, where after a short Time, the Wind with a Calm and prosperous Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of *Portugal*.

The first that arrived in that spacious Haven, was the noble Champion *S. George*, with an 100,000 Courageous *English* Soldiers, whose forwardness betokened a fortunate Success, and their willing Minds a joyful Victory. His Army set in Battle Array, seemed to countervail the Number of the *Macedonian* Soldiers, wherewith worthy *Alexander* Conquered the Western

World; his Horsemen being in Number 20,000, were Armed all in black Corfflets; their Launces bound about with plates of Steel, their Steeds covered with Mail, Three times doubled; their Colours were the sanguine Cross, supported by a golden Lion; his sturdy Bow Men, whose conquering Grey Goose Wing in former times hath terrified the circled Earth, be in Number likewise 20,000 clad all in Red Mandilions, with caps of the same colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine Cross, being the true Badge and Honour of *England*: Their Bows of the strongest Yew, and their Arrows of the soundest Ash, with forked Heads of Steel, and their Feathers bound on with green Wax and twisted Silk. His Musqueteers being in Number ten thousand, their Musquets of the widest Bore, with Firelocks, wrought by curious Workmanship, yet of such wonderful Lightness, that they required no Rest at all to ease their Arms. His Caliver shot likewise ten thousand of the smaller-timber'd Men, but yet of as courageous Minds as the tallest Soldiers in his Army. His Pikes and Bills to guard the waving Ensigns, thirty thousand, clad all with glittering bright Armour: Likewise followed ten thousand labouring Pioneers, if occasion served, to undermine any Town or Castle, to intrench Forts or Sconces, or to make a Passage through Hills and Mountains, as worthy *Hannibal* did, when as he made a Way for his Soldiers through the lofty *Alps*, that divide the Countries of *Italy* and *Spain*.

The next that arrived with the Bay of *Portugal*, was the Princely minded Champion *S. David* of *Wales*, with an Army of Fifty Thousand true Born *Britains*, furnished with all Habiliments of War, for so noble and valiant a Service to the high Renown of his Country, and true Honour of his Progeny: Their Armour in richness nothing inferiour to the *Englishmen*; their Colours were a Golden Cross,

Cross, supported by a Silver Griffin; which Escutcheon signified the Ancient Arms of *Wales*: For no sooner had S. George a sight of the valiant *Britains*, but he caused his Musqueteers presently to entertain them with a Volley of Shot, to express their joyful Welcome to Shoar. But no sooner were the skies cleared from the Smoak of the reaking powder, and that S. George might at pleasure discern the noble and magnanimous Champion of *Wales*, who as then Rode upon a Milk white Hobby in Silver Armour, guarded with a Train of Knights in Purple Vestures, but he greeted S. David with kind Courtesies, and accompanied him to the *English* Tent, which they had erected close by the Port side, where for that Night these two Champions remained, spending the Time with unspeakable Pleasure: And so upon the next day after, St. David departed to his own Tent, which he had caused to be pitched a Quarter of a League from the *English* Army.

The next that arrived on the fruitful Banks of *Portugal*, was St. Patrick, the noble Champion of *Ireland*, with an Army likewise of fifty thousand, attired after a strange and wonderful manner; their Furnitures were of the Skins of wild Beasts, but yet more unpierceable than the strongest Armour of Proof: They bore in their Hands mighty Darts, tipp'd at the end with pricking Steel, which the courageous and valiant *Irish* Soldiers by the Agility of their Arms, could throw a full flight Shot, and with forcible strength would strike three or four Inches into an Oak.

These hardy Soldiers no sooner arrived on the shore, but the *English* Musqueteers gave them a princely Entertainment, and presently conducted the Noble-Minded Champion St. Patrick to the *English* Tent, where the three Champions of *England*, *Wales*, and *Ireland*, passed away the time with exceeding great Royalty,

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laying down Reasons how to pitch their Camps to the most disadvantage of the Misbelieving Enemy, and setting perfect Directions which way they were best to march, and such like Devices, for their own Safeties, and the Benefit of *Christendom*.

The next that landed on the Banks of *Portugal*, was S. Andrew the worthy Champion of *Scotland*, with Threescore Thousand of well-approved Soldiers: His Horsemen, the old Adventurous *Galloways*, clad in quilted Jackets, with Launces of the *Turkish* Fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Bevers the Arms of *Scotland*, which was a corner Cross, supported by a naked Virgin: His Pikemen the bold and hardy Men of *Orcady*, which continually lie upon Freezing Mountains, the Icy Rock and the Snowy Valleys: His shot, the light footed *Pallidonians*, that if occasion be, can climb the highest Hill, and for nimbleness in running, overgo the swift footed Stag. These bold Adventurous *Scottish* Men in all forwardness, deserved as much Honour at the *English* Champion's Hands as any other Nations before, therefore he commanded his shot on their first Entry on Land, to give them a Noble Entertainment, which they performed most Royally, and also conducted S. Andrew to the *English* Tent, where after he had given S. George the Courtesy of his Country, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the *English* Tent a mile.

The next that arrived was S. Anthony the Champion of *Italy*, with a Band of Fourscore Thousand brave *Italian* Soldiers, mounted on Warlike Coursers; every Horseman attend on by a naked Negro, bearing in his Hand a Streamer of watchet Silk, with the Arms of *Italy* thereon set in Gold, every Footman furnished with approved Furniture in as stately a manner as the *Englishmen*, who at their Land-

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ing received as Royal Entertainment as the other Nations, and likewise *S. Anthony* was as high Honoured by the *English* Champion, as any of the other Christian Knights.

The next that arrived was *S. Denis* the victorious Champion of *France*, with a Band of Fourscore Thousand. After his marched Dukes of Twelve several Dukedoms, then under the Government of the *French* King, every one at his own proper Cost and Charges maintained Two Thousand Soldiers in these Christian Wars; their Entertainments were as glorious as the rest.

The last of the Christian Champions that arrived upon the fruitful Banks of *Portugal*, was the Magnanimous Knight *S. James* of *Spain*, with a Band likewise of fourscore thousand: With him he brought from the *Spanish* Mines ten Tun of Refined Gold, only to maintain Soldiers in the defence of *Christendom*; who no sooner Landed his Troops, but the Six Champions gave him the honourable Welcome of a Soldier, and ordained a solemn Banquet for the general Armies, whose Number justly surmounted five hundred thousand; which Legions they conjoined into one Camp Royal, and after placed their Wings and Squadrons Battlewise, chiefly by the direction of *S. George*, being then chief General by the consent of the Christian Kings: Who after he had over viewed the Christian Armies, his Countenance seemed to prognosticate a Crowned Victory, and to foretell a fatal Overthrow to the Misbelieving Potentates: Therefore to encourage his princely Followers to persevere in their wonted willingness, pronounced this princely Oration.

YOU Men of Europe (said he) and my Countrymen, whose Conquering Fortunes never yet have feared the Enemies

Christ, you see we have forsok our Native Lands, and committed our Destinies to the Queen of Chance, not to Fight in any Unjust Quarrel, but in the true Cause of *Israel's* Anointed, not against Nature to climb to the Heavens, as *Nimrod* and the Giants profered in former Time; but to prevent the Invasion of *Christendom*, the Ruin of Europe, and the intended Overthrow of all Christian Provinces, the Bloody-Minded Infidels have Mustered up Legions, in Numbers like Blades of Grass, that grow upon the Flourishing Downs of Italy, or the Stars of Heaven in the coldest Winter's Night, protesting to fill our Countries with Seas of Blood, to scatter our Streets with mangled Limbs, and convert our glorious Cities into Flames of quenchless Fire; therefore dear Countrymen, live not to see our Christian Virgins spoiled by Lustful Rape, nor dragged along our Streets like Guileless Lambs to a bloody Slaughter: Nor to see our harmless Babes, with bruised Brains dashed against hard Flinty Stones, nor to see our feeble Age, whose Hair resembles Silver Mines, lie bleeding on the Marble Pavement; but like true Christian Soldiers Fight in the Quarrel of your Countries. What, though the Pagans be in Number Ten to One, yet Heaven I know will fight for *Christendom*, and cast them down before our Faces, like Drops of April Showers. Be not dismayed to see them in ordered Ranks, nor fear not when as you behold the Streamers hovering in the waving Wind, when as their steeled Pikes, like to a thorny Forest, will overspread whole Countreys: Thousands of them I know will have no Heart to fight, but flie with cowardly Fear like Flocks of Sheep before the greedy Wolf. I am the Leader of your noble Minds, that never fought in vain, nor ever entred Battle but returned with Conquest. Then every one with me build upon this princely Resolution: For *Christendom*

stendom we Fight: For Christendom we Live and Die.

This Soldierlike Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole Army with a general Voice cried, To Arms, To Arms, with victorious *George of England*: Which noble Resolution of the Soldiers, so rejoiced the *English* Champion, and likewise encouraged the other Christian Knights with such a forwardness of Mind, that they gave speedy Commandment to

remove their Tents, and to March with easy Journeys towards *Tripoly* in *Barbary*, where *Almidor* the Black King of *Morocco* had Residence, in which Travel we must leave for a while the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived in the Kingdom of *Hungary*, and how they fell at Variance in the Election of a General: Which civil Mutiny caused much Effusion of Blood, to the great Hurt both of *Africa* and *Asia*, as here followeth.

C H A P. XIV.

Of the Dissention and Discord that happened amongst the Army of the Pagans in Hungary; the Battle betwixt the Christians and the Moors in Barbary; and how Almidor the black King of Morocco was scalded to Death in a Cauldron of boiling Lead and Brimstone.

THE ireful Pagans after they had levelled their Martial Forces both by Sea and Land, repaired to their general Place of Meeting, there to conclude of the utter Ruin of *Christendom*: For no sooner could Winter withdraw his chill Frost from the Earth, and *Flora* took Possession of his Place, but the Kingdom of *Hungary* suffered excessive Penury, through the numberless Armies of accursed Infidels, being their appointed Place of Meeting: For tho' *Hungary* of all other Countries then was the richest and plentifullest of Victuals to maintain a Camp of Men, yet was it mightily overpressed, and greatly burthened with Multitudes, not only with want of Necessaries to relieve Soldiers, but with extream Cruelty of those bloody-minded Miscreants, that through a civil Discord which happened amongst them, about the Election of a General, they converted their Union into a most inhuman Slaughter, and their triumphant Victory to a dismal bloody Tragedy: For no sooner arrived

their Legions upon the Plains of *Algernos*, being in Length and Breadth One and Twenty Leagues, but the King of *Hungary* caused their Muster Rolls to be publicly read, and justly number'd in the hearing of the Pagan Knights, which in this Manner was proclaimed through the Camp.

First, Be it known unto all Nations that fight in the Quarrels of *Africa* and *Asia*, and the Conduct of our three great Gods *Mahomet*, *Tarmagant*, and *Apello*, what invincible Forces be now arrived in this renowned Kingdom of *Hungary*, a Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious Buildings, and plentifulled with all Manner of Riches.

Second, We have from the Emperor of *Constantinople*, Two Hundred Thousand. From the Emperor of *Grecia* Two Hundeed and Fifty Thousand. From the Emperor of *Tartary*, an Hundred Threescore and Three Thousand. From the Soldan of *Persia*, Two Hun-

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The History of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

dred Thousand. From the King of *Jerusalem*, Four Hundred Thousand. Of *Moors*, One Hundred and Twenty Thousand. Of Coal-black *Negroes*, One Hundred and Forty Thousand. Of *Arabians*, One Hundred and Sixty Thousand. Of *Babylonians*, One Hundred and Thirty Thousand and odd. Of *Armenians*, One Hundred and Fifty Thousand. Of *Macedonians*, Two Hundred and Ten Thousand. Of *Siracusians*, Fifteen Thousand Six Hundred. Of *Hungarians*, Three Hundred and Six Thousand. Of *Sicilians*, Seven Thousand Three Hundred. Of *Scythians*, One Hundred and Five Thousand. Of *Partians*, Ten Thousand Three Hundred. Of *Phrygians*, Seven Thousand Three Hundred. Of *Ethiopians*, Sixty Thousand. Of *Thracians*, Fourscore Thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of *Prester John*, Three Hundred Thousand of unconquered Knights with many other petty Dominions and Dukedoms, whose Number I omit for this Time, lest I should seem over-tedious to the Reader.

But to conclude, such a Camp of armed Soldiers arrived in *Hungary*, that might in one Month have destroyed *Christendom*, had not God defended them from those barbarous Nations, and by his invincible Power confounded the *Pagans* in their own Practices: For no sooner had the Heralds proclaimed through the Camp what a Number of Nations joined in Arms together, but the Soldiers fell at Dissention one with another, about the Election of a General: Some vowed to follow none but the King of *Jerusalem*; some *Ptolemy the Egyptian* King; and some the Soldan of *Persia*, either to persevere in their own Wills, or to lose their Lives in the same Quarrel.

Thus in this Manner, Parts were taken on all Sides, not only by the meaner Sort, but by Leaders and Commanders of

Bands; whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their Wills to their Soldiers Pleasure. This civil Broil so discouraged the whole Army, that many withdrew their Forces and presently marched homewards, as the King of *Morocco* and his tawny *Moors*, and cole-black *Negroes*: Likewise the Soldan of *Persia*, *Ptolemy the Egyptian* King, the Kings of *Arabia* and *Jerusalem*, every one departed to their own Countries, cursing the Time they attempted first so vain an Enterprize. The rest not minding to put up Abuses, fell from brawling Boasts to downright Blows; which continued without ceasing for the Space of three Days, in which Encounters the murder'd Infidels, like scatter'd Corn overspread the Fields of *Hungary*: The fruitful Vallies lay drowned in purple Gore; the Fields of Corn consum'd with Flames of Fire; their Towns and Cities ruined with wasting War; wherein the Fathers were sad Witnesses of their Childrens Slaughters, and the Sons beheld their Parents Reverend Hairs, more white than tried Silver, besmeared with clotted Blood.

In the mean while the Seven worthy Champions of *Christendom* had entered *Barbary*, before *Almidor* the Black King of *Morocco*, with his scatter'd Troops of *Moors* and *Negroes* returned from *Hungary*, and by Fire and Sword had wasted many of their chiefeft Towns and Forts, whereby the Country was much weakened, and the Commons compell'd to sue for Mercy at the Champions Hands, who bearing true Christian Minds, within their Hearts continually Pity harboured; vouchsafed to grant Mercy to those that yielded their Lives to the Pleasure of the Christian Knights: But when *St. George* had Intelligence of *Almidor's* Approach with his weakened Troops, he presently prepared his Soldiers in readines to give the *Moors* a bloody Banquet, which was the

the next Morning by break of Day performed, to the high Honour of *Christendom*: But the Night before the Moors knowing the Country better than the Christians, got the Advantage both of Wind and Sun; whereat S. George being something dismayed, but yet not discouraged, imboldned his Soldiers with many Heroical Speeches, proffering them frankly the Enemies Spoils, and so with the Sun's uprising entred Battle, where the Moors fell before the Christians Swords as Ears of Corn before the Reapers Sickles:

During this Conflict, the Seven Champions still in the fore Front of the Battle, so adventurously behaved themselves, that they slew more *Negroes* than a Hundred of the bravest Knights in the Christian Armies. At last, Fortune intended to make S. George's Prowess to shine brighter than the rest, singled out the *Morocco* King, betwixt whom and the *English* Champion was a long and dangerous Fight: But S. George so courageously behaved himself with his trusty Sword, that *Almidor* was constrained to yield to his Mercy. The Army of the Moors seeing their King taken Prisoner, presently would have fled; but that the Christians being the lighter of Foot, overtook them, and made the greatest slaughter of them that ever hapned in *Barbary*.

Thus after the Battle ended, and the joyful Sound of Victory rang through the Christian Army, the Soldiers furnished themselves with the Enemies Spoils, and marched by S. George's Direction to the City of *Tripoly*, being then almost unpeopled through the late slaughter which was there made: In which City after they had rested some Days, and refreshed themselves with wholesome Food, the *English* Champion, in Revenge of his former proffered Injuries by the *Morocco* King, gave this severe Sentence of Death.

No. XIX.

First, He commanded a brazen Cauldron to be filled with boiling Lead and Brimstone: Then Almidor to be brought to the Place of Death by Twelve of the noblest Peers in Barbary, therein to be consumed, which was performed within Seven Days following. The brazen Cauldron was erected by the appointment of S. George, directly in the middle of the chiefest Market-Place, under which a mighty hot Fire continually burned for the space of Eight and Forty Hours.

Now all things being thus prepared in readiness, and the Christian Champions present to behold the woful Spectacle, the Condemned *Blackmoor* King came to the Place of Execution in a shirt of fine *Indian* Silk, his Hands pinioned together with a Chain of Gold, and his Face covered with a *Damask* Scarf, his Attendants and chief Conductors twelve Moors, Peers, clad in Sable Gowns of Taffaty, carrying before him the Wheel of Fortune, with the Picture of a Monarch vaunting, with this Motto on his Breast, *I will be King in spite of Fortune*: Upon the Top of the Wheel the Picture or perfect Image of a Deposed Potentate, falling with his Head downwards, with this Motto on his Breast, *I have been King while it pleased Fortune*: Which plainly signified the chance of War, and of inconstant Destiny: His Guard was a hundred Christian Soldiers, holding Fortune in disdain: After them attended a hundred of *Morocco* Virgins in black Ornaments, their Hair bound up with Silver Wires, and covered with Veils of black Silk, signifying the Sorrow of their Country for the loss of their Sovereign. In this mournful manner came the unfortunate *Almidor* to the boiling Cauldron; which when he came near, his Heart waxed cold, and his Tongue devoid of utterance for a time; at last he broke forth into these earnest Protestations, proffering more for his Life than the

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whole Kingdom of *Barbary* could perform.

Most Mighty and Invincible Champion of Christendom, (quoth he) let my Life be Ransomed, and thou shalt yearly receive Ten Tuns of tryed Gold, Five Hundred Webs of Woven Silk, an hundred Ships of Spices and Refined Sugar shall be yearly paid Thee by our *Barbary* Merchants: An hundred Waggon's likewise laden with Pearl and Jasper Stones, which by our cunning Lapidists shall be yearly chosen forth and brought Thee home to England, to make that blessed Country the richest within the Dominions of Europe: Likewise I will deliver up my Diadem, with all my Princely Dignities, and in Company of the *Morocco* Lords, like bridled Horses draw thee daily in a Silver Chariot up and down the circled Earth, till Death give end to our Lives Pilgrimage; therefore most admired Knight at Arms, let these Salt Tears that trickle from the conduits of my Eyes, obtain one grant of comfort at thy Hands, for on my bended Knees I beg for Life, that never before this Time did Kneel to mortal Man.

Thou speakest in vain (replied St. George) not the Treasures bidden in the deepest Seas, nor all the Golden Mines of rich America shall redeem thy Life: Thou knowest, accursed Villain thy wicked Practices in the Egyptian Court, where thou proffered'st wrongfully to bereave me of my Life; through thy Treachery I endured a long Imprisonment in Persia, where for Seven Years I drank foul Channell-Water, and sufficed my Hunger with Bread of Bran Meal: My Food was loathsome Flesh of Rats and Mice, and my resting Place a dismal Dungeon, where neither Sun nor the chearful Light of Heaven lent me comfort during my long continued Misery: For which inhuman Dealing, and proffered Injuries, the Heavens enforce me to a speedy

Revenge, which in this manner shalt be accomplished.

Thou seest the Torment prepared for thy Death, this brazen Cauldron filled with boiled Lead and Brimstone, wherein thy accursed Body shall be speedily cast, and boiled till thy detested Limbs be consumed to a watry Substance in this sparkling Liquor: Therefore prepare thy self to entertain the violent Stroke of Death, and willingly bid all thy Kingly Dignities Farewel: But yet I let thee understand, that Mercy harbours in a Christian's Heart, and where Mercy dwells, there Faults are forgiven upon some humble Penitence, though thy Trespases deserve no Pity, but severe Punishment, yet upon these Considerations I will grant thee Liberty of Life.

First, That thou wilt forsake thy Gods, Tarmagant and Apollo, which be the vain imagination of Men, and believe in our true and ever-living God, under whose Banner we Christians have taken in Hand this long War. Secondly, Thou shalt give Commandment that all thy Barbarous Nations be Christened in the Faith of Christ. Thirdly, and Lastly, That thy three Kingdoms of *Barbary*, *Morocco*, and India, swear true Allegiance to all Christian Kings, and never to bear Arms, but in the true Quarrel of Christ and his anointed Nations. These things duly observed, thy Life shall be preserved, and thy Liberty obtained, otherwise look for no Mercy, but a speedy and most terrible Death.

These Words more displeased the unchristian King of *Morocco*, than the Sentence of his Condemnation, whereupon in these brief Speeches he set down his Resolution.

Great Potentate of Europe (replied Almidor) by whose Mightiness Fortune sits fettered in the Chains of Power, my Golden Diadem and Regal Scepter by constraint I must deliver up: But before I will for-

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fake my Country Gods, I will endure a hundred Deaths ; and before my Conscience be reformed to a new Faith, the Earth shall be no Earth, the Sea no Sea, the Heaven no Heaven. Thinkest thou now proud Christian, by thy threatned Torments, to make me forget my Creator, and believe in thy God the supposed King of the Jews, and basely born under an Ox's Stall ? No, no accursed Christians, you Off-spring of Cain, you Generation of Ismael, you Seed of Vipers, and accursed through the World, look for a speedy Shower of Vengeance to Rain from Heaven upon your wicked Nations : Your bloody Practices have pierced the Battlements of Jove, and your Tyrannies beaten open the Gate of mighty Mahomet, who had provided Whips of burning Wire to scourge you for your Cruelties, proffered to, and against his blessed Worshipers : Now with this deadly Curse I bid you all Farewel : The Plagues of Egypt light upon your Kingdom, the Curse of Cain upon your Children, the Famine of Jerusalem upon your Friends, and the Misery of Oedipus upon your selves.

This wicked Resolution and baleful Curse, was no sooner ended by the desperate minded *Almidor*, but the impatience of *St. George* was so highly moved, that he gave present Command to the appointed Executioners to cast him into the boiling Cauldron ; which incontinently they performed to the Terror of all the Beholders : To see this woful Spectacle, the Battlements of the Temple were so thronged with People, the Houses covered with Women and Children, and the Streets fill'd with armed Soldiers that it was a wonder to behold : Amongst which Multitudes, there were some particular Persons, that at the sight of *Almidor's* Death, fell down and broke their Necks, but the general Number, as well of Pagans as Christians, cried with chearful Voices, *Honour and Victory follow St. George of England, for he bath*

redeemed Barbary from a miserable Servitude. Which joyful hearing so delighted the seven Champions of *Christendom*, that they caused their Conduits to run with Wines, the Streets to be beautified with Bonfires, and a sumptuous Banquet to be proclaim'd thro' the City, which after continued for the space of seven Days, in more magnificent Royalty than the Banquet of *Babylon* when the *Macedonian* Monarch returned from the Worlds Conquest.

The Champions Liberty procured such faithful Love in the Hearts of the *Morocco* Peers, that with a general Consent they chose *St. George* for their lawful King, where after they had invested him in the princely Seat of the *Morocco* Potentate, they set the Crown upon his Head, and after presented him with an imperial Pall, which the Kings of *Barbary* usually wore upon their Coronation-Day, protesting to forsake their profane Religion, and be christened in the Faith of Christ.

This promised Conversion of the Infidels, more highly delighted the *English* Champion, than to have the whole World's Honour at command : For it was the chiefeft Point of his knightly Oath to advance the Faith of Christ, and to enlarge the Bounds of *Christendom* : After his Coronation was so solemnly performed, the other six Champions conducted him to a princely Palace, where he took true Allegiance of the *Morocco* Lords, by plighted Oath to be true to his Crown : After this, he established the Christian Laws to the benefit of the whole Country : Then he commanded all the ceremonious Rites of *Mahomet* to be trodden under Foot, and the true Gospel of Christ to be preached : Likewise he caused all that did remain in *Barbary* to be christened in the new Faith : But these Observations continued but for a time, as hereafter shall be discovered

covered at large : For Fame not intending to let the worthy Champions long to remain in the idle Bowers of Peace, summoned them to persevere in the noble Achievements, and to Muster up anew their Soldiers, whose Armour cankered Ease had almost stained with Rust : Therefore St. *George* committed the Government of the Country to four of the principal Peers of *Morocco*, and marched towards the Country of *Egypt*, where lived treacherous *Ptolomy*, the Father of his beloved Lady *Sabra*, whom he had left in the Kingdom of *England* : In which Journey and happy Arrival in *Egypt*, we will leave the seven Champions for a Time, and speak of the faithless Infidels in *Barbary*, after the departure of the Christians, whose former Honours they slightly regarded : For no sooner had St. *George* with his martial Troops bidden their Country adieu, but the faithless Moors reconciled themselves to their former Gods, and purposed a speedy Revenge for the Death of *Amir*, against all Christians that remained

within the limits of that Heathen Nation : For there were many Soldiers wounded in the late Battel, likewise a number oppressed with Sickness, which the Christian Champions had left behind for their better recoveries, upon whom the barbarous Moors committed their first Tyranny ; for they caused the distressed Soldiers to be drawn upon Sleds to the uttermost Parts of the City, and there put them into a large and old Monastery, which they presently set on Fire, and most inhumanly burned the Christian Soldiers, and after converted the place into a filthy Laystall : Many Women and succourless Children they dragged up and down the Streets, till their Brains were dashed against the Stones and the Blood had covered the Earth with a Purple Hue : Many other Cruelties were committed by the wicked Infidels, against the distressed Christians, which I purpose to pass over, and intend to discourse of the Christian Champions proceedings, who by this time were arrived in the Kingdom of *Egypt*.

C H A P. XV.

How the Christians arrived in Egypt, and what happen'd to them there. The Tragedy of the lustful Earl of Coventry. How Sabra was bound to a Stake to be burnt : And how St. George redeemed her. Lastly, How the Egyptian King cast himself from the top of a Tower and broke his Neck.

THE Champions of Christendom no sooner arrived upon the Territories of *Egypt*, where they supposed to have adventured their Lives upon the chance of War, but all things fell out contrary to their expectations : they found the Gates of every Village and Town unpeopled ; for the Commons at the report of the Christians Arrival, secretly hid their Treasure in the Caves of the Earth, in deep Wells and such like obscure Places,

and a general Fear and extream Terror assailed the *Egyptians*, as well the Peers of the Land, as the simple Country People : Many fled into Woods and Wildernesses, and closely hid themselves in hollow Trees ; many digged Caves in the Ground, where they thought best to remain in safety : And many fled to high Mountains, where they long time lived in great Extremity, feeding upon the Grass of the Ground : So greatly the
Egyptians

Egyptians feared the Army of the *Christians*, that they expected nothing but the Ruin of their Country, with the loss of their own Lives, and the murder of their Wives and Children.

But to speak of the *Christian* Champions, who finding the Country desolate of People, suspected some deep Policy of the *Egyptians*, thinking to have Mustred their Warlike Forces to bid them Battle: Therefore St. George gave Commandment through the whole Camp, that not a Man, upon pain of Death, should break his Rank, but march advisedly, with their Weapons ready prest to encounter Battle, as though the Enemies had directly placed themselves opposite against them: Which special charge the *Christian* Soldiers duly observed, looking neither after the Wealth of Cities, nor the Spoil of Villages, but circumspectly marched according to their Leaders directions along the Country of *Egypt*, till they approach'd the sight of King *Ptolomy's* Court: Which when the noble Champion of *England* beheld, in this manner encouraged he his Followers.

Behold (said he) you invincible Captains of Christendom, yonder those cursed Towers where wicked *Ptolomy* keeps his Court: Those Battlements, I say, were they as richly built as the great Pyramids of Greece, yet should they be subverted and laid as level with the Ground, as the City of Carthage; there bath that accursed *Ptolomy* his Residence, that for preserving his Daughter from the burning Dragon, Treacherously sent me into Persia, where for seven Years I lived in great Extremity in a dismal Dungeon, where the Sun did never give me Light, nor the Company of People Comfort: In Revenge whereof, my heart shall never rest in quiet, till I see the Buildings of his Palace set on Fire, and converted into a Place of Desolation, like to the
No XX.

Glorious City in Phrygia, now overspread with stinking Weeds and loathsome Puddles: Therefore let all *Christian* Soldiers, that Fight under the Banner of Christendom, and all that love George of England your chosen General, draw forth your Warlike Weapons, and like the angry Greeks overturn those glittering Battlements; leave not one stone upon another, but lay it as level with the ground, as the harvest Reapers do Fields of ripened Corn; let your wrathful Furies fall upon these Towers like drops of April Showers, or like Storms of Winters Hail, that it may be bruited through the whole World, what just Vengeance did light upon the Pride of Egypt: Leave not (I say) as you love your General, when you have subverted the Palace, one Man alive, no not a sucking Babe, but let them suffer Vengeance for the wickedness of their King: This is my Decree, brave Knights of Christendom, therefore march forwards; Heaven and Fortune be your good speed.

At which Words the Soldiers gave a general shout, in sign of their willing Minds. Then began the silken Streamers to flourish in the Air, the Drums cheerfully to sound forward, the Silver Trumpets recorded Ecchoes of Victory, the barbed Steeds grew proud of this Attempt, and would stand upon no Ground, but leapt and danced with as much Courage, as did *Bucephalus* the Horse of the Macedonian Alexander, always before any notable Victory; yea, every thing gave an evident sign of good Success, as well senseless things as living Creatures.

With this Resolution marched the *Christians*, purposing the utter confusion of the *Egyptians*, and the woful Ruin and Destruction of *Ptolomy's* sumptuous Palace. But when the Soldiers approached the Gates, there came pacing out thereat, the *Egyptian* King, with all the Chiefest of his Nobles, Attired in black and

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mournful Ornaments, bearing in their Hands Olive Branches: Next them the bravest Soldiers in *Egypt*, bearing in their Hands broken Weapons, shivered Launces, and torn Ancients: Likewise followed Thousands of Women and Children, with Cypress Wreaths about their Heads, and in their Hands Olive Branches, crying for Mercy to the *Christians*, That they should not utterly destroy their declining Country, but shew Mercy to unhappy *Egypt*: This unexpected Sight, or rather admirable Wonder, caused St. George to found a Retreat, and gave Commandment through the *Christian Army*, to with-hold their former vowed Vengeance from the *Egyptians*, till he understood what they required: Which charge being given and duly observed, St. George with the other six Champions came together, and admitted the *Egyptian King* with his Nobles to their Presence, who in this manner began to speak for his Country.

You Unconquered Knights of Christendom, whose worthy Victories and noble Achievements the whole World admires, let him that never kneeled to any Man till now, and in former times disdained to humble himself to any Potentate on Earth; let him I say, the most unfortunate Wretch alive, crave Mercy, not for my self, but for my Country; my Commons Blood will be required at my Hands: Our Murthered Infants will call to Heaven for Revenge, and our slaughtered Widows sink down to Hell for Revenge: So will the Vengeance of Heaven light upon my Soul, and the Curse of Hell upon my Head.

Renowned Champion of England, under whose Custody my dear Daughter is kept, even for the love of her be merciful to Egypt.

The former Wrongs I proffered thee when I sent thee, like a guiltless Lamb, into Persia, was contrary to my Will; for I was incensed by the flattery of that accursed

Black-moor King, whose Soul for ever be scourged with Whips of Wyre, and plagued with the Punishment of Tantalus in Hell: If my Life will serve for a just Revenge, here is my Naked Breast, let my Heart Blood, stain some Christians Sword, that you may bear the Bloody Witness of my Death in to Christendom, or let me be torn into a thousand pieces by mad untamed Steeds, as was Hippolitus Son of Theseus in his charmed Chariot.

Most Mighty Controulers of the World, command the dearest things in Egypt, they be at your Pleasures, we will forsake ours Gods, and believe in that God which you commonly adore, for he is the true and living God, ours false and hateful in the sight of Heaven.

This Penitent Lamentation of the *Egyptian King* caused the *Christian Champions* to relent, but especially St. George, who having a Heart beautified with a well spring of Pity, not only granted Mercy to the whole Country, but vouchsafed *Ptolomy* liberty of Life, upon Condition that he would perform what he had promised; which was to forsake his false Gods, and believe in our true God, Christ Jesus.

This Kindness of St. George, almost ravished *Ptolomy* with Joy, and the whole Land, both Peers and Commons, more rejoiced at the Friendship of the *Christians*, than if they had been made Lords of the Western World. The News of this happy Union was bruited in all the Parts of *Egypt*; whereby the Commons that before fled for fear into Woods and Wilderneses, Dens and Caves, Hills and Mountains, returned joyfully to their own Dwellings, and caused Bon-fires to be made in every City, Town, and Village; the Bells of *Egypt* rung Day and Night, for the space of a Week; in every Place was seen Banqueting, Dancing, and Masking; Sorrow was Banished,

ed, Wars forgotten, and Peace Proclaimed.

The King at his own Charges ordained a sumptuous and costly Banquet for the Christian Champions, wherein for Bounty it exceeded that which the Trojans made, when *Paris* returned from Greece with the Conquest of *Menelaus's* Queen. The Banqueting-House was built with Cypress Wood, covered with the pure Adamant Stone; so that neither Steel, nor base Iron could come therein, but it was presently drawn to the top of the Roof: As for the variety of Services which graced forth the Banquet, it were too tedious to repeat; but to be brief, what both the Land and Sea could afford, was there present. The Servitors that attended the Champions at the Banquet, were attired in Damask Vestments wrought with the purest Silk the *Indian* Virgins spun upon their Silver Wheels; at every Course the Servitors brought in a Consort of *Egyptian* Ladies, who on their Ivory Lutes strained forth such admired Harmony, that it surpassed *Orion's* Musick, which when he was cast into the Sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the Shore, or the swiftness of *Orpheus's* Silver Harp, which made both Stones and Trees to Dance; or the Melody of *Apollo's* inspiring Musick, when he descended to the lower Parts for the Love of *Daphne*. These Pleasures so ravished the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of warlike Drums, which were wont to call them forth to bloody Battels. But these Delights continued but a short time, for there arrived a Knight from England, that brought such unexpected News to *St. George*, that changed his Joys into extream Sorrow; for after this manner begun the Messenger to tell his woful Tale:

Fair England's Champion (said he) instead of Arms get Swallows Wings, and

fly to England, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady, for she is judged to be burned at a Stake for murdering the Earl of Coventry; whose lustful Desires would have stained her Honour with Infamy, and made her the scorn of virtuous Women: Yet this Mercy is granted by the King of England, that if within twelve Months a Champion may be found, that for her Sake will venture his Life, if it be his Fortune to overcome the Challenger of her Death, she shall live: But if it be his fatal Destiny to be conquered, then must she suffer the heavy Judgment before pronounced; therefore as you love the Life of your chaste and beloved Lady; haste into England, delay no time, for delay is dangerous, and her Life in hazard to be lost.

This ill News struck such a Terror to *St. George's* Heart, likewise to the *Egyptian* King her Father, that for a time they stood gazing one in anothers Face, as though they had been bereaved of their Wits, not able to speak one Word; but at last *St. George* recovered his former Sense, and breathed forth this sorrowful Lamentation.

O England! O unkind England! Have I adventured my Life in thy Defence, and for thy Defence have lain in the Field of Mars, buckled on my Armour in many a parching Summers Day, and many a freezing Winters Night, when you have taken your quiet Sleeps on Beds of Down; and will you repay me with this Discourtesy, to adjure her spotless Body to consuming Fire; whose Blood, if it be spilt before I come, I vow never to draw my trusty Sword in England's Quarrel more, nor never account myself her Champion; but I will wander unknown Countries, obscurely from the sight of any Christians Eye. Is it possible that England will be so ungrateful to her Friend? Can that renowned Country harbour such a lustful Monster, to seek to Dishonour her, within whose Heart the Fountain

tain of Virtue Springs? Or can that noble City, the Nurse and Mother of my Life, entertain so vile a Homicide, that will offer Violence to her, whose Chastity and true Honour hath caused tameless Lions to sleep in her Lap.

In this sorrowful manner wearied St. George the time away, until the Egyptian King, whose Sorrow being as great as his, put him from his Complaints, and requested the English Knight to tell the true Discourse of Sabra's proffered Violence, and how she murdered the lustful Earl of Coventry; to whom, after a bitter sigh or two, the Messenger thus replied, in this manner:

Most noble Princes and Potentates of the Earth, prepare your Ears to entertain the wofullest Tale that ever English Knight discoursed, and your Eyes to weep Seas of brackish Tears. I would I had no Tongue to tell it, nor Heart to remember it; but seeing I am compelled through the Love and Duty I owe the noble Champions of Christendom to express it, then thus it was.

It was the Fortune, nay I may say, unhappy Destiny of your beloved Lady, upon an Evening, when the Sun had almost lodg'd in the West, to walk without the Walls of Coventry, to take the Pleasures of the sweet Fields and flourishing Meadows, which Flora had beautified in a Summers Livery; but as she walked up and down, sometimes taking Pleasure to hear the chirping Birds how they strained their Silver Notes; other times taking Delight to see how Nature had covered both Hills and Dales, with sundry sorts of Flowers, then walking to see the Crystal running Rivers, the murmuring Musick of whose Streams exceeded the rest for Pleasure, but she (kind Lady) delighting her self by the River side, a sudden and strange Alteration troubled her Mind; for the Chain of

Gold that she did wear about her Neck, presently changed Colour, from a yellow burnish'd brightness, to a dim paleness: Her Rings fell from her Fingers, and from her Nose fell drops of Blood, whereat her Heart began to throb, her Ears to glow, and every Joint to tremble with Fear. This strange Accident caused her speedily to haste homewards: But by the way she met the Earl of Coventry, walking at that time to take the Pleasure of the Evening Air, with such a Train of worthy Gentlemen, as though he had been the greatest Peer in England: Whose sight when she beheld afar off, her Heart began to misgive, thinking that Fortune had allotted those Gentlemen to proffer her some Injury; so that upon her Cheeks Fear had set a Vermilion Dye, whereby her Beauty grew admirable; which when the Earl beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the excellentest Creature that ever Nature framed, their Meeting was Silent: She shewed the Humility of a virtuous Lady, and he the Courtesy of a kind Gentleman: She departed homewards, and he into the Fields, she thinking all danger past, but he practised in his Mind her utter Ruin and Downfal: For the Dart of Love had shot from her Beauteous Cheeks into his Heart, not true Love, but Lust; so that nothing might quench his Desire, but the Conquest of her Chastity, such extreme Passion bewitched his Mind, that he caused his Servants every one to depart: And then like a discontented Man, he wandered up and down the Fields, beating in his Mind a thousand sundry Ways to obtain his Desire: For without he enjoyed her Love, he was likely to live in endless Languishment.

At length he departed home, where sending for his Steward, he ordered him to provide a sumptuous and costly Banquet, to entertain all the principal Ladies in

in *Coventry*; who accordingly repaired to his Entertainment, at the time and hour appointed; the Banquet was brought in by the Earl's Servants, and placed upon the Table by the Earl himself: Who after many Welcomes given, began thus to move the Ladies to Delight.

I think my House most highly honoured (said he) that you have vouchsafed to grace it with your Presence, for methinks you beautify my Hall, as the twinkling Stars beautify the Veil of Heaven: But amongst the number of you all, you have a *Cynthia*, a glittering Silver Moon, that for Brightness exceeded all the rest; for she is Fairer than the Queen of *Cyprus*, Lovelier than *Dido*, and of more Majesty than the Queen of Love.

This Commendation caused a general Smile of the Ladies, and made them look one upon another whom it should be. Many other courtlike Discourses pronounced the Earl to move the Ladies Delight, till the Banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen by the Earl's Appointment, with most Excellent Musick: Some others that danced most Curiously, with as much Majesty as *Paris* in the *Grecian Court*. At last the Earl requested one of them to choose out his beloved Mistress, and lead her some stately Corants: Likewise requesting that none should be offended what Lady soever he did affect to grace with that Courtly Pastime: At which Request all of them were silent, and Silence is commonly a Sign of Consent; therefore he emboldened himself the more to make his Desires known to the Beholders. Then with exceeding Courtesy, and great Humility, he kissed the beauteous Hand of *Sabra*, who with a blushing Countenance and bashful Look, accepted his Courtesy, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians strained forth their inspiring Melody, the Lust-

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ful Earl led her a Course about the Hall, and she followed with as much Grace, as if the Queen of Pleasure had been present to behold their Courtly Delights; and so when the first Course was ended, he found fit Opportunity to unfold his secret Love, and reveal unto the Lady his extream Passion of Mind, which were in these Speeches thus expressed.

Most Divine and Peerless Paragon! (said he) *thou only Wonder of the World for Beauty, and excellent Ornaments of Nature, know that thy twinkling Eyes that shine more bright than the Lights of Heaven, have pierced my Heart, and those thy crimson Cheeks have wounded me with Love: Therefore except thou grant me kind Comfort, I am like to spend the Remnant of my Life in Sorrow, Care, and Discontent: I blush to speak what I desire, because I have settled my Love where it is unlawful, in a Bosom where Kings may sleep and surfeit with Delight, thy Breast I mean, most Divine Mistress, for there my Heart is kept Prisoner, Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my Ransom is a Constant Mind. Admit thy Lord and Husband be alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy Young Years in solitary Widowhood? He is Unconstant like Æneas, and thou more hapless than Dido. He marcheth up and down the World in glittering Armour, and never doth intend to return: He abandoneth thy Presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps; therefore, dear Sabra, live not to consume thy Youth in singleness, for Age will overtake thee too soon, and convert thy Beauty to wrinkled Frowns.*

To which Words, *Sabra* would have presently made answer, but that the Musick called them to dance the second Course, which being ended, she replied in this manner.

Most noble Lord (said she) *for our bounteous Banquet, courteous Entertainment, I give thee humble Thanks of a poor Lady;*

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but

but for your Suit and unlawful Desire, I do detest as much as the Sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering Glosses I esteem as much as doth the Ocean of a drizzling Shower of Rain; your Syrens Songs shall never entice me to listen to your Fond Requests: But I will, like Ulysses, stop my Ears, and bury all your flattering Inticements in the Lake of Forgetfulness: Think you that I will stain my Marriage Bed with the least Spot of Infamy, that will not proffer me one thought of wrong, for all the Treasures of the wealthy Seas? Surely the gorgeous Sun shall lose his Light by Day, and the Silver Moon by Night, the skies shall fall, the Earth shall sink, and every thing shall change from Kind and Nature, before I will falsify my Faith, or prove Disloyal to my beloved George; attempt no more, my noble Lord, to batter the Fortress of my good Name with your Flattery, nor seek to stain my Honour with your Lustful Desires. What if my Lord and Husband prove Disloyal and choose out other Loves in Foreign Lands? yet will I prove as constant to him, as Penelope to her Ulysses; and if it be his Pleasure never to return, but spend his Days among strange Ladies, yet will I live in single Solitariness like to the Turtle Dove when she hath lost her Mate, abandoning all Company, or as the Mournful Swan that swims upon Meander's Silver Streams, where she Records her dying Tunes to raging Billows; so will I spend away my lingering Days in Grief, and Die.

This Resolution of the vertuous Lady so daunted the Earl, that he stood like a senseless Image gazing at the Sun, not knowing how to reply; but yet when they had danced the Third Course, he began anew to assault her unspotted Chastity, in these Terms.

Why, my dear Mistress, have you a Heart more hard than Flint, that the Tears of my true Love can never Mollify? Can you behold him plead for Grace, that hath

been sued unto by many worthy Dames? I am a Man that can command Countries, yet can I not command thy stubborn Heart. Divine Sabra, if thou wilt grant me thy Love, and yield to my Desire, I will have thee clad in Silken Robes, and Damask Vestures, imboast with Indian Pearls, and rich Refined Gold, perfumed with Camphire, Biss, and Syrian sweet Perfumes: By Day a hundred Virgins shall usually attend thy Person; by Night a hundred Eunuchs with their strained Instruments shall bring thy Senses into a golden Slumber: All this, my dear Divine and dainty Mistress, is at thy Command, and more, so that I may enjoy thy Love and Favour: Which if have not, I will discontentedly end my Life in Woods and Desert Places, Tygers and untamed Beasts being my chief Companions.

These vain Promises caused the beautiful Sabra to blush with Bashfulness, and to give him this sharp Answer: Think you, my Lord, with Promises to obtain the precious Gem, which I will not lose for Europe's Treasury? Henceforth be Silent in that Enterprize, and never after this, attempt to practise my Dishonour, which if you do, I vow by Heaven to make it known to every one within the City, and to fill all Places with the Rumour of thy wilful Lust; this I am resolved to do, and so farewell.

Thus departed Sabra with a sad Countenance, whereby the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earl had attempted her Dishonour by secret Conference, but they all assuredly knew that she was as far from yielding to his Desires, as is the aged Man to be young again, or as the Azure Firmament to be a place for Silvan Swains to inhabit. In such like Imaginations they spent away the Day, till the dark Night caused them to break off Company. The Earl smothered his Grief under a smiling

ing Countenance, till the Ladies were every one departed, whom he courteously caused his Servants to conduct homewards with Torch-lights, because it began to be very dark, After their Departure, he accursed his own Fortune, and like a Lyon wanting Food, raged up and down his Chamber, and filling every Corner with bitter Exclamations, rending his Garments from his Back, tearing his Hair, beating his Breast, and using all the violence he could against himself.

In this manner spent he away the Night, suffering no sleep to close the Windows of his Body: His melancholy and extream Passion so discontented his Mind,

that he purposed to give end to his Sorrows by some untimely Death: So when the Morning appeared he made his repair to an Orchard, where *Sabra* commonly once a Day walked to take the Air. The place was very Melancholy, and far from the Noise of People; where after he had spent some certain time in Exclaiming against the Unkindness of *Sabra*, he pulled his Poinard from his side, and prepared his Breast to entertain the Stroke of Death; but before the pretended Tragedy, with his Dagger he engraved these Verses following, upon the Bark of a Walnut-Tree.

*Oh Heart more hard than bloody Tygers fell!
O Ears more deaf than senseless troubled Seas,
O cruel Foe! thy rigour doth excel:
For thee I die, thy anger to appease:
But time will come, when thou shalt find me slain,
Then thy Repentance will encrease thy pain.*

*I here Engrave my Will and Testament,
That my sad grief thou may'st behold and see,
How that my woful Heart is torn and rent,
And gor'd with bloody blade for Love of thee;
Whom thou disdain'st, as now the end doth try,
That thus distress'd doth suffer me to die.*

*Oh God of Love, if so there any be,
And you of Love that feel the deadly pain,
Oh Sabra, thou that thus afflictest me,
Hear these my words which from my heart I strain:
E're that my Corps be quite bereav'd of breath,
Here I'll declare the cause of this my Death.*

*You Mountain Nymphs which in the Deserts Reign,
Leave off your Chase from Savage Beasts a while,
Prepare to see a Heart oppress'd with Pain,
Address your Ears to hear my doleful Stile:
No Strength nor Art can work me any weal,
Since she's unkind and Tyrant-like doth deal.*

The History of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

*You Fairy Nymphs of Lovers much ador'd,
 And gracious Damsels which in Evenings fair.
 Your Closets leave, with heavenly Beauty stor'd,
 And on your Sholders spread your golden Hair;
 Record with me that Sabra is unkind,
 Witbin whose Breast remains a double Mind.*

*Ye Savage Bears in Caves and Dens that lie,
 Remain in Peace, if you may sorrows bear;
 And be not moved at my Misery,
 Tho' too extream my Passions do appear:
 England Farewel, and Coventry Adieu,
 But, Sabra, Heaven above still prosper you.*

These Verses being no sooner finished, and engraven about the Bark of a Walnut-Tree, but with a wrathful Countenance he lift up his Hand, intending to strike the Poinard up to the Hilt in his Breast; but at the same instant he beheld *Sabra* entring the Orchard to take her wonted Walks of Pleasure, whose sight hindred his Purpose, and caused other bloody Cogitations to enter into his Mind. The Furies did incense him to a wicked Deed; which my trembling Tongue faints to report: For after she had walked to the farthest Side of the Orchard, he ran unto her with his Dagger drawn, and catching her about the slender Waste, thus frightfully threatned her.

Now, stubborn Dame (quoth he) will I obtain my long desired Purpose, and revenge by Violence thy former proud Denials: First I will wrap this Dagger in thy Locks of Hair, and nail it fast into the Ground; then will I ravish thee by Force and Violence, and triumph in the Conquest of thy Chastity; which being done, I will cut thy Tongue out of thy Mouth, because thou shalt not reveal nor descry thy bloody Ravisher: Likewise with this Poinard will I chop off both thy Hands, whereby thou shalt never write with Pen thy stain of Honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffered Disgrace.

Therefore, except thou wilt yield to quench my desired Love, I will by Force and Violence inflict those vowed Punishments upon thy delicate Body: Be not too resolute in denials, for if thou bee'st, the gorgeous Sun shall not glide the Compass of an Hour before I obtain my long desired purpose. And thereupon he stepped to the Orchard-Door, and with all Expedition locked it, and put the Key in his Pocket. Then returned he like an hunger-starved Wolf, to seize upon the silly Lamb: Or like the chafed Boar when he is wounded with the Hunter's Lance, came running to the helpless Lady, intending her present Rape, and foul dishonour: But she thinking all hope of aid and succour to be void, fell into a dead Swoon, being not able to move, for the space of an Hour: But yet at last, having recovered her dead Senses, she began in this pitiful manner to defend her assailed Chastity from the wicked Earl, that stood over her with his bloody Dagger, threatning most cruelly her final Confusion.

My Lord of Coventry (said she, with weeping Tears and kneeling upon the Ground) *is Vertue banished from your Breast? have you a mind more Tyrannous than the Tygers in Hyconia, that nothing may suffice to satisfy your Lustful desires* but

but the Stain of mine Honour, and the Conquest of my Chastity? If it be my Beauty that hath inticed you, I am content to have it converted to a loathsome Leprosy whereby to make me odious in your Eyes; if it be my rich and costly Garments that make me beautiful, and so intangle you, henceforth I will attire my Body in poor and simple Array, and for evermore dwell in Country Caves and Cottages; so that I may preserve my Chastity unspotted. If none of these may suffice to abase your Tyrannous Intent, but that your Lust will make me Time's Wonder, and pointing Stock, and Scorn of virtuous Ladies, then will the Heavens revenge my Wrongs, to whom I will incessantly make my Petitions: The Birds in the Air after their Kind, will evermore exclaim against your Wickedness: The Silvan Beasts that abide in Woods and Desarts, will breath forth Clamours of your Wickedness: The creeping Worms that live within the Crevices of the Earth, will give dumb Signs and Tokens of your Wickedness: The running Rivers will murmur at your Wickedness: The Woods and Trees, Herbs and Flowers, with every senseless Thing, will sound some Motions of your Wickedness. Return, return, my noble Lord, unto your former Vertues; banish such fond Desires out of your Mind; stain not the Honour of your House with such black Scandals and Disgrace, bear this in Mind before you do attempt so vile a Sin: What became of Helen's Ravishment, but the Destruction of renowned Troy? What of Roman Lucretia's Rape, but the Banishment of Tarquin? And what of Progne's foul Desflourment by her Sister's Husband the lustful King of Thrace, but the bloody Banquet of his young Son Itis, whose tender Body they served to his Table, baked in a Pye? At which Speeches the ireful Earl wrapped his Hands within her Locks of Hair, which was covered with a costly Caul of Gold, and in this Manner presently replied unto her.

No XXII.

What tellest thou me of Poets Tales (said he) of Progne's Rape, and Terius's bloody Banquet? Thy Ravishment shall be an Induction to thy Tragedy, which if thou yield not willingly, I will obtain by Force and Violence: Therefore prepare thyself either to entertain the Sentence pronounced, or yield thy Body to my Pleasure. This Resolution of the Earl, added Grief upon Grief, and heaped Mountains of Sorrow upon her Soul: Twice did the hapless Lady cast her Eyes to Heaven, in Hopes the Gods would pity her Distress, and twice unto the Earth, wishing the Ground might open and devour her, and so deliver her from the Fury of the wicked Earl: But at last when she saw that neither Tears, Prayers, nor Wishes could prevail, she gave an outward Sign of consenting upon some Conditions, under Colour to devise a present Means to preserve her Chastity, and deliver herself from his Lustful Assaultments. There is no Condition (said the Earl) but I would yield unto, so thou wilt grant my Desire, and make me chief Commander of thy Love.

First, My Lord (quoth she) shall you suffer me to sit some certain Hours upon this Bed of Violets, and bewail the Loss of my good Name, which shortly shall be yielded up to your Pleasure; then shall you lie and dally in my Lap, thereby to make my Affections, yet freezing Cold, to flame with burning Brands of Love; that being done, you shall receive your wished Desires. Those Words caused the Earl to convert his furious Wrath to smiling Joy, and casting down his Dagger, he gave her a courteous Kiss, which she in his Conceit graciously accepted. Then caused he Sabra to sit down upon a Bed of Violets, beset about with divers Sorts of Flowers, whose Lap he made his Pillow, whereupon he laid his Head, intending, as he thought, to increase Desire: But Women in Extremity have the quickest Wits; so Sabra busied herself by all means possible, either

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ther now or never to remove the Cause of her deep Distress, by practising his Death, and so quit herself from her importunate Suitor; one while she told him pleasant Tales of Love, in hopes to bring his Senses to a Slumber, the better to accomplish her Desires; other while she play'd

and sported with his Hair that hung dangling below his Shoulders like to Threads of Silk: But at last, when neither Tales, Discourses, nor dallying Pastime with his Hair could not bring him asleep, she strained forth the Organs of her Voice, and over his Head sung this woful Ditty:

*Thou God of Sleep, and Golden Dreams, appear;
That bring'st all Things to Peace and quiet Rest,
Close up the Glasses of his Eyes so clear,
Thereby to make my Fortune ever blest:
His Eyes, his Heart, his Senses, and his Mind,
In Peaceful Sleep let them some Comfort find.*

*Sing sweet you pretty Birds in Tops of Trees,
With warbling Tunes and many a pleasant Note:
Till your sweet Musick close his watchful Eyes,
That on my Love with vain Desires doth dote:
Sleep on my Dear, sleep on, my Love's Delight,
And let this Sleep be thy eternal Night.*

*You gentle Bees, the Muses lovely Birds,
Come aid my doleful Tunes with Silver Sound,
Till your inspiring Melody records
Such Heavenly Musick that may quite confound
Both Wit and Sense, and tire his Eyes with Sleep,
That on my Lap in sweet Content I keep.*

*You Silver Streams, which murmuring Musick make,
And fill each Dale with pleasant Harmony,
Whereat the floating Fish much Pleasure take,
To hear your sweet recording Melody,
Assist my Tunes his slum'ring Eyes to close,
That on my Lap now takes a sweet Repose.*

*Let whispering Winds in every senseless Tree,
A solemn, sad, and doleful Musick sing:
From Hills and Dales, and from each Mountain high,
Let some inspiring Sound or Eccho ring,
That he may never wake from Sleep again,
Which sought my Marriage-Bed with Lust to stain.*

This delightful Song rocked his Senses to such a careless Slumber, that he slept as soundly upon her Lap as on the softest Bed of Down; whereby she found a fit

Opportunity to deliver her undefiled Body from his Lustful Desires. So taking the Poinard in her Hand, which he had cast a little aside, and gazing thereon with an
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ireful Look, she made this sad Complaint.

Grant, you immortal Powers of Heaven (said she) that of these two Extreame I choose the best; either must I yield my Body to be dishonoured by his unchaste Desires, or stain my Hands with the trickling Streams of his Heart-Blood. If I yield unto the First, I shall be then accounted for a vicious Dame; but if I commit the last, I shall be guilty of a wilful Murther, and for the same the Law will adjudge me a Shameful Death. What, shall I fear to die, or lose my Vertue and Renown? No, my Heart shall be as Tyrannous as Danaus's Daughters, that slew their fifty Husbands in a Night; or as Medea's Cruelty, which scattered her Brother's bloody Joints upon the Sea Shore, thereby to hinder the swift Pursuit of her Father, when Jason got the Golden Fleece from Calcos Isle. Therefore stand still you glittering Lamps of Heaven, stay wana'ring Time, and let him sleep eternally.

These Words were no sooner ended, but with a wrathful and pale Countenance, she sheathed the Poinard up to the Hilt in the Closure of his Breast, whereat he started, and would have got upon his Feet, but the Streams of Blood so violently gushed from his Wound, that he declined immediately to the Earth, and his Soul was forced to give the World a doleful Adieu.

When Sabra beheld the Bed of Violets stained with Blood, and every Flower converted to a Crimson Colour, she sighed grievously: But when she saw her Garments sprinkled with her Enemy's Blood, she ran speedily unto a flowing Fountain, that stood in the farther Side of the Orchard, and began to wash the Blood out of her Cloaths, but the more she washed, the more it encreased.

This wonderful Accident so amazed the sorrowful Lady, that she began anew to complain: *Oh that my Hand had been struck lame by some unlucky Planet, when*

first it did attempt the Deed! Whither shall I flie to shrowd me from the Company of vertuous Women, which will for evermore shun me as a detested Murderer? If I should go into some Foreign Country, there Heaven will cast down Vengeance for my Guilt; if I should bide myself in Woods and solitary Wildernesses, yet would the Winds discover me; or if I should go live in Caves, or dark Dens within the deep Foundations of the Earth, yet will his Ghost pursue me there, and haunt me Day and Night; so that in no Place a Murderer can live in Rest, such discontented Thoughts shall still oppress his Mind. After she had breathed forth this comfortless Lamentation to the Air, she tore her blood-stained Garment from her Back, and cast it into the Fountain.

Thus being disrobed into her Petticoat, she turned to the slaughtered Earl, whose Face she found covered with Moss, which added more Grief unto her Soul, for she greatly feared her Murder was descried: But it fell not out as she mistrusted, for it is the Nature and Kind of the *Robin-Red-Breast* and other Birds, always to cover the Face of any dead Man, and those were they that bred this Fear in the Lady's Heart. By this Time the Day began to shut up his bright Windows, and Sable Night entered to take Possession of the Earth, yet durst not the woful distressed Sabra make her repair homewards, lest she should be descried without her upper Garment.

During which Time, there was a general Search made for the Earl by his Servants, for they greatly suspected some Danger had befallen him, considering that they heard him the Night before so woe-fuilly complain in his Chamber. At last, with Torch-Lights they came to the Orchard Gate, which they presently burst open; wherein no sooner entering, but they found their murdered Master lying by a Bed of Violets, covered with Moss; likewise searching to find out the Murderer,

derer, at last they espied *Sabra* in her bare Petticoat, her Hands and Face besprinkled with Blood, and her Countenance as pale as Ashes; by which Signs they suspected her to be the bloody Be-reaver of their Lord and Master's Life: Therefore because she descended from a noble Lineage, they brought her the same Night before the King, which did then keep his Court in the City of *Coventry*, who immediately upon the Confession of the Murder, gave this severe Judgment against her.

First, To be conveyed to Prison, there to remain for the Term of Twelve Months, and at the End thereof to be burned like a most wicked Offender: Yet because she was the Daughter to a King, and a loyal Lady to so noble a Knight, his Majesty in Mercy granted her this Favour, that if she could get any Knight at Arms, before the Time was expired, that would be her Champion, and by Combat redeem her from the Fire, she should live, otherwise, if her Champion were vanquished, then to suffer the former Punishment.

Thus have you heard the Discourse of all Things which happened 'till my Departure from *England*, where I left her in Prison, and since that Time five Months are fully expired: Therefore, most renowned Champion, as you love the Life of your Lady, and wish her Delivery, make no Tarrance, but with all Speed post into *England*, for I greatly fear, before you arrive, the Time will be finished, and *Sabra* suffer Death for want of a Champion to defend her Cause.

This doleful Discourse drove *St. George*, with the other Knights and Champions, to such an Extasy of Mind, that every one departed to their Lodging Chambers with dumb Signs of Sorrow, being not able to speak one Word; where for that Night they lamented the Misfortune of so virtuous a Lady. The *Egyptian* King her Father, he abandoned the Sight of all

Companies, that none could come within the Hearing of his Lamentation: Then raged he up and down, accusing Heaven of Injustice, condemning the Earth of Iniquity, and accursing Man for such an execrable Crime; one Time wishing that his Daughter's Birth-Day had been her Burial-Day; another Time that some unlucky Planet would descend the Firmament, and fall upon his miserable Head. Being in this extream Passion, he never hoped to see his Daughter's Countenance again; and so about Midnight he cast himself Headlong from the Top of the Tower, and broke his Neck.

No sooner was the Night vanished, and bright *Phæbus* entered the Zodiack of Heaven, but his bruised Body lifeless and senseless, was found by his Servants lying in the Palace-Yard, all beaten in Pieces against the Ground. The woeful News of this Self-willed Murder they told to certain *Egyptian* Knights, who took his scattered Limbs and carried them to *St. George's* Chamber, whom they found arming himself for his Departure towards *England*; but at this dismal Spectacle he took a second conceited Grief in such extreme Manner, that it had almost cost him his Life, but that the *Egyptian* Knights gave him many comfortable Speeches, and by the Consent of many Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Barons, with many other of the late King's Privy Council, they elected him the true succeeding King of *Egypt*, by the Marriage of *Ptolomy's* Daughter; which Royal Proffer *St. George* refused not, but took upon him the Government of the whole Country, so that for a short Time his Journey towards *England* was staid, and upon the third Day following, his Coronation was appointed, which they solemnly performed, to the high Honour of all the Christian Champions: For the *Egyptian* Peers caused *St. George* to be apparelled in Royal Vestures like a King, he had on a Suit of flaming Green, like
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an Emerald, and a Mantle of Scarlet very richly Furr'd, and wrought curiously with Gold: Then the other six Champions led him up to the King's Throne, and set him in a Chair of Ebony, which had Pummels of Silver, which stood upon an Alabaſter Elephant; then came Three of the greateſt Lords in *Egypt*, and ſet a Crown of Gold upon his Head; then followed the Knights with a Scepter and a Naked Sword, to ſignify that he was chief Governour of the Realm, and Lord of all that appertained to the Crown of *Egypt*. This being performed in moſt ſumptuous and ſtately Manner, the Trumpets with other Inſtruments began to ſound, whereat the general Company with joyful Voices cried altogether, *Long live St. George, true Champion for England, and King of Egypt*. Then was he conducted to the Royal Palace, where for ten Days he remained among his Lords and Knights, ſpending the Time in great Joy and Pleaſure; which being finiſhed, his Lady's Diſtreſs conſtrained him to a ſudden Departure, therefore he left the Guiding of his Land to twelve *Egyptian* Lords, binding them all by Oath to deliver it at his Return; likewise charging them to inter the Body of *Ptolomy* in a ſumptuous Tomb, beſitting the Body of ſo Royal a Potentate: Alſo appointed the ſix Champions to raiſe their Tents, and muſter up anew their Soldiers, and with all ſpeed march into *Perſia*, and there by Dint of bloody War, revenge his former Injuries upon the accuſed Soldan.

This Charge being given, the next Morning by break of Day he buckled on his Armour, mounted on his ſwift-footed Steed, and bad his Friends in *Egypt* for a Seaſon, Adieu; and ſo in Company of the Knight that brought him that unlucky News, he took his Journey with all Speed towards *England*; in which Travel

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we will leave him for a Time; alſo paſſing over the ſpeedy Proviſion made by the Chriſtian Champions in *Egypt*, for the Invaſion of *Perſia*, and return to ſorrowful *Sabra* being in Priſon, waiting each Minute to receive the final Stroke of impartial Death: For now had the rowling Planets brought their Years Journey to an End; yet *Sabra* had no Intelligence of any Champion that would defend her Cauſe, therefore ſhe prepared her delicate Body to receive her laſteſt Breath of Life. The Time being come, ſhe was brought to the Place of Execution, whither ſhe went as willingly, and with as much Joy, as ever ſhe went before Time unto her Marriage: She had made humble Submiſſion to the World, and unfeignedly committed her Soul to God. She being at the Stake, where the King was preſent with many Thouſands, to behold this woeful Tragedy, the Deaths-man ſtripping off her Garment, which was of black Sarcenet, and in her Snow-white Smock bound her with an Iron Chain unto the Stake; then placed they round about her tender Body Pitch, Turpentine and Gunpowder, thereby to make her Death the more eaſy, and her Pain the ſhorter; which being done, the King cauſed the Herald to ſummon in the Challenger, who at the Sound of the Trumpet came tracing in upon a roan-coloured Steed, without any kind of Mark, and trapped with rich Trappings of Gold, and precious Stones of great Price. The Champion was called the Baron of *Cheſter*, a bolder and hardier Knight they thought lived not then upon the Face of the whole Earth; he ſo advanced himſelf up and down, as though he had been able to encounter with an hundred Knights. Then the King cauſed the Herald to ſummon in the Defendant, if there were any to defend her Cauſe; both Drums and Trumpets ſounded Three ſeveral Times up and

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down

down the Fields, betwixt every Rest, was a full Quarter of an Hour, but yet no Defendant did appear, therefore the King commanded the Executioner to set the Stake on Fire.

At which Words *Sabra* began to grow pale as Ashes, and her Joints to tremble like to Aspen Leaves; her Tongue that before continued silent, began to record a Swan-like dying Tale, and in this manner uttered the Passion of her Heart: *Be Witness Heaven, and all your bright Caelestial Angels; be Witness Sun and Moon, all true Beholders of my Faët; be Witness thou clear Firmament, and all the World be Witness of my Innocency; the Blood I shed was for the Safeguard of my Honour and unspotted Chastity: Great God of Heaven, if the Prayers of my unstained Heart may move thy mighty Majesty, or my true Innocency prevail with thy immortal Power, command that either my Lord may come to be my Champion, or sad Beholder of my Death. But if my Hands were stained with the Blood about some wicked Enterprize, then Heaven shew present Vengeance upon me, else by some noble Champion save my Body alive.* At which Instant she heard the Sound of a shrill Trumpet, the which *St. George* caused to be winded (for as then he was near;) which caused the Execution a-while to be deferred. At last, they beheld afar off a stately Banner waving in the Air, which a Squire carried before *St. George*; then they espied near unto the Banner a most valiant armed Knight, mounted upon a coal-black Palfrey, with a warlike Launce standing in his Rest: By which sudden Approach they knew him to be the same Champion that would defend the distressed Lady's Life. Then the King commanded the Drums and Trumpets to sound; whereat the People gave a general Shout, and the poor Lady half dead with Fear began to revive, and her

blushing Cheeks to be as beautiful as red Roses dipp'd in Milk, or as Blood mingled with Snow. But when *St. George* approached the Sight of his constant Lady, whom he found Chained to a Stake, encompassed with many Instruments of Death, his Heart so relented with Grief that he almost fell beside his Horse: Yet remembering wherefore he came, he recalled his Courage, and intended to try his Fortune in the Combat, before he would discover himself unto his Lady. And when the Trumpets sounded Death's Alarm, the two Knights set Spurs to their Horses, and made them run so fiercely, that at the first Encounter they shivered both their Launces to their Hands, then rushed they together so rigorously with their Bodies and Helmets, that they fell down both to the Earth; but *St. George* nimbly leap'd upon his Feet without any hurt, but the Baron of *Chester* lay still with his Head downward, casting from his Mouth abundance of Blood, for he was mightily bruised with the fall; but when he revived from his Trance, he took his Shield, drawing out a mighty Faulchion, and with wrathful Countenance ran at *St. George*. Now, proud Knight, (quoth he) *I swear by all the Saints of Heaven, to revenge my Blood which thou hast shed*; and therewithal he struck so violently upon *St. George's* Shield, that it cleaved quite asunder. Then began he to wax angry, and took his Sword in great Wrath and gave the Baron of *Chester* such a Stroke, that he cut away Arm and Shoulder and all the Flesh of his Side to the bare Ribs, and likewise cut his Leg almost quite in sunder, in the thickest Place of his Thigh; then fell the Baron of *Chester* to the Ground, and breathed his last.

The whole Company admired and applauded *St. George* for the most fortunate Knight in the World: Then the King delivered

livered *Sabra* with his own Hands to *St. George*, who most courteously received her, and like a courteous Knight cast a scarlet Mantle over her Body, which a Lady standing by, bestowed upon him; yet he minding not to discover himself, but set her upon his portly Steed, and with his own Hands led him by the Bridle Reins. So great was the Joy throughout the City, that the Bells rung without ceasing, that whole Day together, the Citizens through every Place *St. George* should pass, did hang forth at their Windows, and on their Walls, Cloth of Gold and Silk, with rich Carpets, Cushion coverings of green Velvet lay abroad in every Window: The Clergy in Copes of Gold and Silk, met them in solemn Procession: The Ladies and beautiful Damsels strewed every Street whereas he passed, with Roses and most pleasant Flowers, and crowned with a Wreath of green Bays, in Sign of his triumphant Victory and Conquest.

In this Manner went he to the King's Palace, not known by any what he should be, but that he was a Knight of a strange Country: Yet *Sabra* many Times as they passed along, desired to see his Face, and know his Name, for that he had adventured so far for her Sake, and that for her Delivery he had vanquished the bravest Knight in *England*. Yet for all her Perswasions, he kept himself undiscovered till a Troop of Ladies in Company of *Sabra*, got him into a Chamber richly hung with Arras Cloth, and there unlac'd

his *Bever*; whose Countenance when she beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband which had redeemed her from Death, she fell into a dead Swoon for Joy, but *St. George* sprinkled a little cold Water on her Face, and revived her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving Kiss, calling her the most true, and the most loyal Lady that ever Nature framed, that to the very Death would not lose one Jot of her unspotted Honour. Likewise she accounted him the truest Knight and loyallest Husband that ever heavenly *Hymen* link'd in Bands of Marriage with any Woman. But when the King had Notice that it was *St. George*, his Country's Champion, which atchieved that noble Conquest in vanquishing the Baron of *Chester*, he was ravished with such Joy, that he came running in all Haste to the Chamber, and most kindly embraced him, and after he was unarmed, and his Wounds washed with white Wine and new Milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banqueting-house, where they feasted for that Evening, and after he kept open Court for all Comers so long as *St. George* continued there, which was for the Space of one Month: At the End whereof, he took his Lady and one Page with him, and bad *England* Adieu, and then he travelled towards *Persia*, to the other Christian Champions, whose dangerous Journey, and strange Adventures you may read in this Chapter following.

C H A P. XVI.

How St. George in his Journey towards Persia, arrived in a Country inhabited only by Maids, where he atchieved many strange and wonderful Adventures: Also of the Ravishment of Seven Virgins in a Wood, and how Sabra preserved her Honour from a terrible Giant.

After St. George with his vertuous Lady departed from *England*, and had travelled through many Countries, taking their direct Courses towards *Egypt*, and the Confines of *Persia*, where the other six Champions remained with the warlike Legions, at last they arrived in the Country of the *Amazonians*, a Land inhabited by none but Women. In which Region St. George atchieved many brave and Princely Adventures, which are most wonderful to rehearse, as after is declared: For travelling up and down the Country, they found every Town and City desolate of People, yet very sumptuously built, the Earth likewise untilled, the Pastures uncherished, and every Field overgrown with Weeds, whereby he deemed that some strange Accident had befallen the Country, either by War, or Mortality of some grievous Plague, for they could neither set Eye of Man, Woman, nor Child, whereby they were forced to feed upon Roots, and instead of brave Palaces, they were constrained to lie on broad Pastures, upon the Banks of Moss, and instead of Curtains of Silk, they had black and dark Clouds to cover them.

In this Extremity they travelled up and down for thirty Days, but at last it was their happy Fortunes to arrive before a rich Pavilion, situated and standing in the open Fields, which seemed to be the most glorious Sight that ever they beheld, for it was wrought of the richest Works in the World; all of green and Crimson Sattin, bordered with Gold and Azure,

the Posts that bare it up were of Ivory, the Cords of green Silk, and on the Top thereof there stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the two Corners, two green silver Grifins shining against the Sun, which seemed in Richness to exceed the Monument of *Mausolus*, being one of the World's twelve Wonders. They had not there remained long, admiring at the Beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Pavilion there appeared a Maiden Queen crowned with an Imperial Diadem, who was the fairest Creature that ever he saw. On her attended *Amazonian* Dames bearing in their Hands silver Bows of the *Turkish* Fashion, and at their Backs hung Quivers full of golden Arrows, upon their Heads they wore silver Cornets, beset with Pearls and precious Stones, their Attire comely and gallant, their Faces fair and gentle to behold, their Foreheads plain and white, the Tracings of their Hair like burnished Gold; their Brows small and proper, somewhat drawing to a brown Colour, their Visage plain, neither too long nor too round, but coloured like Roses mixed with Lillies, their Noses long and strait, their ruddy Cheeks somewhat smiling, their Eyes lovely, and all the Rest of their Parts and Lineaments, by Nature framed most excellent, who had made them in Beauty without compare: The Queen herself was cloathed in a Gown of green, strait girt unto her Body, with a Lace of Gold, so that somewhat of her round and lilly-white Breast might be seen, which became her wonderful well;

beside

beside all this, she had on a crimson Kirtle, lined with violet-coloured Velvet, and her wide Sleeves were likewise of green Silk, embroidered with Flowers of Gold, and with rich Pearls. When St. George had sufficiently beheld the Beauty of this Maiden Queen, he alighted from his Horse and humbled himself unto her Excellency; and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner :

Most Divine and Fair of all Fairs, Queen of sweet Beauty, (said he) let a travelling Knight obtain this Favour at your Hands, that both himself and his Lady, whom you behold here wearied with Travel, may take our Rest within your Pavilion for a Night: For we have wandered up and down this Country many a Day, neither seeing Man to give us Lodging, nor finding Food to cherish us, which made us wonder that so brave a Country, and so beautified with Nature's Ornaments as this is, should be left desolate of People, the Cause whereof is strange I know, and full of Wonder.

This Question being courteously demanded by St. George, caused the Amazonian Queen as kindly to reply: *Sir Knight (quoth she) what Favour my Pavilion may afford, be assured of; but the Remembrance of my Country's Desolation which you speak of, breeds a Sea of Sorrow in my Soul, and maketh me sigh when I remember it; but because you are a Knight of a strange Land, I will report it, though unto my Grief: About twelve Years since it was a Necromancer's Chance to arrive within this Country, his Name is Osmond, the cunningest Artist this Day living upon the Earth, for he can at his Call raise all the Spirits out of Hell, and with his Charms make Heaven to rain continually Showers of Blood: My Beauty at that Instant tempted him to love, and drowned his Senses so in Desire, that he assailed by all Perswasions that either Wit or Art could devise, to win me to his Will; but I having vowed myself*

No XXIV.

to Diana's Chastity, to live in Singleness among these Amazonian Maids, contemned his Love, despised his Person, and accounted his Perswasions as ominous as Snakes; for which he wrought the Destruction of this my Realm and Kingdom; for by his magick Art and damned Charms, he raised from the Earth a mighty Tower, the Mortar whereof he mingled with Virgins Blood, wherein are such Enchantments wrought, that the Light of the Sun, and the Brightness of the Skies is quenched, and the Earth blasted with a terrible Vapour, and black Mist, that ascended from the Tower, whereby a general Darkness overspread our Land, the Compass of Twenty-four Leagues, so this Country is clean wasted and destroyed, and my People fled out thereof. This Tower is haunted Day and Night with ghastly Fiends; and at his Departure into Persia, where he now by Enchantment aids the Soldan in his Wars against the Christians, he left the Guarding of the same to a mighty and terrible Giant, for Shape the ugliest Monster that ever Eye beheld, or ever Ear heard tell of, for he is thirty Foot in length; his Head three Times larger than the Head of an Ox: His Eyes bigger than two Pewter-Dishes, and his Teeth standing out of his Mouth more than a Foot, wherewith he will break both Iron and Steel: His Arms big and long without any Measure, and his Body as black as any Coal, and as hard as brass; also of such a Strength, that he is able to carry away at once three Knights armed; and he never eateth any other Meat, but raw Flesh of Mankind; he is so light and swift, that a Horse cannot run from him, and oftentimes he hath assailed with great Troops of armed Men, but all of them could never do him any Harm, neither with Sword, Spear, Cross-Bows, nor any other Weapon.

Thus have you heard, most noble and courteous Knight, the true Discourse of my utter Ruin, and the Vengeance shewed upon

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my Country by this wicked Necromancer; for which I have remained ever since in this Pavilion amongst my Maidens, where we pray both Day and Night, that some unhappy Fortune or terrible Vengeance may fall upon this wicked Conjuror.

Now as I am a true English Knight, (replied St. George) no sooner shall the Morning Sun appear, but I will take my Journey to that enchanted Tower, in which I'll enter in Spight of the Giant, and break the Enchantment; or make my Grave within the Monsters Bowels; which if I happily perform, then will I travel into Persia, and fetter up the most wicked Necromancer, and like a Blood Hound lead him up and down the World in Chains.

Most dangerous is the Adventure (quoth the Amazonian Queen) from whence as yet did never Knight return; but if you be so resolute and noble-minded, as to attempt the Enterprize, then happy be your Fortune, and know, brave Knight, that this Tower lieth Westward from hence about thirteen Miles.

And thereupon she took him by the Hand, and caused *Sabra* likewise to alight from her Palfrey, and led them both into her Pavilion, where they were feasted most royally, and for that Night slept securely. But when the Morning-Sun began to glitter, in all Haste *St. George* arose and armed himself; where after he had taken his Leave of the Queen, and gave her Thanks for his courteous Entertainment; he also took his Leave of *Sabra*, whom he left in Company of the Queen's Maidens 'till his Return with Conquest, and so rode forth 'till it was Noon, and then he entered into a deep Valley, and he rode lower and lower. It was then a fair Day, and the Sun shined clear; but by that Time he had ridden ten Miles and a half, he had lost both the Light and the Sun, and also the Sight of Heaven, for it was there as dark as Night,

and more dismal than the deepest Dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River with Streams as black as Pitch, and the Banks were so high, that the Water could scarce be seen running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none could enter among them that ever returned back with Life: About his Head flew monstrous Birds, and divers Griffins, who were able to bear away an armed Knight, Horse and all, and were in as great Multitudes as though they had been Starlings: Also there were Flies as big as Nuts, and as black as Pitch, which stung him and his Horse so grievously, that there issued down such Store of Blood that it changed his Horse from a Sable to a Crimson Colour, likewise the Griffins struck at *St. George* with their Talons so furiously, that had he not defended himself with his Shield, which covered his whole Body, he had been pierced to the Heart.

In this dangerous Manner rode he on, 'till he came to the Gates of the enchanted Tower, whereas the Giant sat in his Iron Coat, upon a Block with a Mace of Steel in his Hand, who at the first Sight of *St. George*, beat his Teeth so mightily together, that they rang like the Stroke of an Anvil, and he ran raging like a Fiend of Hell, thinking to have taken the Champion's Horse and all in his long Teeth that were as sharp as Steel, and to have born them presently into the Tower: But when *St. George* perceived his Mouth open, he took his Sword and thrust it therein so far, that it made the Giant to roar aloud, that the Elements seemed to thunder, and the Earth to tremble, his Mouth smoaked like a fiery Furnace, and his Eyes rowled in his Head like Brands of flaming Fire; the Wound was so great, and the Blood issued so fast from the Giant's Mouth, that his Courage began to quail, and against his Will he was forced to

to yield to the Champion's Mercy, and to beg for Life; to which St. George agreed, but upon Condition that the Giant would discover all the Secrets of the Tower, and ever after be sworn his true Servant, and attend on him with all Diligence: To which the Giant swore by his own Soul, never to leave him in Extremity, and to answer him truly to all Questions whatsoever. Then St. George demanded the Cause of the Darknes, and how it might be ceased. To which the Giant answered in this Manner.

There was in the Country about twelve Years since, a cunning Necromancer, that by Incantment built this Tower, the which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible Fire to spring from the Earth, that cast such a Smoak over the whole Land, whereby the People that were wont to dwell therein are fled and famished for Hunger: Also this Enchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, which did never Man before this Time, without Death: Also within the Tower, near unto the Fire, there stands a fair and pleasant Fountain, to which if any Knight be able to attain and cast the Water thereof into the Fire, then shall the Darknes ever after cease, and the Incantment end, for which Cause I have been bound to guard and keep the Tower from the Achièvement of any Knight.

Then when the Giant had ended his Discourse, St. George commanded him to remain at the Gate, for he would adventure to end the Incantment, and deliver the Country from so grievous a Plague. Then went he close by the Windows of the Tower, which were sixteen Yards in length and breadth, till he came to a little Wicket, through which he must need enter: Yet was it set as thick with Pikes of Steel as the Prickles of an Urchin's Skin, to the Intent that no Knight should approach near unto the Door, nor once attempt to enter into the Tower; yet with

great Danger he opened the Wicket, whereout came such abundance of Smoak, that the Darknes of the Country doubled, so that neither Torch nor Candle would burn in that Place; yet nevertheless St. George entered, and went downwards upon Stairs, where he could see nothing, but yet felt so many great Blows upon his Burgonet, that he was constrained to kneel upon his Knees, and with his Shield to defend himself, or else he had been bruised to Pieces. At last he came to the bottom, and there he found a fair great Vault, where he felt so terrible a Heat that he sweat exceedingly, and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the Fire, and going a little further, he espied out the Fountain, whereat he greatly rejoiced: And so he took his Shield, and bear therein as much Water as he could, and cast it into the Fire: In Conclusion, he laboured so long 'till the Fire was clean quenched: Then began the Skies to receive their perfect Lightness, and the golden Sun to shine most clearly about him, where he plainly perceived how there stood upon the Stairs many great Images of Brass, holding in their Hands mighty Maces of Steel, which had done him much Trouble at his coming down, but then their Power was ended, the Fire quenched, and the Incantment finished.

Thus when St. George, through his invincible Fortitude had performed this dangerous Adventure, he grew weary of Travel, what with Heat and Sweating, and the mighty Blows he received from the Brazen Images, that he returned again to the Wicket, whereat the deformed Giant still remained: Who when he beheld the Champion returned both safe and sound, he fell upon his Knees before him, and said:

Sir Knight, you are most welcome, and happily returned, for you are the Flower of Christendom, and the bravest Champion

of the World. Command my Service, Duty and Obedience; for whilst I live, I do profess by the burning Banks of Acheron, never to follow any other Knight but you, and hereupon I kiss your golden Spur, which is the noble Badge of Knighthood.

This humble Submission of the Giant caused the Champion to rejoice, not for his Overthrow, but that he had gotten so mighty a Servant; then unlaced he his Helmet, and laid down after his weary Encounter, where after he had sufficiently rested himself, he took his Journey in Company of the Giant, to the *Amazonian* Queen, where he left his Lady in Company of her Virgins, who like a kind, modest, and virtuous Wife, during all the Time of her Husband's Absence, continually prayed to the immortal Powers of Heaven for his fortunate Success and happy Return, otherwise resolving herself, if the low'ring Destinies should cross his Intent, and unluckily end his Days before the Adventure were accomplished, then to spend the Remainder of her Life among those happy Virgins. But on the sudden, before the Queen and her Virgins were aware, *St. George* arrived before the Pavilion, dutifully attended on by the Giant, who bore upon his Shoulder the Body of a tall Oak, by which the Queen knew that his Prowess had redeemed her Country from Darkness, and delivered her from her Sorrow, Care, and Trouble: So in Company of her Maids, very gorgeously attired, she conducted the Champion to a Bower of Roses, intermingled with creeping Vines, the which in his Absence they planted for his Lady's Delight. There found he *Sabra* at her Divine Prayers, like to a solitary Widow clad in mourning Habiliments; but when she beheld her Lord return in Safety, she banished Grief, and in Haste ran unto him, and in his Bosom ravished herself with Pleasure.

But to speak how the *Amazonian* Queen

feasted them, and in what Manner she and her Maids devised Pastime for their Contents, were too tedious to repeat, but when Night gave End to their Pleasures, and Sleep summoned all Things to a quiet Silence, the Queen brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, where stood a Bed framed with Ebony Wood, overhung with many Pendants of Gold, the Tick was stuffed with Down of Turtle-Doves, the Sheets of *Median* Silk, thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotton, covered with Damask, and stitch'd with Threads of Gold. But all this while the Giant never entred the Pavilion, but slept as soundly as the Root of a Pine-Tree, as *St. George* did in his embroidered Bed, for he knew not what Pleasures belonged thereunto, nor never before that Time beheld any Woman's Face. At last, the Night withdrew her black Curtains, and gave the Morning leave to appear, whose pleasant Light caused *St. George* to forsake his Bed, and to walk some few Miles to over-view the Country; in which Journey he took such exceeding Pleasure, that he thought it the goodliest Realm that ever he saw, for he perceived well how it was full of Worldly Wealth.

At last, he climbed up to the Top of an high Mountain, being about two Miles from the Queen's Pavilion, whereon he stood and beheld many stately Towns and Towers, high and mighty Castles, many large Woods and Meadows, and many pleasant Rivers; and about the Towns, fair Vines, goodly Pastures and Fields. At last, he beheld the City of *Argenia* shining against the Sun, the Place where the Queen in former Time was wont to keep her Court; which City was environed with deep Ditches, the Wall strongly built, and more than five hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone; also he saw many fair Churches covered with Lead, having Tops and Spires of Gold, shining most gorgeously; with

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Weather-Cocks of Silver, glittering against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgesſes Houſes ſtand like Palaces cloſed with high and ſtrong Walls, barred with Chains of Iron from Houſe to Houſe, whereat in his Heart he praiſed much the Nobleneſs and Richneſs of the City, and ſaid to himſelf that it might well be called *Argenia*, for it ſeemed to be of *Argent*, that is as much as to ſay, of Silver.

During the Time of the Champion's Walk which continued from the Break of Day, to the cloſing of the Evening, happened a woful Tragedy, near unto the Queen's Pavilion, committed by the monſtrous Giant whom *St. George* brought from the enchanted Tower: For that ſame Morning, when the Sun had mounted ſome few Degrees unto the Firmament, Seven of the Queen's Virgins in *Sabra's* Company, walked into a pleaſant Thicket of Trees adjoining to her Pavilion, not only to take the Pleaſure of the Morning Air, but to hear the chirping Melody of Birds, in which Thicket or Grove, under a Pine tree, this Giant lodged the paſſed Night: But no ſooner came theſe beautiful Ladies under the Branches of the Trees, but the Giant caſt his Eyes upon them, whoſe rare Perfections ſo fired the Heart of the luſtful Giant, that he muſt either quench his Deſires with the Spoils of their Chäſtities, or end his Days in ſome monſtrous Manner; therefore he ſtarted up from the Place where he lay, and with a wrathful Countenance ran amongſt the Ladies, and catching them all eight betwixt his Arms, he bore them to the further Side of the Grove, where he raviſhed ſeven of the Queen's Maidens, and afterwards devoured them alive into his loathſome Bowels, *Sabra* being the eighth of that woful Number, which in her Sight ſhe beheld butchered by that bloody Wolf: But during the Time of their Ravishment, ſhe made her Supplication to the Gods, that they would in Mercy defend her

Chäſtity from the luſtful Rape of ſo wicked a Monster: And immediately upon theſe Words ſhe ſaw an ugly Toad come crawling before her, through which by Policy, ſhe ſaved her Life, and preſerved her Honour: For ſhe took the Toad betwixt her Hands, and cruſhed the Venom from her impoiſoned Bowels, wherewith ſhe beſprinkled her Face, ſo that preſently her fair Beauty was changed into loathſome Bliſters, for ſhe ſeemed more like a Creature deformed with Leproſy, than a Lady of excellent Feature. At length ſhe being the laſt of all, her Time came that ſhe ſhould be deſloured, and the luſtful Giant came to fetch her; but when he beheld her Viſage ſo envenomed, he loathed her Sight, ſeeking neither to raviſh her, nor proffering to devour her, but diſcontentedly wand'ring away, greatly grieved at the committed Crime, and ſorely repenting himſelf of ſo wicked a Deed, not only for the Spoil of the ſeven Virgins, but for the Wrong proffered to ſo Noble a Knight; who not only granted him Liberty of Life, but received him into his Service: Therefore he raged up and down the Grove, making the Earth to tremble at his Exclamations, one while curſing his Fortune and Hour of Creation, another while banning his Sire and Devilish Dam: But when he remembered the noble Champion *St. George*, whoſe angry Frown he would not ſee for all the World, then to prevent the ſame, he ran his Head moſt furiously againſt a knobbed Oak, and brained himſelf, where we will leave him now weltring in his Blood, and ſpeak what became of *Sabra* after this bloody Accident: For after ſhe had wandered up and down the Thicket many a weary Step incenſing Heaven againſt the Giant's Cruelty, the Sun began to ſet, and the dark Night grew on, which cauſed her thus to complain,

*Ob you immortal Powers of Heaven!
and you celeſtial Planets, being the true*

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Guiders

Guiders of the Firmament, open your bright Cælestial Gates, and send some fatal Planet, or some burning Thunder-bolt, to rid me from the Vale of Misery, for I will never more return to my Lord, since I am thus deformed, and made an ugly Creature, my loathsome Face will prove a Corrosive to his Heart, and my Body a Torment to his Soul: My Sight will be unpleasant, my Company hated, my Presence loathed, and every one will shun my Sight, as from a Crocodile; therefore I will remain within this Grove, 'till Heaven either bring me to my former Beauty, or end my languishing Misery; yet Witness Heaven, of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and in what Extremity I have maintained my Chastity; in remembrance of my true Love, here will I leave this Chain of Gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know for his Sake I have endured a World of Woe.

At which Speeches she took her Chain which was doubled twenty Times about her Neck, and left it lying besmeared in the Blood of those Virgins whom the Giant had ravished and slain, and so betook herself to a solitary Life, intending never to come in the Sight of Men, but to spend her Days wandering in the Woods; where we will likewise leave her for a Time, and speak of St. George, who by this Time, was returned to the Queen's Pavilion, where he missed his Lady, and had Intelligence, that she in Company of seven other Ladies, walked in the Morning into a pleasant Grove to hear the Melody of Birds, and since that Time no News hath been heard of them; for as then it grew toward Night, which caused St. George greatly to mistrust that some Mischance had befallen his Lady. Then he demanded what was become of the Giant, but answer was made, that he was never seen nor heard of since Morning; which caused him greatly to suspect the Giant's Treachery, and how by his Means the Ladies were prevented of their purposed Pleasures.

Therefore in all Haste like a frantick Man he ran into the Thicket, filling every Corner with Clamours and resounding Ecchoes of her Name, and calling for Sabra, through every Bramble Bush: But there he could neither hear the Voice of Sabra, nor the Answer of any other Lady, but the woful Ecchoes of his Exclamations, which rattled through the Leaves of the Trees. Then began he to wax somewhat Melancholly and Passionate, passing the Time away 'till bright Cynthia mounted on the Hemisphere, by whose glittering Beams he saw the Ground besprinkled with purple Gore; and found the Chain that Sabra was wont to wear about her Neck, besmeared in Blood: He bitterly complained against his own Fortune, and his Lady's hapless Destiny, for he supposed then that the Giant had murdered her.

O discontented Sight (said he) here lies the Blood of my beloved Lady, the truest Woman that ever Knight enjoyed: That Body which for Excellency deserved a Monument of Gold, more rich than the Tomb of Angelica, I fear lies buried in the Bowels of that monstrous Giant, whose Life unhappily I granted. But fond Fool that I am, why do I talk in vain? It will not recompence her murdered Soul, the which methinks I hear how it calls for Revenge in every Corner of the Grove. It was I that left her carelessly within the Danger of the Giant, whom I little mistrusted, therefore I will meet her in the Elysium Shades, and crave Remission for my committed Trespas, for on this Oak I will abridge my Life, as did the worthy Knight Melmeropolion for the Love of Sillara.

Which Lamentation being no sooner ended, but he took the Chain of Gold, and fastned one End to the Arm of a great Oak, and the other End to his Neck, intending presently to strangle himself; but Heaven prevented his desperate Intent after a strange Manner: For

For under the same Tree the brained Giant lay, not yet fully dead, who in this Manner spake to St. George.

O stay thy Hand, most noble and invincible Knight, the World's chief Wonder for admirable Chivalry, and let my dying Soul convert thee from so wicked a Deed: Seven Virgins in this Thicket have I ravished, and buried all their Bodies in my accursed Bowels, but before I could devour the eighth, in a strange Manner her bright Beauty was changed into a loathsome Leprosy, whereby I detested her Sight, and left her Chastity undefiled, but by her sad Complaints, I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and Love, and to this Hour she bath her Residence within this Thicket: And thereupon with a doleful Groan which

seemed to shake the Ground, he bad Adieu to the World.

Then St. George being glad to hear such Tidings, reverted from his desperate Intent, and searched up and down the Grove 'till he had found Sabra, where she sat sorrowing under the Branches of a Mulberry-Tree, betwixt whom was a sad Greeting; and as they walked back to the Queen's Pavilion, she discoursed to him the Truth of this bloody Stratagem, where she remained 'till the Amazonian Queen had cured her Leprosy by the secret Virtue of her Skill; of whom after they had taken Leave, and given her Thanks for her kind Courtesies, St. George with his Lady took their Journey towards Persia.

CHAP. XVII.

How St. George and his Lady lost themselves in a Wilderness, where she was delivered of three goodly Boys. The Fairy Queen's Prophecy upon the Children's Fortunes. Of St. George's Return into Bohemia, where he christened his Children, and of finding his Father's Grave, over which he built a stately Tomb.

ST. George having atchieved the Adventure of the enchanted Tower, and Sabra the Fury of the lustful Giant, they took their Journey towards Persia, where the Christian Champions lay encamped before the Soldan's great City of Belgor, a Place most strongly fortified with Spirits and other ghastly Illusions, by the Enchantment of Osmond, whom you heard before in the last Chapter, to be the rarest Necromancer in the World: But as the English Champion with his Lady travelled thitherward, they happened into a Desert and mighty Wilderness, overgrown with lofty Pines, Cedar-Trees, and many huge and mighty Oaks, the spreading Branches whereof seemed to

with-hold the Light of Heaven from their untrodden Passages, and Tops for exceeding Height, to reach into the Elements, the Inhabitants were Silvens, Satyrs, Fairies, and other Woody Nymphs, which by Day sported up and down the Forest, and by Night attended the Pleasures of Proserpine the Fairy Queen. The Musick of Silver-sounding Birds, so cheerfully resounding through the Woods, and the whistling Wind made such Melody amongst the Leaves of Trees, that it ravished their Senses like Harmony of Angels, and made them think they had entered the Shades of gladsome Elysium: One while they wondered at the Beauty of the Woods, which Nature adorned

with a Summer's Livery, another while at the green and fragrant Grass, drawn out in round Circles by Fairies Dances, so long 'till they had lost themselves amongst the unknown Passages, not knowing how, nor by what Means to recover the perfect Path of their Journey, but were constrained to wander in the Wilderness, like solitary Pilgrims, spending their Day with weary Steps, and the Night with vain Imaginations, even as the Child when he hath lost himself in a populous City, runneth up and down, not knowing how to return to his Native Dwelling; even so it happened to these two lost disconsolate Travellers, for when they had wandered many Days one Way, and finding no End of their Toils, they retired backward to the Place of their first setting forth, where they were wont to hear the Noise of People resounding in Country Villages, and to meet Travellers passing from Place to Place; but now they heard nothing but blustering of Wind, rattling in the Wood, making the Brambles to whistle, and the Trees to groan, and now and then to meet a speckled Beast like to the Rainbow, weltring from his Den to seek his natural Sustenance; in their Travel by Night they were wont to hear the Crowing of the Cock, recording glad Tidings of the chearful Days approach, the Neighing of Horses in Pasture Fields, and the Barking of Dogs in Farmers Houses: But now they were affrighted with the Roaring of Lions, Yelling of Wolves, the Croaking of Toads in Roots of rotten Trees, and the ruful Sound of *Progne's* Ravishment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this solitary Manner wearied they the rowling Time away, till thrice three Times the Silver Moon had returned her borrowed Light, by which Time the Burthen of *Sabra's* Womb began to grow painful, and the Hour of her Delivery drew on, wherein she required *Lucina's*

Help, to make *St. George* the Father of a Princely Son: Time called for Midwives to aid and bring her Babe into the World, and to make her a happy Mother; but before the painful Hour of her Delivery approached, *St. George* had provided her Bower of Vine-Branches which he erected between two pleasant Hills, where instead of a Princely Cabinet, behung with Arras, and rich Tapestry, she was constrained to suffice herself with a simple Lodging, covered with Roses, and other fragrant Flowers; her Bed he made of green Moss and Thistle-Down, beset curiously round about with Olive Branches, and the Sprigs of an Orange-Tree, which made it seem more beautiful than *Flora's* Pavillion, or *Diana's* Mansion: But at last, when she felt the Pain of her Womb grow intollerable, and the Seed ready to be reaped, and how she was in a Wilderness void of Womens Company, that should be ready to assist her in so secret a Matter, she cast herself down upon her Mossy Bed, and with a blushing Countenance she discovered her Mind in this Manner to *St. George*.

My most dear and loving Lord (quoth she) *my true and only Champion at all Times and Seasons, except at this Hour, for it is the painful Hour of my Delivery, therefore depart from out of the Hearing of my Cries, and commit my Fortune to the Pleasures of the Heavens: For it is not convenient for any Man's Eye to behold the Secrets of a Woman in such a Case: Stay not, I say, dear Lord to see the Infant, now sprawling in my Womb, to be delivered from the Bed of his Creation; forsake my Presence for a Time, and let me, like the noble Queen of France, obtain the Favour of some Fairy to be my Midwife, that my Babe may be as happily Born in this Wilderness, as was her valiant Sons Valentine and Orson, the one of them was cherished by a King, and the other by a Bear, yet both of them grew famous in their Deeds.*

At which Words St. George sealed the Agreement with a Kiss, and departed silently without any Reply, but with a thousand Sighs bad her Adieu, and took his Way to the Top of a Mountain, being in distance a Quarter of a Mile, there kneeled he during the Time of her Travel, with his bare Knees upon the Bosom of the Earth, never ceasing Prayers, but continually soliciting the Majesty of God, to grant his Lady a speedy and easy Delivery. After whose Departure the Fury of her Grief so raged in her Womb, that it exceeded the Bounds of Reason, whereby her Heart was constrained to breathe so many scorching Sighs, that they seemed to blast the Leaves of Trees, and to wither the Flowers which beautified her Cabinet, her burthened Torments caused her Star-bright Eyes, like Fountains to distil down Silver Drops, and all the rest of her Body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible Earthquake.

At last, her pitiful Cries pierced down to the lowest Vaults of direful Dis, where *Proserpine* sits crowned amongst her Fairies, and so prevailed, that in all haste she ascended to work this Lady's safe Delivery, and to make her Mother of three

goodly Boys; who no sooner arrived in *Sabra's* Lodging, but she practised the Duty of a Midwife, eased the Burden of her Womb, and safely brought her Babes into the World.

This courteous Deed of *Proserpine* was no sooner performed, but she laid the three Boys in three sumptuous Cradles, which she caused the Fairies to fetch invisibly; and therewithal Mantles of Silk with other Things thereunto belonging; likewise she caused a winged Satyr to fetch from the farthest Borders of *India*, a covering of Damask Taffaty embroidered with Gold, the richest Ornament that ever Mortal Eye beheld. With this rich and sumptuous Ornament she covered the Lady's Child-Bed, whereby it seemed to surpass in Bravery the gorgeous Bed of *Juno* the brave Queen, when first she entertained imperious *Jove*. After this, *Proserpine* laid under every Child's Pillow a Silver Tablet, whereon were written in Letters of Gold their good and happy Fortunes.

Under the First was these Verses charactered, who at that Time lay frowning in his Cradle like the God of War.

*A Soldier bold, a Man of wondrous Might,
A King likewise this Royal Babe shall die;
Three Golden Diadems in bloody Fight,
By this brave Prince shall also conquered be:
The Towers of old Jerusalem and Rome,
Shall yield to him in happy Time to come.*

Under the Pillow of the second Babe, was charactered these Verses following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like *Cupid*

upon the Lap of *Dido*, whom *Venus* transformed to the Likeness of *Ascanius*.

*This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Time's Wonder for Device and Courty Sport;
His Tilt and Tournaments abroad shall ring,
To every Coast where noble Knights resort:
Queens shall attend, and bumble at his Feet,
Thus Love and Beauty shall together meet.*

The History of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

Lastly, Under the Pillow of the third, when she strove for the golden Apple was these Verses likewise character'd, with *Venus*, and the *Queen of Heaven*. who blushed in his Cradle like *Pallas*

*The Muses Darling for true Sapience,
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his Days,
Kings shall admire his learned Eloquence,
And write in brazen Books his endless Praise:
By Pallas's Gifts he shall atchieve a Crown,
Advance his Fame, and lift him to Renown.*

Thus when the Fairy Queen had ended her Prophecy upon the Children, and had left them golden Fortunes lying in their Cradles, she vanished away, leaving the Lady rejoicing at her safe Delivery, and wondering at the Gifts of *Proserpine*, which she conjectured to be but Shadows to dazzle her Eyes, and Things of fading Substance; but when she had laid her Hands upon the rich Covering of *Damask Taffaty*, which covered her Mossy Bed, and felt that it was the self-same Form that it seemed; she cast her Eyes, with a chearful Look, up to the Majesty of Heaven, and not only gave Thanks for received Benefits, but for his merciful Kindness in making her the happy Mother of three such goodly Children. But we will now return again to the noble Champion *St. George*, who, after waiting some Time, returned back to her *Silvan Cabin*, which he found strangely deck'd with sumptuous Habilliments, his Lady lying in her Child-Bed, as glorious as if she had been the greatest Empress in the World, and three Princely Boys sweetly sleeping in their several Cradles, at whose first Sight his Heart was so ravished with Joy, that for a Time it with-held the Passage of his Tongue; but at last when he found the Silver Tablets lying under the Pillows, and read the happy Fortunes of his Children, he ran unto his Lady, embracing her lovingly, and kindly demand'd the true Discourse of this Accident; and by whose means the Bower was beau-

tified so gorgeously, and the Propounder of his Childrens Prophecy; who with a Countenance blushing like the purple Morning, replied in this manner:

My most dear and well-beloved Lord, the Pains I have endured to make you the happy Father of three lovely Boys, hath not been more painful than the Stroke of Death, but yet my Delivery more joyful than the Pleasures of this World: The Winds carried my Groans to every Corner of this Wilderness, whereby both Trees and Herbs assisted my Complaints, Beasts, Birds, and feathered Fowls, with every senseless Thing that Nature framed on this Earth, seemed to pity my Moans; but in the midst of my Torments, when my Soul was ready to forsake this worldly Habitation, there appeared to me a Queen crowned with a golden Diadem, in State and Gesture like imperious Juno, and in Beauty to divine Diana; her Wisdom might compare with Apollo's, her Judgment with Pallas, and her Skill with Lucina's; for no sooner entered she my Presence, but my Travels ceased, my Babes being brought to Light by the Virtue of her Skill; she prepared these rich and sumptuous Cradles, which were brought invisibly to my Cabin; likewise these Mantles, and this imbroidered Coverlet, she frankly bestowed upon me, and so immediately vanished away.

At which Words *St. George* gave her many kind Embraces: At last, her Hunger increased, and her Desire thirsted so much after Food, that except she received

some

some comfortable Sustenance, her Life were in Danger. This extreme Desire of Sabra caused St. George to buckle on his Armour, and to unsheath his trusty Sword, ready to gore the Intrails of some Deer; who swore by the Honour of true Knighthood, never to rest in Peace, 'till he had purchased her Hearts content.

And thereupon with his Fauchion ready charged, he traced the Woods, leaving no thorny Brake nor mossy Cave unsearched, 'till he had found a Herd of Fallow Deer; from which Number he singled out the fattest to make his Lady a bountiful Banquet; but in the Time of his Absence, there happened to Sabra a wonderful Accident; for there came weltering into the Cabin three most wild and monstrous Beasts, a Lionsess, a Tygress, and a She-Wolf, which took the Babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret Dens.

At which Sigh, Sabra, like one bereft of Sense, started from her Bed, and to her Power offered to follow the Beasts, but all in vain; for before she could get without her Cabin, they were past Sight, and the Childrens Cry without her hearing: Then like a discontented Woman she turned back, beating her Breast, rending her Hair, and raging up and down her Cabin, using all the Rigour she could devise against herself; and had not St. George returned the sooner, she had most violently committed her own Slaughter; but at his Return, when he beheld her Face stained with Tears, her Head disrobed of Ornaments, and her Ivory Breast all to be-rent, he cast down his Venison in all haste, and asked the Cause of her Sorrow.

Ob! (said she) this is the wofullest Day that ever happened to me, for in the Time of your unhappy Hunting, a Lionsess, a Tygress, and a Wolf came into the Cabin, and took my Children from their Cradles; what is become of them I know not, but greatly I

fear by this Time they are intombed within their hungry Bowels.

Ob! simple Monuments (quoth he) for such sweet Babes: Well Sabra, if the Monsters have bereaved me of my Children, this bloody Sword that dived into the Entrails of the fallow Deer, shall rive my woeful Heart in twain. Accursed be this fatal Day, the Planets that predominate, and Sun that shines thereon; Heaven blot it from the Year, and let it never more be numbered, but accounted for a dismal Day throughout the World; let all the Trees be blasted in those accursed Woods; let Herbs and Grass consume away and die, and all Things perish in this Wilderness. But why breathe I out these Curses in vain, when as methinks I hear my Children in untamed Lions Dens, crying for Help and Succour? I come, sweet Babes, I come, either to redeem you from Tygers wrathful Jaws, or make my Grave within their hungry Bowels.

Then took he up his Sword besmeared in Blood, and like a Man bereaved of Wit and Sense, ranged up and down the Wilderness, searching every Corner for his Children; but his Lady remained still in her Cabin, lamenting for their Loss, washing their Cradles with her pearled Tears.

Many Ways wandered St. George, sometimes in Valleys where Wolves and Tygers lurk; sometimes in Mountain Tops, where Lions Whelps do sport and play, and many Times in dismal Thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandered St. George up and down the Wilderness for the Space of two Days hearing no News of his Children. At last he approached the Sight of a pleasant River, which smoothly glided down betwixt two Mountains, into whose Streams he purposed to cast himself; and so by a desperate Death give end to his Sorrows; but as he was committing his Body to the Mercy of the Waters, and his Soul to the Pleasure of the Heavens, he heard afar

off

off the ruful Shriek, as he thought, of a comfortlefs Babe: Which fudden Noife caufed him to refrain from his desperate Purpofe, and with more Difcretion to tender his own Safety. Then cafting his Eyes afide, it was his happy Deftiny to efpy three inhumane Beafis lying at the Foot of a Hill, tumbling themfelves againft the warm Sun, and his three pretty Babes fucking from their Dugs, their moft unkind Milk; which Spectacle fo encouraged the Champion, that without farther Advifement, with his fingle Sword, he affailed at one Time the three Monfters, but fo furiously they purfued him, that he little prevailed; and being almoft breathlefs, was forced to get into an Orange-Tree, elfe he had been buried in their mercilefs Bowels: But when the three wild Beafis perceived him above their Reaches, and that by no means they could come near him, with their wrathful Jaws, they fo rent and tore the Root of the Tree, that if by Policy he had not prevented them, the Tree had been pulled in Pieces, for at that Time it was fo full of ripe Oranges, and fo overladen, that the Branches feemed to bend, and the Boughs to break, of which Fruit he caft fuch Abundance down to the Beafis, whereby they reftained their Furies, and fed fo faft thereon, that in fhort Time they grew drunk, and quite overcome with a heavy Sleep: This happy Fortune caufed St. George nimbly to leap off the Tree, and with his keen-edged Sword, cut off their Heads from their Bodies, which being done, he went to his Children, lying upon a moffy Bank; who fo pleafantly fmiled in his Face, that they made him greatly to rejoice, therefore taking them up in his Arms, he fpake thefe Words following.

Come, come, my pretty Babes, your fafe Deliverance from thefe inhumane Monfters, will add long Life unto your Mother, and hath preferved your Father from a desperate

Death; from henceforth let Heaven be your Guide, and fend you as happy Fortunes as Remus and Romulus the firft Founders of imperious Rome, which in their Infancies were nurfed with the Milk of a ravenous Wolf.

And approaching the Cabin, where he left his Lady mourning for the Lofs of her Children; at his Return he found her without Senfe or Moving; being not able to give him a joyful Welcome, whereat he fell into this extreme Paffion of Sorrow.

O Fortune! Fortune! (quoth he) how many Griefs beapest thou upon my Head? Wilt thou needs enjoin me to an endlefs Sorrow? See Sabra, fee, I have redeemed our Sons, and freed them from the Tygers bloody Jaws, whose wrathful Countenance did ibreaten Death.

Which comfortable Speeches caufed her prefently to revive, and to take the Infants in her Arms, laying them sweetly upon her Breasts. The kind Embraces, loving Speeches, and joyful Conference that paffed betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be difcourfed: But to be fhort, they remained in the Wildernefs without farther Difurbance, either of wild Beafis, or other Accident, till Sabra had recovered her Child-bed Sicknefs: And then being conducted by happy Stars, they returned back the ready Way to *Chriftendom*, where after fome few Days Travel, they arrived in the *Bobemian* Court, where the King of that Country, with two other bordering Princes, moft royally chriftened his Children. The eldeft they named *Guy*, the fecond *Alexander*, and the third *David*; which being performed, and the Triumphs ended, which in moft fumptuous Manner continued for the Space of one Month, then the *Bobemian* King, for the great Love he bare to St. George, provided moft honourably for his Sons bringing up.

Firft,

First, He appointed three several Ambassadors, with all Things necessary for so Princely a Charge, to conduct the three Infants to three several Countries. The first, and eldest, whose Fortune was to be a Soldier, he sent to the Imperial City of *Rome*, (being then the Wonder of the World for martial Discipline) there by the Emperor to be trained up. The Second, whose Fortune was to be a courtly Prince, he sent to the rich and plentiful Country of *England*, being the Pride of *Christendom* for all delightful Pleasures: The third and last, whose Fortune was to be a Scholar, he sent into *Germany*, unto the University of *Wittenburg*, being thought at that Time to be the excellentest Place of Learning that remained throughout the whole World.

Thus were *St. George's* Children provided for by the *Bobemian* King, for when the Ambassadors were in Readiness, the Ships for their Passage furnished, and Attendance appointed, *St. George*, in Company of his Lady, the King of *Bobemia* with his Queen, and a Train of Lords and Gentlemen, and Ladies, conducted them on Ship-Board, where the Wind served them prosperously, that in a short Time they had bid Adieu to the Shore, and sailed chearfully away. But as *St. George* returned back to the *Bobemian* Court, it was his Chance to come by an old ruinated Monastery, under whose Walls in former Time his Father was buried, which he knew by certain Verses carved in Stone over his Grave, by the Commons of the Country (as you may read before in the Beginning of this History.) Over the same he requested of the

King that he might erect a stately Monument, that the Remembrance of his Name might live for ever, and not be buried in the Grave of Obscurity. To which reasonable Demand, the King most willingly consented, and presently gave special Commandment that the cunningest Architects that remained within his Dominion, should forthwith be sent for, and withal gave a Tun of Gold forth of his own Treasury, towards the Performance thereof. The sudden Report of this memorable Deed being bruited abroad, caused Workmen to come from every Place of their own Accord, with such Willingness, that they in short Time finished it; the Foundation of the Tomb was of purest Marble, whereon was engraven the Frame of the Earth, and how the watry Ocean was divided, with Woods, Groves, Hills, and Dales; so lively portrayed, that it was a Wonder to behold: The Props and Pinacles of Alabaster, beset with Knobs of Jasper-Stone; the Sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet; upon the Top stood four Golden Lions, holding up, as it were an Element, wherein was curiously contrived the Golden Sun and Moon, and how the Heavens have their usual Courses, with many other Things wrought both in Gold and Silver, which for this Time I omit, because I am forced at large to discourse of the Proceedings of *St. George*, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their Leave of the King, thanked him for his Love, Kindness, and Courtesy, and so departed towards *Egypt* and *Persia*.

C H A P. XVIII.

How St. George with his Lady arrived in Egypt: Of their Royal Entertainment in the City of Grand Caire: And also how Sabra was crowned Queen of Egypt.

Many strange Accidents, and dangerous Adventures, St. George with his Lady passed, before they arrived within the Territories of *Egypt*. But at last when Fortune had cast them happily upon the *Egyptian* Shore, the twelve Peers unto whom St. George before-time committed the Guiding of the Land, and keeping of his Crown, as you heard before discoursed, now met him and his Lady at the Sea-side, most richly mounted upon their costly trapped Steeds, and willingly surrendered up his Scepter and Crown; and after, in Company of many Princely Estates, both of Dukes, Earls, Lords, Knights, and Royal Gentlemen, they attended them to the City of *Grand Caire*; when St. George with his stately Attendants entered the Gates, they were presently entertained with such a joyful Sound of Bells, Trumpets, and Drums; the Streets were beautified with stately Pageants, contrived by Scholars of ingenious Capacity, the Pavement strewed with all Manner of Odoriferous Flowers, and the Walls hung with *Indian* Coverlets and curious Tapestry.

Thus passed they the Streets in great Solemnity, wondering at the Curiosity of the Pageants, and listening to their learned Orations, 'till they entered the Gates of the Palace, where in the first Entry of the Court was contrived over-head, a Golden Pendant Firmament, as it were supported by a hundred Angels: From thence it seemed to rain *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*; likewise there descended, as it were, from the Clouds, *Ceres*, the Goddess of Plenty, sitting upon a Throne of Gold, beautified with all Manner of springing Things, as

of Corn, Olives, Grapes, Herbs, Flowers, and Trees; who at the coming by of St. George and his Lady, presented them with two Garlands of Wheat, bound up most curiously in Bands of Silver, to signify that they were happily returned to a plentiful Country, both of Wealth and of Treasure. But at *Ceres's* Ascension up into the Firmament, there was seen most strange and pleasant Fire-works shooting from Place to Place, as though the fiery Planets had descended from Heaven, and had generally consented to make them delightful Pastimes: But as St. George with his Lady, crowned with Garlands of Wheat, passed through the second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood *Mars* the angry God of War, environed with a Camp of armed Soldiers, as if they were with their Weapons ready charged to assault some strong hold, or invincible City; their Silver Trumpets seemed to sound cheerfully, their thundring Drums courageously, their silken Streamers to flourish valiantly, and themselves to march triumphantly: All which seemed to give more content to St. George, than all the delightful Pleasures before rehearsed; for there was nothing in all the World that more rejoiced his Heart, than to hear the pleasant Sound of War, and to see the Soldiers brandish forth their steeled Weapons. After he had sufficiently delighted himself in these martial Sports, and was ready to depart, the God of War descended his Throne, and presented him with the richest Armour that ever Eye beheld, and the bravest Sword that ever Knight handled; for they have been kept within the

the City of *Grand Caire*, for the Space of five hundred Years, and held for the richest Monuments in the Country. Also he presented *Sabra* with a Mirrour of such an inestimable Price, that it was valued at a King's Ransome; for it was made by Magick Art, the Vertues and Qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report. Then in great State passed *St. George* to the third Court, which was richly beautified with all gallant Sights as the other were; for there was most lively pourtrayed the Manner of *Elysium*, how *Jove* and *Juno* sat invested in their Royal Thrones, and likewise how all the Gods and Goddeses took their Places by Degrees in Parliament; the Sight was pleasant and the Device most excellent,

their Musick admired, and their Songs heavenly.

Thus passed *St. George*, with his Lady, through the Courts, 'till they came to the Palace; wherein was provided against their coming a statelier Banquet, than had the *Macedonian* Monarch, at his Return into *Babylon*, when he had conquered the middle Earth.

The Coronation of *Sabra* was royally performed within three Months after, with extraordinary Magnificence; but *St. George* staid not long at Court, the Remembrance of the Christian Champions in *Persia* caused him to shorten the Pastimes, and to buckle on his steely Corslet, which had of late glittered in the Field of *Mars*; of whose noble Deeds I shall at large Discourse.

CHAP. XIX.

The bloody Battel betwixt the Christians and the Persians, and how the Necromancer, Osmond, raised up, by his Magick Art, an Army of Spirits to fight against the Christians; how the Six Champions were enchanted, and recovered by St. George; the Misery and Death of the Conjurer, and how the Soldan brained himself against a Marble Pillar.

NOW must we return to the Christian Champions, and speak of their Battels in *Persia*, and what happened to them in *St. George's* Absence; for if you remember before, being in *Aegypt*, when he had News of his Lady's Condemnation in *England*, for the Murther of the Earl of *Coventry*, he caused them to march into *Persia*, and encouraged them to revenge his wrongful Imprisonment upon the Soldan's Provinces; in which Country, after they had marched about fifty Miles, burning and spoiling his Territories, they were intercepted by the Soldan's Power, which was about the Number of three hundred thousand Fighting-Men: But the

Muster-Rolls of the Christians were likewise numbered, and they amounted not to above one hundred thousand able Men: At which Time, betwixt the Christians and Pagans, happened a long and dangerous Battle, the like in any Age was seldom fought; for it continued without ceasing, for the Space of five Days, to the great Effusion of Blood on both Parties; but at last the Pagans had the worst, for when they beheld their Fields bestrowed with mangled Bodies, and the Rivers flow with crimson Blood, their Hearts began to fail, and they fled like Sheep before the Wolf. Then the valiant Christians thirsting after Revenge, speedily pursued them

them, sparing neither Young nor Old, 'till the Ways were strowed, with liveless Bodies, like Heaps of scatter'd Sand; in which Pursuit they burned two hundred Forts and Towns, battering their Towers of Stone as level with the Ground, as Harvest Reapers do Fields of ripened Corn: But the Soldan himself, with many of his approved Soldiers escaped alive, and fortified the City of *Grand Belgor*, being the strongest Town of War in all the Kingdom of *Persia*, before whose Walls we will leave the Christian Champions planting their Puissant Forces, and speak of the damnable Practices of *Osmond* within the Town, where he accomplished many admirable Accidents by Magick Art: For when the Christians Army had long Time given Assaults to the Walls, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like Storms of Winter Hail; whereby the *Persian* Soldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yield, and commit their Lives to the Mercy of the Christian Champions: But when the Soldan perceived the Soldiers Cowardise, and how they would willingly resign his happy Government to foreign Rule; he encouraged them still to resist the Christians desperate Encounters, and within thirty Days, if they had not the Honour of the War, then willingly to condescend to their Country's Conquest; which Princely Resolution encouraged the Soldiers to resist, intending not to yield up their City, 'till Death had made Triumph on their Bodies. Then departed he unto a sacred Tower where he found *Osmond* fitting in a Chair, studying by Magick, how long *Persia* should remain unconquered, who at his Entrance, drove him from his Charms with these Speeches.

Thou wondrous Man of Art (said the Soldan) *whom for Necromancy the World hath made famous: Now this is the Time to express the Love and Loyalty thou bearest thy Sovereign: Now is the Time thy charm-*

ing Spells must work for Persia's Good; thou seest my Fortunes are depressed, my Soldiers dead, my Captains slaughtered, my Cities burned, my Fields of Corn consumed, and my Country almost conquered: I that was wont to cover the Seas with Fleets of Ships, now stand amazed to hear the Christians Drums, that sound forth doleful Funerals for my Soldiers: I that was wont, with armed Legions, to drink up Rivers as we marched, and made the Earth to groan with bearing of our Multitudes: I that was wont to make whole Kingdoms tremble at my Frowns, and force imperious Potentates to humble at my Feet: I that have made the Streets of many a City to run with Blood, and stood rejoicing when I saw their Buildings burnt: I that have made the Mothers Wombs the Infants Tombs, and caused Cradles for to swim in Streams of Blood, may now behold my Country's Ruin, my Kingdom's Fall, and mine own fatal Overthrow. Awake, great Osmond, from thy dreaming Trance, awake, I say, and raise a Troop of black infernal Fiends to fight against the damned Christians, that like swarms of Bees do flock about our Walls; prevent, I say, my Land's Invasion, and as I am great Monarch of Asia, I'll make thee King over twenty Provinces, and sole Commander of the Ocean; raise up, I say, thy charmed Spirits, leave burning Acheron empty for a Time, to aid us in this bloody Battel.

These Words were no sooner ended, but there rattled such a Peal of Cannons against the City Walls, that they made the very Earth shake; whereat the Necromancer started from his Chair, and in this Manner encouraged the Soldan:

It is not Europe (quoth he) *nor all the petty Bands of armed Knights, nor all the Princes in the World, that shall abate your Princely Dignity: Am not I the great Magician of this Age, that can both loose and bind the Fiends, and call the black-faced Furies from low Cocytus? Am not I that skilful Artist, which framed the charmed*
Tower

Tower amongst the Amazonian Dames, which all the Witches in the World could never spoil? Therefore let Learning, Art, and all the Secrets of the Deep assist me in this Enterprize, and then let frowning Europe do her worst; my Charms shall cause the Heavens to rain such rattling Showers of Stones upon their Heads, whereby the Earth shall be over-laden with their dead Bodies, and Hell over-filled with their hateful Souls; senseless Trees shall rise in humane Shapes, and fight for Persia. If wise Medea was ever famous for Arts, that did the like for Safeguard of her Father's State, then, why should not Osmond practise Wonders for his Sovereign's Happiness? I'll raise a Troop of Spirits from the lowest Earth more black than dismal Night, who in ugly Shapes shall haunt them up and down, and when they sleep within their rich Pavilions, Legions of fiery Spirits will I raise up from Hell, that like to Dragons spitting Flames of Fire, shall blast and burn the damned Christians in their Tents of War: Down from the Crystal Firmament I will conjure Troops of airy Spirits to descend, that like to Virgins clad in princely Ornaments shall link those Christian Champions in the Charms of Love; their Eyes shall be like the twinkling Lamps of Heaven, and dazzle so their warlike Thoughts, and their lively Countenance, more bright than Fairies shall lead them Captive to a Tent of Love, which shall be artificially erected up by magick Spells; their warlike Weapons, that were wont to smooke in Pagans Blood, shall, in my charmed Tent, be hung upon the Bowers of Peace; their glittering Armours that were wont to shine within the Fields of Africa, shall henceforth for evermore be stained with Rust; and themselves Surnamed for Martial Discipline, the wondrous Champions of the World, shall surfeit with delightful Loves, and Sleep upon the Laps of the airy Spirits, that descend the Elements in Virgins Skapes; Terror and Despair shall mightily oppress their merciless Soldiers, that they shall yield the

No XXVIII.

honourable Conquest to your Excellency: Such strange and wonderful Accidents by Art shall be accomplished, that Heaven shall frown at my Enchantments, and the Earth tremble to hear my Conjurations; therefore, most mighty Persian, number up thy scattered Bands, and To-morrow in the Morning set open thy Gates, and march thitherward with thy armed Soldiers; leave not a Man within the City, but let every one that is able to bear Arms, fight in the Honour of Persia, and before the closing of the Night, I'll make thee Conqueror, and yield up the bragging Christians as Prisoners to thy Mightiness.

If this prove true, renowned Osmond, as thou hast promised (said the Soldan) Earth shall not harbour that too dear for thee; for thou shalt have myself, my Kingdoms, Crowns and Sceptres at command: The wealthy River Ganges, shall pay thee yearly Tribute with her Treasure, the Place where Midas washed her golden Wish away. All Things that Nature framed precious shall thou be Lord and sole Commander of, if thou prevent the Invasion of my Country. And thereupon he departed the Chamber, and left the Necromancer in his Study, and as he gave Commandment, his Captains made in Readiness their Soldiers, and furnished their warlike Horses, and by the Sun's up-rising marched into the Fields of Belgor, where, upon the North Side of the Enemy, they pitch'd their Camp. On the other Side, when the warlike Christians had Intelligence by their Courts of Guard, how the Persians were entered the Fields ready to give them Battle, sudden Alarums sounded in their Ears, Rumours of Conquest encouraged so the Soldiers, that presently they were in Readiness to entertain the Persians in a bloody Banquet: Both Armies were in fight, with blood-red Colours wavering in the Air: The Christian Champions, richly mounted on their warlike Courfers, placed themselves in the fore Front of the Battle, like

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couragious Captains, fearing neither Death nor unconstant Chance of Fortune. But the *Soldan* with his petty Princes, like Cowards, were environed and compass'd with a Ring of armed Knights, where, instead of nimble Steeds, they sat in Iron Chariots; divers Heroical and many Princely Encouragements past between the two Armies before they entered Battle: But when the Drums began to sound Alarm, and the Silver Trumpets gave dreadful Ecchoes of Death; when the Cross of *Christendom* began to flourish, and the Arms of *Mahomet* to be advanced, even then began so terrible and bloody a Battle that the like was never found in any Age; for before the Sun had mounted to the Top of Heaven, the *Pagans* received so great a Massacre, and fell before the Christian Champions, that they were forced to wade up to the Knees in Blood, and their Soldiers to fight upon Heaps of slaughtered Men: The Fields were altered from a green Colour to a purple Hue, the Dales were steeped in Crimson Gore, and the Hills and Mountains covered with dead Mens rattling Bones. And let us not forget the wicked Necromancer *Osmond*, that during the Time of that dangerous Encounter kneeled in a low Valley, near unto the Camps, with his black Hair hanging down unto his Shoulders like a Wreath of Snakes, and with his Silver Wand circling the Earth, where when he heard the Sound of Drums in the Air, and the brazen Trumpets giving dreadful Sounds of War, he entered into these fatal and damned Speeches:

Now is the Battle (quoth he) *furiouſly begun, for methinks I hear the Soldan cry for Help; now is the Time my charming Spells must work for Persia's Victory, and Europe's fatal Overthrow:* Which being said, Thrice did he kiss the Earth, Thrice beheld the Elements, and Thrice besprinkled the Circle with his own Blood, which with a Silver Razor he let from his left

Arm; and after began again to speak in this Manner:

Stand still you wandering Lamps of Heaven, move not, sweet Stars, but linger on 'till Osmond's Charms be brought to full Effect. O thou great Dæmon, Prince of damned Ghosts, thou chief Commander of those fearful Shapes, that nightly glide by misbelieving Travellers, even thou that holdest the Snaky Scepter in thy Hand, sitting upon a Throne of burning Steel, even thou that toss'st burning Fire-Brands abroad, even thou whose Eyes are like to unlucky Comets, even thee I charge to let my Furies loose, open thy brazen Gates, and leave thy boiling Cauldron empty; send up such Legions of infernal Fiends that may in Number countervail the Blades of Grass that beautify those bloody Fields of Belgor.

These fatal Speeches were no sooner finished, but there appeared such a Similitude of Spirits, both from the Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, that it is almost incredible to report; which he caused to run into the Christian Army; whose burning Fauchions not only annoyed the Soldiers with Fear and Terror, but also fired the Horses Manes, burned the Trappings, consumed their Banners, scorched Trees and Herbs, and dimmed the Elements with such an extream Darkness, as though the Earth had been covered with eternal Night; he caused the Spirits likewise to raise such a Tempest that it tore up mighty Oaks by the Roots, removed Hills and Mountains, and blew up Men into the Air, Horse and all: Yet neither his Magick Arts, nor all the Furies and wicked Spirits could any whit daunt the most noble and magnanimous Minds of the Six Champions of *Christendom*; but like unconquered Lions they purchase Honour where they went, colouring their Swords in *Pagans* Blood, making the Earth true Witnesses of their Victorious and Heroical Proceedings, whom they had attired in a blood-red Livery: And though St. George

was

was absent in that terrible Battle, yet merited they as much Honour and Renown as though he had been there present; for the accursed *Pagans* fell before their warlike Weapons, as Leaves do from the Trees, when the blustering Storms of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Necromancer, *Osmond*, perceived that his Magick Spells took no Effect, and how in Despite of his Enchantment, the Christians got the better of the Day, he accursed his Art, and banned the Hour and Time wherein he attempted so wicked an Enterprize, thinking them to be preserved by Angels, or else by some celestial Means; but yet not purposing to leave off at first Repulse, he attempted another Way, by Necromancy, to overthrow the Christians.

First, He erected up, by Magic Art, a stately Tent, outwardly in Show like to the Compass of Earth; but furnished inwardly with all the delightful Pleasures that either Art or Reason could invent, only framed to enchant the Christian Champions with enticing Delight, whom he purposed to keep as Prisoners therein: Then fell he again to his Conjuratation, and bound a Hundred Spirits by due Obedience to transform themselves into the Likeness of beautiful Virgins, which in a Moment they accomplished, and they were framed in Form and Beauty like to the Darlings of *Venus*, in Comeliness comparable with *Thetis*, dancing on the Silver Sands, and in all Proportion like *Daphne*, whose Beauty caused *Apollo* to descend the Heavens; their Limbs were like the lofty Cedars, their Cheeks to Roses dipt in Milk, and their Eyes more brighter than the Stars of Heaven; also they seemed to carry in their Hands Silver Bows, and on their Backs hung Quivers of Golden Arrows; likewise upon their Breasts, they had pictured the God of Love dancing upon *Mars* his Knee.

Thus in the Shape of beauteous Dam-

sels, caused he these Spirits to enter the Christians Army, and with the Golden Bait of their enticing Smiles, to tangle the Champions in the Snares of Love, and with their smiling Beauties, led them from their Soldiers, and to bring them Prisoners into his enchanted Tent. Which Commandment being no sooner given, but these Virgins, more swift than the Winds gliding into the Christians Army, where their glittering Beauties so dazzled the Eyes of the Six Christian Champions, and their sober Countenances so entrapped their Hearts with Desire, that their princely Valours were abated, and they stood gazing at their excellent Proportions, as though *Medusa's* Shadow had been pictured upon their Faces, to whom the inticing Ladies spake in this Manner:

Come, Princely Gallants, come, away with Arms, forget the Sounds of bloody War, and hang your angry Weapons on the Bower of Peace: Venus, you see hath sent her Messengers from Paphos to lead you to the Paradise of Love; there Heaven will rain down Nectar and Ambrosia, sweet for you to feed upon, and there the Melody of Angels will make you Musick; there shall you fight upon Beds of Silk, and encounter with inticing Kisses. These golden Promises so ravished the Champions, that they were enchanted with their Loves, and vowed to take their last Farewel of Knighthood and magnanimous Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their warlike Companies, to the Necromancer's enchanted Tent, leaving their Soldiers without Guiders, in Danger of Confusion. But the Queen of Chance so smiled upon the Christians, that the same Time *St. George* arrived in *Persia*, with a fresh Supply of Knights, of whose noble Achievements I purpose now to speak: for no sooner had he entered the Battle, and placed his Squadrons, but he had Intelligence of the Champions Misadventures, and how they lay

lay enchanted in a magick Tent, sleeping in Pleasure upon the Laps of infernal Furies, which *Osmond* had transformed, by his Charms, into the Likeness of beautiful Damsels; which unexpected News constrained *St. George* to breathe from his sorrowful Heart, this woful Lamentation:

Unconstant Fortune (quoth he) why dost thou entertain me with such bitter News? Are my Fellow Champions come from Christendom to win immortal Honour with their Swords, and lie they now bewitcht with Beauty? O Shame and great Dishonour to Christendom! O Spot to Knighthood and true Chivalry! this News is far more bitter to my Soul, than was the poisoned Dregs that Antipater gave to Alexander in his Drunkenness, and a deadlier Pain unto my Heart, than was that Juice that Hannibal sucked from his fatal Ring. Come, Soldiers, come you Followers of those Cowardly Champions, unsheath your warlike Weapons, and follow him whose Soul hath vowed either to redeem them from the Necromancer's Charms, or die with Honour in that Enterprize. If ever mortal Creatures warred with damned Furies, and made a Passage to Enchanted Dales, where Devils dance, and warlike Shadows in the Night: Then Soldiers let us march unto that Pavilion, and chain the cursed Charmer to some blasted Oak, that hath so highly dishonoured Christendom.

These resolute Speeches were no sooner finished, but the whole Army, before daunted with Fear, grew so courageous, that they protested to follow him through more Dangers than did the *Grecian* Knights with Noble *Jason* in the Isle of *Colcos*. Now began the Battle again to renew, and the Drums to sound fatal Knells, for the Pagan Soldiers, whose Souls the Christians Swords by Numbers sent to burning *Acheron*: But *S. George*, with his Sword made Lanes of slaughtered Men, and with his angry Arm made Passage through the thickest of their

Troops, as thought that Death had been Commander of the Battle: He called Crowns and Scepters to swim in Blood, and headless Steeds with jointless Men, to fall as fast before his Sword, as Drops of Rain before Thunder, and ever in great Danger he encouraged his Soldiers in this Manner: Now for the Fame of *Christendom*, fight; Captains be now triumphant Conquerors, or Christian Martyrs.

These Words so encouraged the Soldiers Hearts, that they neither feared the Necromancer's Charms, nor all the flaming Dragons, nor fierce Drakes, that filled the Air with burning Lights, nor daunted at the strange Encounters of hellish Legions, that like to armed Men with burning Fauchions haunted them; so fortunate were their Proceedings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the Enchanted Tent, whereas the other Champions lay surfeiting in Love, whilst Thousands of their Friends fought in Coats of Steel, and merited Renown by their Noble Atchievements; for no sooner arrived *S. George* with his warlike Followers before the Pavilion, but he heard as it were the Melody of the Muses; likewise his Ears were almost ravished with the sweet Songs of the Enchanted Virgins: So pleasant and heavenly were the Sights in the Tent, and so delightful in his Eyes, that he had been Enchanted with their Charms, if he had not continually born the Honour of Knighthood in his Thoughts, and that the Dishonour would redound to *Christendom's* Reproach; therefore with his Sword he let drive at the Tent, and cut it in a thousand Pieces; which being done, he apparently beheld where the Necromancer sat upon a Block of Steel, feeding his Spirits with Drops of Blood; whom when the Champion beheld, he caused his Soldiers to lay hold upon him, and after chained him fast to the Root of an old blasted Oak, from whence neither Art, nor Help of all his Charms,

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Charms, nor all the Legions of his Devils could ever after loose him, where we leave him to his Lamentations, filling the Air with Echos of Cries, and speak how S. George redeemed the Champions from their Enchantments:

First, When we beheld them disrobed of their Warlike Attire, their Furniture hung up, and themselves secretly Sleeping upon the Laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented Speeches:

O Heavens (said he) how my Soul abhors this Spectacle! Champions of Christendom arise, brave Knights stand up, I say, and look about like Men: Are you the chosen Captains of your Countries, and will you bury all your Honours up in Ladies Laps? For Shame arise, I say they have the Tears of Crocodiles, the Songs of Syrens to Enchant: To Arms, brave Knights, let Honour be your Loves: Blush to behold your Friends in Arms, and Blush to see your Native Countrymen sleeping the Fields of Mayors with their Bloods: Champions arise, S. George calls, the Victory will tarry till you come: Arise, and tear the Womanish Attire, surfeit not in Silken Robes; put on your Steely Corsets, your glittering Burgonets, and unsheath your conquering Weapons, that Mayors Field may be converted into a Purple Ocean.

These heroical Speeches were no sooner finished, but the Champions like Men amazed, rose from their Ladies Bosoms, and being ashamed of their Follies, they submissively craved Pardon, and vowed by Protestations, never to sleep in Beds of Down, nor never unbuckle their Shields from their weary Arms, till they had won their Credits in the Fields again, nor never would be counted his deserved Followers, 'till their Triumphs were enrolled amongst the Deeds of martial Knights. So arming themselves with approved Corsets, and taking their trusty Swords, they accompanied St. George to the Thickest of

No XXIX,

their Enemies, and left the Necromancer chained to the Tree, which at their Departure breathed forth these bitter Curses:

Let Hell's Horror, and tormenting Pains (quoth he) be their eternal Punishment; let flaming Fire descend the Elements, and consume them in their warlike Triumphs, and let their Ways be strowed with venomous Thorns, that all their Legs may rangle to the Knees, before they march to their Native Country. But why exclaim I thus in vain, when Heaven itself preserves their Happiness? Now all my magick Charms are ended, and all my Spirits forsaken me in my need, and here am I fast chained up to starve and die. Have I had Power to rend the Vale of Earth, and shake the mighty Mountains with my Charms? Have I had Power to raise up dead Mens Shapes from Kingly Tombs, and can I not unchain myself from this accursed Tree? O no, for I am fettered up by the Immortal Power of the Christians God; against whom because I did rebel, I am now condemned to everlasting Fire. Come all ye Necromancers in the World, come all you Sorcerers and Charmers, come all you Scholars from the learned Universities, come all you Witches, Beldams and Fortune-Tellers, and all that practise devilish Arts, come take Example by the Story of my Eyes.

This being said, he violently, with his own Hands, tore his Hair from his Head, as a sufficient Revenge, because by the Direction of their Wills, he was first trained in that damned Art: Then betwixt his Teeth, he bit in two his loathsome Tongue, because it muttered forth so many Charms: Then into his Thirsty Bowels he devoured his Hands, because they had so often held the Silver Wand, wherewith he had made his charmed Circles; and for every Letter, Mark, and Character that belonged to his Conjuraton, he inflicted a several Torment upon himself: And at last with sightless Eyes, speechless Tongue, handleless

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Arms,

Arms, and dismembered Body, he was forced to give up his condemned Ghosts; where after his Air of Life was vanished from his Earthly Trunk, the Heavens seemed to smile at his sudden Fall, and Hell began to roar at the Conquest of his Death; the Ground whereon he died, was ever after that Time unfortunate, and to this present Time, it is called in that Country *A Vale of walking Spirits*.

Thus have you heard the damnable Life, and miserable Fall of this accursed Necromancer *Osmond*, whom we will now leave to the Punishments due to such a wicked Offender, and to speak of the Seven noble and magnanimous Christian Champions.

After *St. George* had ended these Enchantments, they never sheathed up their Swords, nor unlocked their Armour, 'till the Subversion of *Persia* was accomplished, and the Soldan with his petty Kings was taken Prisoners. Seven Days the Battle continued without ceasing; they slew 200,000 Soldiers, besides a Number that fled away and drowned themselves; some cast themselves headlong down from the Top of high Trees; some made Slaughter of themselves, and yielded to the Mercies of the Christians; but the Soldan with his Princes riding in their Iron Chariots, endured the Christians Encounters, 'till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by Force and Violence they were compelled to yield. The Soldan happened into the Hands of *St. George*, and six Vice-roys to the other Six Champions; where after they had sworn Allegiance to the Christian Knights, and had promised to forsake their *Mabomet*, they were not only set at Liberty, but used most honourably; but the Soldan himself, having a Heart fraught with Despight and Tyranny, contemned the Champions Courtesies, and utterly disdained their Christian Governments, protesting, that the Heavens should first lose their wonted Brightness, and the

Seas forsake their swelling Tides, before his Heart should yield to their intended Desires; whereupon *St. George* being resolved to revenge his Injuries, commanded that the Soldan should be disrobed from all his Princely Attire, and in base Apparel sent to Prison, even to the Dungeon where he himself had endured so long Imprisonment, as you heard in the Beginning of this History, which strict Commandment was presently performed; in which Dungeon the Soldan had not long continued, sufficing his hungry Stomach with the Bread of musty Bran, and stanching his Thirst with Channel-water, but he began to grow desperate and weary of his Life, and at length ran his Head against a marble Pillar, standing in the middle of the Dungeon, and dashed out his Brains; the News of whose Death, when it came to the Champion's Ears, they offered no Violence to his lifeless Body, but entombed him a sumptuous Sepulchre; and after that *St. George* took upon him the Government of *Persia*, and there established good and Christian Laws; also he gave to the other Six Champions six several Kingdoms belonging to the Crown of *Persia*, and surnamed them six Vice-roys or Petty Kings. This being done, he took Truce with the World, and triumphantly marched towards *Christendom* with the Conquest of three Imperial Diadems, that is to say, of *Egypt*, *Persia*, and *Morocco*; in which Journey he erected many stately Monuments, in Remembrance of his Victories and heroical Achievements; and through every Country that they marched, there flocked to them an innumerable Company of *Pagans* that desired to followed him into *Christendom*, and to be christened in their Faith, protesting to forsake their Gods, whose Worshipers were none but Tyrants, and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of Blood: To whose Requests, *St. George* presently condescended, not only in granting

ing them their Desires, but also in honouring them with the Favour of his Princely Countenance.

In this Princely Manner marched St. George with his warlike Troops through the Territories of *Africa* and *Asia*. But when the Christian Champions approached the watry World, and began to go on Board their Ships, the Earth seemed to mourn at their Farewels, and the Seas to rejoice at their Presence; the Waves couched as smooth as crystal Ice, and the Winds blew such gentle Gales, as though the Sea-Gods had been the Directors of their Fleet.

Thus in great Pleasure they passed the Time away, committing their Fortunes to the Mercy of the Winds and the Waters, who did so favourable serve them, that in short Time they arrived upon the Banks of *Christendom*; where being no sooner come on Shore, and past the Dangers of the Seas, but St. George, in Presence of Thousands of his Followers, knelt down on the Ground, and gave God Praise for his happy Arrival. After which he gave Command that the Army should be discharged, and every one rewarded according to his Desert; which within seven Weeks was performed to the Honour of *Christendom*.

After this, St. George earnestly request-

ed the other Six Champions that they would honour him with their Presence Home to his Country of *England*, and there receive the Comfort of joyful Ease, after the bloody Encounters of so many dangerous Battles. This Motion of St. George, not only obtained their Consents, but added a Forwardness to their willing Minds; so incontinently they set forward towards *England*, upon whose chalky Cliffs they in a short Time arrived; and after this, took their Journey towards the City of *London*, where their Entertainments were so honourably performed, as I want the Eloquence of *Cicero*, and the Rhetorick of *Caliope* to describe it.

Thus, Gentle Reader, hast thou heard the First of the Princely Atchievements, noble Adventures, and honourable Lives of these renowned and worthy Champions. The *Second Part* relates the noble Atchievements and strange Fortunes of St. George's three Sons; the Loves of many gallant Ladies; the Combats and Turnaments of many valiant Knights, and Tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise the Rest of the noble Adventures of the renowned Seven Champions; also the Manner and Place of their honourable Deaths, and how they came to be called *The Seven Saints of Christendom*.



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
SEVEN CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

How St. George's three Sons were entertained in the famous City of London, and after how their Mother was slain in a Wood, with the Pricks of a Thorny Brake; her Blessings she gave her Sons; St. George's Lamentation over her bleeding Body; and likewise of the Journey the Seven Champions intended to Jerusalem to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.



AFTER St. George, with the other Six Champions of Christendom, had brought into Subjection all the Eastern Parts, as you heard in the former Part of the History, they returned to *England*, where in the famous City of *London* they sojourn-

ed, a Place not only beautified with sumptuous Buildings, but graced with a Number of valiant Knights, and gallant Gentlemen.

Here the Christian Champions laid their Arms aside, here hung they up their Weapons on the Bower of Peace, here their glittering Corsets rusted in their Armouries

mouries, here was not heard the warlike Sound of Drums nor Silver Trumpets, here stood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor barbed Steeds prepared to the Battle, but all Things tended to a lasting Peace.

But at last St. *George's* three Sons, *Guy*, *Alexander*, and *David*, being all three born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the Wilderness, and sent into three several Kingdoms by their careful Father to be trained up; being grown to some Ripeness of Age, they desired much to visit their Parents, whom they had not seen from their Infancies.

This Request so pleased their Tutors, that they furnished them with a stately Train of Knights, and sent them honourably into *England*, where they arrived all three at one Time in the famous City of *London*, where their Entertainments were most Princely, and their Welcome so honourable, that I want Art to describe, and Memory to express.

I omit what sumptuous Pageants and delightful Shews the Citizens provided, and how the Streets of *London* were beautified with Tapestry, the solemn Bells that rung them joyful Welcomes, and the Silver strained Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I pass over the Father's Joy, who prized their Sights more precious in his Eyes, than if he had been made sole Monarch of the Golden Mines of rich *America*. Also their Mother's Welcomes to her Sons, who gave them more Kisses than she breathed forth Groans at their Deliveries from her painful Womb in the Wilderness.

The other Champions Courtesies were not of the least, nor of the smallest in Account, to these three young Gentlemen; but to be short, St. *George* in his own Person conducted them unto their Lodgings, where they spent that Day and the Night following in Royal Banqueting amongst their Princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the Morning—
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Sun upon the Mountain Tops; and the clear Countenance of the Elements made mention of some ensuing Pastime, but St. *George* commanded a solemn Hunting for the Welcome of his Sons.

Then began his Knights to arm themselves in Troops, and to mount upon their Jennets, and some with well-armed Boar-Spears in their Hands, prepared for the Game on Foot; but St. *George*, with his Sons clad in green Vestments, like *Adonis*, with Silver Horns hanging at their Backs, in Scarfs of coloured Silk, were still the foremost in this Exercise. Likewise *Sabra* (intending to see her Sons Valour displayed in the Field, whether they were in Courage like their Father or no) caused a gentle Palfrey to be provided, whereon she mounted; to be witness of these Silvan Sports; she was armed with a curious Breast-Plate, wrought like to the Scales of a Dolphin, and in her Hand she bear a Silver Bow of the *Turkish* Fashion, like an Amazonian Queen, or *Diana* hunting in the Groves of *Arcadia*.

Thus, in this gallant Manner, rode forth these Hunters to their Princely Pastimes, where after they had ridden about six Miles from the City of *London*, there fell from St. *George's* Nose three Drops of Blood; whereat he suddenly started, and therewithal he heard the Croaking of a Flight of Night-Ravens, that hovered by the Forest's Side, all which he judged to be dismal Signs of some ensuing Tragedy; but having a Princely Mind, he was nothing discouraged thereat, nor little mistrusted the woful Accident that after happened, but with a noble Resolution entered the Forest, accounting such foretelling Tokens for o'd Wives Ceremonies, wherein they had not passed the Compass of half a Mile, but they started a swift Stag, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and gave Bridle to their Horses; but now behold how frowning Fortune changed their pleasant Pastime to a sad and bloody
G g Tragedy;

Tragedy; for *Sabra* proffering to keep pace with them, delighting to behold the valiant Encounters of her young Sons, and being careless of herself, through the over swiftness of her Steed, she slipped beside her Saddle, and so fell directly upon a Thorney Brake of Brambles, the Pricks whereof (more sharp than Spikes of Iron) entred to every Part of her delicate Body; some pierce the lovely Closets of her Star-bright Eyes, whereby (instead of Crystal pearled Tears) there issued Drops of purest Blood; her Face before that blushed like the Morning's radiant Countenance, was now changed into a crimson Red; her milk-white Hands that lately strained the Ivory Lute, did seem to wear a bloody Scarlet Glove, and her tender Paps that had often fed her Sons with the Milk of Nature, were all rent and torn with those accursed Brambles, from whose deep Wounds there issued such a Stream of Purple Gore, that it turned the Grass from a lively Green to a crimson Hue, and the abundance of Blood that trickled from her Breast began to enforce her Soul to give the World a woful Farewel. And when she perceived that she must of Force commit her self to the Fury of imperious Death, she breathed forth this dying Exhortation:

Dear Lord (said she) in this unhappy Hunting must you lose the truest Wife that ever lay by any Prince's Side; yet mourn not you, nor grieve you my Sons, nor you brave Christian Knights; but let your warlike Drums convey me Royally to my Tomb, that all the World may write in brazen Books, 'How I have followed my Lord, thro' many a bloody Field, and for his Sake have left my Parents, Friends, and Country, but now the cruel Fates have wrote their last spight, and finished my Life, because I am not able to perform what Love he hath deserved of me. And now to you my Sons this Blessing do I leave behind,

even by the Pains that forty Weeks I once endured for your sakes, when as you lay enclosed in my Womb, and by a Mother's Love that ever since I have born you, imitate and follow your Father in all his honourable Attempts, harm not the silly Infant, nor the helpless Widow, defend the Honour of distressed Ladies, and give freely unto wounded Soldiers, seek not to stain the unspotted Virgins with your Lust, and adventure evermore to redeem true Knights from Captivity, live evermore professed Enemies to Paganism, and spend your Lives in the Quarrel and Defence of *Christ*, that Babes (as yet unborn) in time to come may speak of you, and record you in the Books of Fame to be true Christian Champions. This is my Blessing, and this is the Testament I leave behind; for now I feel the chilness of pale Death closing the Closets of mine Eyes: Farewel vain World, dear Lord Farewel, sweet Sons, you famous Followers of my *George*, and all true Christian Knights, Adieu.'

These Words were no sooner ended, but with a heavy sigh she yielded up the Ghost, whereat *St. George* fell upon her lifeless Body, tearing his Hair, and rending his Hunter's Attire from his Back into many Pieces.

His Sons likewise, whose Sorrows were as great as his, protested never to neglect one Day, but daily to weep some Tears upon their Mother's Grave, till from the Earth did spring some mournful Flower, to bear remembrance of her Death, as did the Violet that sprung from chaste *Adonis's* Boon, where *Venus* wept to see him Slain. Likewise the other Six Champions began now a little to recover themselves, and after protested by the Honour of true Knighthood, to accompany *St. George* unto the Holy Land bare-footed, without either Hose or Shooe, only clad in russet Gaberdines, like the usual Pilgrims of the World, and never to return

turn till they had paid their Vows at that blessed Sepulchre.

Thus in this sorrowful manner wearied they the time away, filling the Wood with Ecchoes of their Lamentations, and recording their Dolours to the whistling Winds; but at last when black Night began to approach, and with her sable Mantle to overspread the crystal Firmament, they retired with her dead Body, back to the City of *London*, where the report of this Tragical Accident, drowned their Friends in a Sea of Sorrow; for the News of her untimely Death was no sooner bruited abroad, but the same caused both Old and Young to lament the loss of so sweet a Lady.

This general Grief of the Citizens continued for the space of thirty Days, at the end whereof, *St. George* with his Sons and the other Champions interred her Body very honourably, and erected over the same a rich and costly Monument (in sumptuous State, like the Tomb of *Mau-*

soleus, which was called one of the Wonders of the World,) for thereon was Portraied the Queen of Chastity with her Maidens, bathing themselves in a crystal Fountain, as a Witness of her wondrous Chastity, against the lustful Assaults of all lascivious Attempts.

Thereon was also lively pictured a Turtle Dove sitting upon a Tree of Gold, in Sign of true Love that she bore to her betrothed Husband.

I leave to speak of the curious Workmanship of the Pinacles that were framed all of the purest Jeat, enamelled with Silver and Jasper Stones: And I omit the Pendants of Gold, the Escutcheons of Princes, and the Arms of Countries that beautified her Tomb. Her Statue or Picture was carved cunningly in Alabaſter, and laid as it were upon a Pillow of green Silk, like to *Pigmalion's* Ivory Image, and directly over the same hung a Silver Tablet, whereon in Letters of Gold was this Epitaph written:

*Here lies the Wonder of this worldly Age,
For Beauty, Wit, and princely Majesty,
Whom spiteful Death in his imperious Rage,
Procur'd to fall through curſed Cruelty:
For as ſhe sported in a fragrant Wood,
Upon a Thorny Brake ſhe ſpilt her Blood.*

*Let Ladies fair, and Princes of great Might,
With Silver-pearled Tears bedew this Tomb;
Accuſe the fatal Sisters of deſpight,
For blaſting thus the Pride of Nature's Bloom;
For here ſhe Sleeps within this earthly Grave,
Whoſe Worth deſerves a Golden Tomb to have.*

*Seven Years ſhe kept her pure Virginity,
In abſence of her true betrothed Knight,
When many did purſue her Chaſtity,
Whilst he remained in Priſon Day and Night;
But yet we ſee that Things of pureſt Prize,
Forſake the Earth to dwell above the Skies.*

Ladies,

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*Ladies, come Mourn with doleful Melody,
And make this Monument your settled Bower;
Here shed your brackish Tears eternally,
Lament both Year, Month, Week, Day, Hour;
For here she rests whose Like can ne'er be found,
Here Beauty's Pride lies buried in the Ground.*

*Her wounded Heart that yet doth freshly bleed,
Hath caus'd Seven Knights a Journey for to take,
To fair Jerusalem, in Pilgrims Weeds,
The Fury of her angry Ghost to slack;
Because their Silvan Sport was chiefest guilt,
And only cause her Blood was timeless spilt.*

Thus after the Tomb was erected, and all Things performed according to St. George's Direction, he left his Sons in the City of London, under the Government of the *English* King; and in Company of the other Six Champions, he took his Journey towards *Jerusalem*.

They were attired after the manner of Pilgrims, in Ruffet Gaberdines down to their Feet, in their Hands they bore Staves of Ebon-Wood, tipped at the Ends with Silver, the Pikes whereof were of the strongest *Lydian* Steel, of such a Sharpness, that they were able to pierce a Target of Tortoiseshell; upon their Breasts hung Crosses of crimson Silk, to signify they were Christian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre of *Christ*.

In this manner set they forward from *England* in the Spring Time of the Year, when *Flora* had beautified the Earth with Nature's Tapestry, and made their Passages as pleasant as the Gardens of *Hesperides*, adorned with all kind of odoriferous Flowers. When as they crossed the Seas, the Silver Waves seemed to lie as smooth as crystal Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the Waters, as a Sign of a prosperous Journey. In travelling by

Land, the Ways seemed so short and easy, and the chirping Melody of Birds made them such Musick as they passed, that in a short Season they arrived beyond the Borders of *Christendom*, and had entered the Confines of *Africa*.

There were they forced instead of Downy-Beds, nightly to rest their weary Limbs upon Heaps of Sun-burnt Moss, and instead of silken Curtains and curious Canopies, they had the Clouds of Heaven to cover them. Now their naked Legs and bare Feet, that had wont to stride the stately Steeds, and to trample in Fields of Pagans Blood, were forced to climb the craggy Mountains, and to endure the Torments of pricking Briars, as they travelled through the desert Places, and comfortless solitary Wilderesses.

Many were the Dangers that happened to them in their Journey, before they arrived in *Judea*, Princely their Achievements, and most honourable their Adventures; which for this Time I pass over, leaving the Champions for a Time in their Travel towards the Sepulchre of *Christ*, and speak what happened to St. George's three Sons in visiting their Mother's Tomb in the City of *London*.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

Of the strange Gifts that St. George's Sons offered at their Mother's Tomb, and what happened thereupon; how her Ghost appeared to them, and counselled them to the Pursuit of their Father; also how the King of England installed them with the Honour of Knighthood, and furnished them with Habilliments of War.

THE swift-footed Steeds of Titan's fiery Car had almost finished a Year since *Sabra's* Funeral was solemnized; in which Time St. *George's* three Sons had visited their Mother's Tomb oftner than were Days in the Year, and had shed more sorrowful Tears thereon, than are Stars in the glittering Horizon; but at last these three young Princes fell at a civil Discord and mortal Strife, which of them should bear the truest Love to their Mother's dead Body, and which of them should be held in greatest Esteem: For before many Days were expired, they concluded to offer up their several Devotions at her Tomb; and he that devised a Gift of the rarest Price, and of the strangest Quality, should be held worthy of the greatest Honour, and accounted the noblest of them all.

The first thinking to exceed his Brothers in the Strangeness of his Gift, repaired unto a cunning Enchantress, who abode in a secret Cave adjoining to the City, whom he procured (through many rich Gifts and large Promises) by Art to devise a means to get the Honour from his Brethren, and to give a Gift of that strange Nature, that all the World might wonder at the Report thereof.

The Enchantress (being won with his Promises) by Art and magick Spells, devised a Garland containing all the Diversity of Flowers that ever grew in earthly Gardens, and though it were then in the dead Time of the Winter, when as the Silver Iſicles had disrobed both Herbs and

Flowers of their Beauties, and the Snow lay freezing on the Mountain Tops; yet was this Garland contrived after the Fashion of a rich Imperial Crown, with as many several Flowers as ever *Flora* placed upon the Downs of rich *Arcadia*; in Diversity of Colours like the glittering Rainbow, when it shineth in greatest Pride, and casting such an odoriferous Scent and Savour, as though the Heavens had rained down Showers of Camphire, Biss, or sweet smelling Ambergreece.

This rare and exceeding Garland was no sooner framed by Enchantment, and delivered in his Hands, but he left the Enchantress sitting in her Ebon Chair, and upon a Block of Steel (practising her fatal Arts) with her Hair hanging about her Shoulders like Wreaths of Snakes, or envenomed Serpents, and so returned to his Mother's Tomb, where he hung it upon a Pillar of Silver that was placed in the middle of the Monument.

The second Brother also repaired to his Mother's Tomb, and brought in his Hand an Ivory Lute, whereon he played such inspiring Melody, that it seemed like the Harmony of Angels, or the Celestial Musick of *Apollo*, when he descended Heaven for the Love of *Daphne*, whom he turned into a Bay-Tree; the Musick being finished, he tied his Lute in a Damask Scarf, and with great Humility he hung it at the West End of the Tomb, upon a Knob of a Jasper-stone.

Lastly, The third Brother likewise repaired with no outward Devotion or worldly

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worldly Gift; but clad in a Vesture of white Silk, bearing in his Hand an Instrument of Death, like an innocent Lamb going to Sacrifice, or one ready to be offered up for the Love of his Mother's Soul.

This strange Manner of Repair caused his other Brothers to stand attentively, and with diligent Eyes to behold his Purpose.

First, After he had (submissively, and with great Humility) let fall a Shower of Silver Tears from the Cisterns of his Eyes, in Remembrance of his Mother's timeless Tragedy; he prick'd his naked Breast with a silver Bodkin, which he brought in his Hand, from whence there trickled down about thirty Drops of Blood, which he after offered to his Mother's Tomb in a silver Basin, as an evident Sign that there could be nothing more dear, nor of more precious Price, than to offer up his own Blood for her Love. This ceremonious Gift caused his two other Brothers to swell in hatred like to chafed Lions, and run with Fury upon him, intending to catch him by the Hair of the Head, and drag him round about their Mother's Tomb, 'till his Brains were dashed against a Marble Pavement, and his Blood sprinkled upon her Grave; but this wicked Enterprize moved the Majesty of Heaven, that e'er they could accomplish their Intent, or stain their Hands with his Blood, they heard (as it were) the Noise of dead Mens Bones rattling in the Ground, whereupon (looking fearfully about them) the Tomb seemed of itself to open, and thereupon to appear a most terrible ghastly Shape, pale like unto Ashes, in Countenance resembling their Mother, with her Breast besmeared in Blood, and her Body wounded with a Number of Scars, and so with a dismal and ruful Look she spake unto her desperate Sons in this Manner:

Oh you degenerate from Nature's Kind!

Why do you seek to make a Murder of yourselves? Can you endure to see my Body rent in twain, my Heart split in sunder, and my Womb dismembred? Abate this Fury, stain not your Hands with your own Bloods, nor make my Tomb a Spectacle of more Death. Unite yourselves in Concord, that my discontented Soul may sleep in Peace, and never more be troubled with your unbridled Humours. Make haste, I say, arm yourselves in steel Corsets, and follow your valiant Father to Jerusalem, he is there in Danger and Distress of Life; away, I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this World, but hunt you up and down with ghastly Visions.

This being said, she vanished from their Sight into the brittle Air, whereat for a Time they stood amazed, and almost bereft of Wits, through the Terrors of her Words; but at last recovering their former Senses, they all vowed a continual Unity, and never to proffer the like Injury again, but to live in Brotherly Concord, 'till the Dissolution of their earthly Bodies.

So in haste they went unto the King, and certified him of all Things that had happened; and falling upon their Knees before his Majesty, requested at his Hands the Honour of Knighthood, with Leave to depart in Pursuit of their Father, and the other Champions that were fallen into great Distress.

The King purposing to accomplish their Desires, and to fulfil their Requests, presently condescended, and not only gave them the Honour of Knighthood, but furnished them with rich Habilliments of War, answerable to their magnanimous Minds: First, he frankly bestowed upon them three stately Palfreys, bred upon the bright Mountains of *Sardinia*, in Colour of an Iron-gray, beautified with Silver Hairs, and in Pace swifter than *Spanish* Jennets, for Boldness and Courage like to *Bucephalus*, the Horse of *Alexander* the *Macedonian*.

Macedonian, or *Cæsar's Steed*, that never daunted in the Field; and they were trapped with rich Trappings of Gold, after the *Morocco* Fashion, with Saddles framed like unto Iron Chairs, with Backs of Steel, and their Foreheads were beautified with spangled Plumes of Purple Feathers, whereon hung many golden Pendants: The King likewise bestowed upon them three costly Swords wrought of purest *Lybian* Steel, with Lances bound about with Plates of Brass, at the Tops whereof hung silken Streamers, beautified with the *English* Cross, being the crimson Badge of Knighthood and Honour of adventurous Champions. Thus, in this Royal Manner, rode these three young

Knights from the City of *London*, in Company of the King, with a Train of Knights and gallant Gentlemen, who conducted them to the Sea-side, where they left the young Knights to their future Fortunes, and returned back to the *English* Court.

Now are *St. George's Sons* floating upon the Seas, making their first Adventures in the World, that After-Ages might applaud their Atchievements, and enroul their Faines in the Records of Honour. Fate prosper them successfully, and gentle Fortune smile upon their Travels, for three braver Knights did never cross the Seas, nor make their Adventures into strange Countries.

CHAP. III.

How St. George's Sons, after they were knighted by the English King, travelled towards Barbary; and how they redeemed the Duke's Daughter of Normandy from Ravishment, that was assailed in a Wood by three Tawny-Moors.

MANY Dangers had not these three magnanimous Knights endured the danger of the swelling Waves, but with a prosperous and successful Wind, they arrived upon the Territories of *France*, where being no sooner safely set on Shore, but they bountifully rewarded their Mariners, and betook themselves fully to their intended Travels.

Now began their costly trapped Steeds to pace it like the scudding Winds, and with their warlike Hoofs to thunder on the beaten Passages; now began true Honour to flourish in their princely Breasts, and the Renown of their Father's Atchievements to encourage their Desires. Although tender Youth sat but budding on their Cheeks, yet portly Manhood triumphed in their Hearts;

and although their childish Arms as yet never tried the painful Adventures of Knighthood; yet bore they high and princely Cogitations in as great Esteem as when their Father slew the burning Dragon in *Egypt*, for preservation of their Mother's Life.

Thus travelled they to the farther Part of the Kingdom of *France* (guided on by the Direction of Fortune) without any Adventure worth the noting, till at last riding through a mighty Forest standing on the Borders of *Lusitania*, they heard (afar off as it were) the rueful Cries of a distressed Woman; which in this manner filled the Air with Echoes of her Moans:

O Heavens! (*said she*) be kind and pitiful unto a Maiden in Distress, and send some happy Passengers that may deliver

deliver me from these inhumane Monsters.

This woful and unexpected Noise, caused the Knights to alight from their Horses, and to see the Event of this Accident: So after they had tied their Seeds to the Body of a Pine-Tree, by the Reins of their Bridles, they walked on Foot into the thickest of the Forest with their Weapons drawn, ready to withstand any Assailment whatsoever; and as they drew near to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breathe forth this pitiful moving Lamentation the second time:

Come, come, some courteous Knight, or else I must forego that precious Jewel which all the World can never again recover.

These Words caused them to make the more speed, and to run the nearest Way for the Maiden's Succour. Where, approaching her Presence, they found her tied by the Locks of her own Hair to the Trunk of an Orange Tree, and three cruel and inhumane Negroes standing ready to despoil her of her pure and undefiled Chastity, and with their Lusts to blast the blooming Bud of her dear and unspotted Virginity.

But when St. George's Sons beheld her lovely Countenance besmeared in Dust, that before seemed to be as beautiful as Roses in Milk, and her chrystal Eyes embrewed in Floods of Tears, at one Instant they ran upon the Negroes, and sheathed their angry Weapons in their loathsome Bowels; the Leachers being slain, their Bloods sprinkled about the Forest, and their Bodies cast out as a Prey for ravenous Beasts to feed on; they unbound the Maiden, and like courteous Knights demanded the Cause of her Captivity, and by what Means she came into that solitary Forrest: *Most noble Knights,* quoth she, *and true renowned Men at Arms, to tell the Cause of my passed Misery,*

were a Trouble unto my Soul, for the Discourse thereof will burst my Heart with Grief; but considering your Nobilities, the which I do perceive by your princely Behaviour, and kind Courtesies extended towards me, being a Virgin in Distress, under the Hands of these lustful Negroes whom you have justly murdered, shall so much embolden me, though unto my Heart's great Grief, to discourse the first Cause of my miserable Fortune.

My Father, quoth she, whilst gentle Fortune smiled upon him, was Duke and sole Commander of the State of Normandy, a Country now situated in the Kingdom of France, whose Lands and Revenues in his Prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as stately a Train, both of Knights and Gentlemen, as any Prince in Europe; wherefore the King of France greatly envied, and by bloody Wars deposed my Father from his Princely Dignity, who for Safe-guard of his Life, in Company of me his only Heir and Daughter, betook us to these solitary Woods, where ever since we have secretly remained in a poor Cell or Hermitage, which by our industrious Pains hath been built with Plants of Vines and Oaken Boughs, and covered overhead with Clods of Earth, and Turfs of Grass: Seven Years we have continued in great Extremities, sustaining our Hunger with the Fruits of Trees, and quenching of our Thirst with the Dew of Heaven, falling nightly upon fragrant Flowers; and here instead of Princely Attire, embroidered Garments, and damask Vestures, we have been constrained to cloath ourselves with Flowers, which we have painfully woven up together: Thus in this Manner continued we in this solitary Wilderness, making both Birds and Beasts our chief Companions, these merciless Tawny Moors, who as you see, came into our Cell, thinking to have found some Store of Treasure; but casting their gazing Eyes upon my Beauty, they were presently enchanted with lustful Desires, only to crop the sweet Bud

Bad of my Virginity; then with furious and dismal Countenance, and with Hearts more cruel than was Nero's the tyrannous Roman Emperor, when he beheld the Entrails of his natural Mother laid open by his inhumane and merciless Commandment, or when he stood upon the highest Top of a mighty Mountain, to see that famous and imperial City of Rome set on fire by the remorseless Hands of his unrelenting Ministers that added unballowed Flames to his unboly Furies. In this Kind, I say, these merciless and wicked minded Negroes with violent Hands took my aged Father, and most cruelly bound him to the blasted Body of a withered Oak, standing before the Entry of his Cell; where neither the reverend Honour of his silver Hairs, glittering like the frozen Isicles upon the Northern Mountains, nor the strained Sighs of his Breast, wherein the Pledge of Wisdom was enbronized, nor all my Tears or Exclamations could any whit abate their Cruelties, but (grim Dogs of Barbary) they left my Father fast bound unto the Tree, and like egregious Vipers took me by the Trammels of my golden Hair, dragging me like a silly Lamb unto this slaughtering Place, intending to satisfy their Lust with the Flower of my Chastity. Being used thus, I made my humble Supplication to the highest Majesty, to be revenged upon their Cruelties: I reported to them the Rewards of bloody Ravishments, yet neither the Fears of Heaven, nor the terrible Threats of Hell could mollify their bloody Minds; but they protested to persevere in that Wickedness, and vowed that if all the Leaves of the Trees, that grew within the Wood, were turned into Indian Pearls, yet should they not redeem my Chastity from the Stain of their insatiable and lustful Desires. This being said, they bound me with the Trammels of mine own Hair to this Orange-tree, and at the very Instant they proffered to defile my unspotted Body, you happily approached, and not only redeemed me from their Tyrannous Desires, but quit

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the World from three of the wickedest Creatures that ever Nature framed; for which (most noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgin's Prayers may prevail, humbly will I make my Supplications to the Deities that you may prove as valiant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that your Fames may ring to every Prince's Ear, as far as bright Hiperion doth shew his golden Face.

This tragical Tale was no sooner ended, but the three Knights embraced the sorrowful Maiden betwixt their Arms, and earnestly requested her to conduct them unto the Place where she left her Father bound unto the withered Oak; to which she willingly consented, and thanked them highly for their Kindness; but before they approached to the old Man's Presence, what for the Grief of his Banishment, and violent Usage of his Daughter, he was forced to yield up his miserable Life to the Mercy of unavoidable Death.

When St. George's valiant Sons, in Company of this sorrowful Maiden came to the Tree, and (contrary to their Expectations) found her Father cold and stiff, void of Sense and Feeling, also his Hands and Face covered with green Moss, which they supposed to be done by the Robin-Red-Breast, and other little Birds, who do use naturally to cover the bare Parts of any Body that they find dead in the Field, they all fell into a new confused Extremity of Grief; but especially his Daughter, having lost all Joy and Comfort in this World, made both Heaven and Earth resound with her exceeding Lamentations. Thus when the three young Knights perceived the comfortless Sorrow of the Virgin, and how she had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spend the Remnant of her Days in Company of her Father's dead Body; they courteously assisted her to bury him under a Chestnut-Tree, where they

they left her behind them bathing his Grave with her Tears, and returned back to their Horses, where they left them at the Entry of the Forest tied to a lofty Pine, and so departed on their Journey, where we will leave them for a Time, and

speake of the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of *Jerusalem*, and what strange Adventures happened to them in their Travel.

C H A P. IV.

Of the Adventures of the Golden Fountain in Damasco; how six of the Christian Champions were taken Prisoners by a mighty Giant, and how after they were delivered by St. George; and also how he redeemed fourteen Jews out of Prison; with divers other strange Accidents that happened.

LET us now speak of the favourable Clemency that smiling Fortune shewed to the Christian Champions in their Travels to *Jerusalem*; for after they were departed from *England*, and had journied in their Pilgrims Attire through many strange Countries, at last they arrived upon the Confines of *Damasco*, which is a Country not only beautified with sumptuous costly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of Man's Device, but also furnished with all the precious Gifts that Nature in her greatest Liberality could bestow.

In this fruitful Dominion long Time the Christian Champions rested their weary Steps, and made their Abode in the House of a rich and courteous Jew, a Man that spent his Wealth chiefly for the Succour and Comfort of Travellers and wandering Pilgrims; his House was not curiously erected up of carved Timber-work, but framed with Quarries of blue Stones, and supported with many stately Pillars of the purest Marble; the Gates and Entry of his House were continually kept open, in sign of his bountiful Mind, over the Portal thereof did hang a brazen Table, whereon was most curiously engraven the Picture of *Ceres*, the Goddess

of Plenty, deck'd with Garlands of Wheat, Wreaths of Olives, Bunches of Vines, and with all manner of fruitful Things; the Chamber wherein these Champions took their Nightly Reposes and golden Sleep, was garnished with as many Windows of Crystal Glass, as there were Days in the Years, and the Walls painted with as many Stories as were Years since the World's Creation; it was likewise built four-square, after the manner of Pyramids in *Greece*; on the North Side was painted high Mountains of Snow, whose Tops seem'd to reach the Clouds, and mighty Woods overhung with silver Iicles, which is the Nature of the Northern Climate. Lastly, Upon the West Side of the Chamber sat the God of the Seas, riding upon a Dolphin's Back, a Troop of Mermaids following him, with their golden Trammels floating upon the silver Waves: Thus in this Chamber rested these weary Champions a long Season, where their Food was not delicious, but wholesome, and their Services not curious, but comely: The courteous Jew their friendly Host, whom Nature had honoured with seven comely Sons, daily kept them Company, and not only shewed them the Curiosities

of his Habitation, but also describing the pleasant Situation of his Country.

Some Days were spent in this manner, to the exceeding great Pleasure of the Christian Knights, and when the dark Night approached, and the wonted Time of Sleep summoned them to their silent and quiet Rests, the Jew's Children, being seven as brave and comely Boys as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the Seven Champions Ears with such sweet and delicate Melodies, gently strained from their ivory Lutes, that not *Arion* (when all the Art of sweet Musick consented with his Tune, Voice and Hand, when he won Favour of the Dolphin, being forsaken of Men) was comparable thereto; whereby the Christians were enchanted with such Delights that their Sleeps seemed to be as pleasant as was the sweet Joys of *Elisum*: But upon a Time, after the courteous Jew had Intelligence how they were Christian Knights, and such admired martial Champions, whom Fame had canonized to be the Wonders of the World for martial Discipline and Knightly Adventures; and finding a fit Opportunity as he walked in their Companies, upon an Evening under an Arbour of Vine-branches, he revealed to them the Secrets of his Soul, and the Cause of his so sad and solitary Dwelling. So standing Bare-headed in the middle of the Champions, with his white Hair hanging down to his Shoulders, in Colour like the silver Swan, and softer than the Down of Thistles, or Median Silk untwisted, he began with a sober Countenance, and gallant Demeanour to speak as followeth.

I am sure, quoth he, you invincible Knights, that you marvel at my solitary Course of Living, and that you greatly muse wherefore I exempt myself from the Company of Worldlings, except my seven Sons, whose Sights are my chief Comfort, and the only Prolongers of my Life; there-

fore prepare your Ears to entertain the strangest Discourse that ever Tongue pronounced, or wearied Old Man in the Height of his Extremity delivered: I was in my former Years (whilst Fortune smiled upon my Happiness) the principal Commander, and chief Owner of a certain Fountain, of such wonderful and precious Virtue, that it was valued to be worth the Kingdom of India; the Water thereof was so strange in the Operation, that in four and twenty Hours it would convert any Metal, as Brass, Copper, Iron, Lead or Tin, into rich refined Gold; the stony Flint into pure Silver, any kind of Earth into excellent Metal: By the Virtue thereof, I have made the Leaves of Trees a flourishing Forest of Riches, and the Blades of Grass valuable to the Jewels that be found in the Country of America. The Virtue thereof was no sooner noised through the World; but it caused many foreign Knights to try the Adventure, and by Force of Arms to bereave me of the Honour of this Fountain. But at that Time Nature graced me with one and twenty Sons, whereof seven be yet living, and the only Comfort of my Age; but the other fourteen (whom frowning Fortune hath bereaved me of) many a Day by their valiant Prowess and matchless Fortitudes defend'd the Fountain from many great and furious Assailers; for there was no Knight in all the World that was found so hardy or of such invincible Courage, that if they but once attempted to encounter with any of my valiant Sons, they were either taken Prisoners, or slain in the Combat. The Fame of their Valours, and the Riches of the Fountain run through many strange Countries, and lastly, came to the Ears of a furious Giant, dwelling upon the Borders of Arabia, who at the Report thereof came armed with his steely Coat, with a mighty Bar of Iron on his Neck, like to furious Hercules that burst the brazen Gates of Cerberus, and bore the mighty Mountain Atlas upon his Shoulders; he was the Con-
queror

queror of my Sons, and the first Causer of my sudden Downfal: But when I thus had Intelligence of the Overthrow of fourteen of my Sons, and that he had made Conquest of my wealthy Fountain, I with the Rest of my Children, thinking all Hope of Recovery to be past, betook ourselves to this solitary Course of Life, where ever since in this Mansion or Hermitage we have made our Abode and Residence, spending our Wealth to the Relief of travelling Knights and wandering Pilgrims, hoping once again that smiling Fortune would advance us to some better Hap; and to be plain, right worthy Champions, since then my Hope was never at the height of full Perfection 'till this present Time, wherein your excellent Presences almost assure me that the hideous Monster shall be conquered, my Fountain restored, and my Sons Deaths (for dead sure they are) revenged.

The Champions with great Admiration, gave ear to the strange Discourse of this reverend Jew, and intended in Requital of his extraordinary Kindness to undertake this Adventure; and the more to encourage the other, St. George began in this manner to utter his Mind, speaking both to the Jew their Host, and his valiant Fellow-Champions:

I have not without great wonder (most reverend and courteous old Man) heard the strange Discourse of thy admirable Fountain, and do not a little lament that one of so kind and liberal a Disposition should be dispossessed of such exceeding Riches, neither am I less sorry that so inhumane a Monster, and known Enemy to all Courtesy and Kindness, should have the Fruition of so exceeding great Treasure; for to the wicked, Wealth is the Cause of their more Wickedness. But that which most grieveth me, is, That having had so many valiant Knights to his Sons they all were so unfortunate to fall into the Hands of that relentless Monster; but be comforted kind old Man, for I hope by the Power of my Maker, we were

directed hither to punish that hateful Giant, revenge the Injuries offered to thine Age, satisfy with his Death, the Death of thy Children, if they be dead, and restore to thy bounteous Possession that admirable rich Fountain again.

And now to you my valiant Champions I speak that with me through many Dangers have adventured; let us courageously attempt this rare Adventure, wherein such Honour to our Names, such Happiness to our Friends, such Glory to God consists in recovering Right to the wronged, and punishing rightfully the Wrongers of the oppressed; and that there be no Contention among us who shall begin this Adventure, for I know all you thirst after Honour, therefore let Lots be made, and to whomsoever the chief Lot falleth, let him be foremost in assailing the Giant, and so good Fortune be our Guides.

The Champions without more Words disrobing themselves from their Pilgrims Attire, every one elected forth an Armour fitting to their portly Bodies, then ready in the Jew's House; instead of their Ebon Staves tipped with Silver, they wielded in their Hands steeled Blades, and their Feet that had wont to endure a painful Pilgrimage upon the bare Ground, were now ready dressed to mount the lofty Stirrop; but as I said, they purposed not generally to assail the Giant, but singly every one to try his own Fortune, thereby to obtain the greater Honour, and their Deeds to merit the higher Fame; therefore the Lots being cast among themselves which should begin the Adventure, the Lot fell first to St. Dennis the noble Champion of France, who greatly rejoiced at his Fortune, and so departed for that Night to get Things in Readiness; but the next Morning no sooner had the golden Sun displayed his Beauty in the East, but St. Dennis arose from his sluggish Bed, and attired himself in costly Armour, and mounted upon a Steed of Iron-gray, with a spangled Plume

Plume of Purple Feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Stars of Gold, resembling the azure Firmament, beautified with glittering Stars. Where after he had taken leave of the other Champions, and had demanded of the Jew where the Giant had his Residence, he departed forward on his Journey, and before the Sun had mounted to the Top of Heaven, he approached the Giant's Presence, who as then sat upon a Block of Steel directly before the Golden Fountain, satisfying his Hunger with raw Flesh, and quenching his Thirst with the Juice of ripe Grapes.

The first Sight of this ugly and deformed Proportion almost daunted the Valour of the *French* Champion, that he stood in Amaze, whether it was better to try the Adventure, or return with Dishonour back to his other Fellow-Knights; but having a Heart furnished with true Magnanimity, he chose rather to die in the Encounter, than to return with Infamy; so committing his Trust to the unconstant Queen of Chance, he spurred forth his Horse, and assailed the Giant so furiously, that the Strokes of his Sword sounded like a weighty Blow hammered upon an Anvil. But so smally regarded the Giant the puissant Force of this single Knight, that he would scarce rise from the Place where he sat; but yet remembering a strange Dream that a little before he had in his Sleep, which revealed unto him, how that a Knight would come from the Northern Climates of the Earth, which should alone end the Adventure of the Fountain, and vanquish him by Fortitude; therefore not minding to be taken at an Advantage, he suddenly started up, and with a grim Countenance he ran upon St. Dennis, and took him, Horse, Armour, Furniture and all under his Arm, as lightly, as a strong Man would take a sucking Infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow Rock of Stone,

bound about with Bars of Iron, standing near unto the Fountain, in a Valley betwixt two mighty Mountains; in which Prison he closed the *French* Champion, amongst fourteen other Knights, that were Sons to the courteous Jew, as you heard before discoursed, and being proud of that Attempt, he returned to the Block of Steel, where we will leave him sitting glorying in his own Conceit, and speak of the other Champions remaining in the Jew's House, expecting the *French* Knight's fortunate Return; but when Night had taken Possession of the Elements, and no News was heard of the Champion's Success, they judged presently that either he was slain in the Adventure, or else discomfited and taken Prisoner; and therefore they cast Lots again which of them the next Morning should try his Fortune, and revenge the *French* Knight's Quarrel; so the Lot fell to St. James, the noble Champion of *Spain*, whereat his princely Heart rejoiced more than if he had been made King of the Western World. So in like Manner on the next Morning by break of Day, he attired himself in rich and costly Armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a *Spanish* Gennet, in Pace most swift and speedy, and in portly State like to *Bucephalus* the proud Steed of *Macedonian Alexander*; his Caparison was in Colour like to the Waves of the Sea; his Burgonet was beautified with a spangled Plume of sable Feathers, and upon his Breast he bore the Arms of *Spain*. Thus in this gallant Manner departed he from the Jew's Habitation, leaving the other Champions at their divine Contemplations for his happy Success; but his Fortune chanced contrary to his Wishes, for at the Giant's first Encounter he was likewise born to the Rock of Stone, to accompany St. Dennis.

This Giant was the strongest and hardiest Knight at Arms that ever set foot
K k upon

upon the Confines of *Damasco*; his Strength was so invincible, that at one Time durst encounter with an hundred Knights: But now return we again to the other Champions, whom when Night approached, and likewise missing *St. James*, they cast Lots the third Time, and it fell to the noble Champion of *Italy*, *St. Anthony*, who on the next Morning attired himself in costly Habilliments of War, and mounted upon a *Barbarian* Palfrey, as richly as did the valiant *Jafon*, when he adventured into the Isle of *Colcos* for the Golden Fleece, and for *Medea's* Love; his Helmet glittered like an icy Mountain deck'd with a Plume of ginger-coloured Feathers, and beautified with many silver Pendants. But his shining Glory was soon blemished with a Cloud of Mischance, for although he was as valiant as ever brandish'd Weapon in the Field of *Mars*, yet he found a Disability in his Fortitude, to withstand the furious Blows of the Giant, in such Sort that he was forced to yield himself Prisoner like the former Champions. The next Lot that was cast chanced to *St. Andrew of Scotland*, a Knight as highly honoured for Marshal Discipline as any of the rest; his Steed was clad with a Caparison after the Manner of the *Grecians*; his Armour varnished with green Oils, like the Colour of the Summer Fields, upon his Breast he bore a Cross of purple Silk, and on his Burgonet a goodly Plume of Feathers; but yet Fortune so frowned upon his Enterprize, that he nothing prevailed, but committed his Life to the Mercy of the Giant, who likewise imprisoned him with the other Knights. The fifth Lot fell to *St. Patrick of Ireland*, as brave a Knight as ever Nature created, and as adventurous in his Atchievements: If ever *Hector* upon his *Phrygian* Steed pranced up and down the Streets of *Troy*, and made that Age admire his Fortitude, this *Irish* Knight might countervail his

Valour: For no sooner had the Moon forsook the azure Firmament, and had committed her Charge to the golden burnish'd Sun, but *St. Patrick* approached the Sight of the Giant, mounted upon his *Irish* Hobby, clad in a Corset Proof, beautified with Silver Nails; his Plume of Feathers of the Colour of Virgin's Hair; his Horse covered with a Vail of Orange-tawny Silk, and his Saddle bound about with Plates of Steel, like an Iron Chair. The Sight of this valiant Champion so daunted the Courage of the Giant, that he thought him to be the Knight that the Vision had revealed, and by whom the Adventure should be accomplished; therefore with no cowardly Fortitude he assailed the *Irish* Knight, who with as Princely Valour endured the Encounter; but the unkind Destinies not intending to give him the Honour of the Victory, compelled the Champion to yield to the Giant's Force, and like a Captive to accompany the other imprisoned Champions. The next Lot fell to *St. David of Wales*, who nothing discouraged at the other Christian Knights, but at the Morning Sun's uprise into the azure Firmament glittered in his silver Armour before the Fountain, with a golden *Griffin* shining on his Breast, where he endured a long and dangerous Combat with the Giant, making the Skies resound with Echoes of their Strokes; but at last when the Giant perceived that *St. David* began to grow almost breathless, in defending the huge and mighty Blows of his steeled Bat, and chiefly through his long Encounter, the Giant renewed his Strength, and redoubled his Strokes, that *St. David* was constrained like to the other Christian Champions to yield to the Giant's Mercy.

But now the heroical Champion of *England*, *St. George*, he that was Fame's true Knight, and the World's Wonder, remaining in the Jew's Pavilion, and ponder-

pondering in his Mind the bad Success of the other six Champions, and that it was his turn to try his Fortune the next Morning in the Adventure, he fell into great Contemplation: Said he, *I that have fought for Christian Knights in Fields of purple Blood, and made my Enemies to swim in Streams of crimson Gore, shall I not now confound this bloody and inhumane Monster, that hath discomfited six of the bravest Knights that ever Nature framed; I slew the burning Dragon in Egypt; I conquered the terrible Giant that kept the enchanted Castle amongst the Amazonians: Then Fortune let me accomplish this dangerous Adventure, that all Christians and Christian Knights may applaud my Name.*

In this manner spent he away the Night, hoping for the happy Success of the next Day's Enterprize, whereon he vowed by the Honour of his golden Garter, either to return a worthy Conqueror, or to die with Honour valiantly. And when the Day began to beautify the Eastern Elements with a fair purple Colour, he repaired to the Jew's Armory, and clad himself in a black Corset, mounting himself upon a pitchy-coloured Steed, adorned with a blood-red Caparison, in Sign of a bloody and tragical Adventure; his Plume of Feathers was like a Flame of Fire quenched in Blood, as a Token of speedy Revenge; he armed himself not with a sturdy Launce, bound about with Plates of Brass, but took a Javelin made of Steel, the one End sharpened like the Point of a Needle, at the other End a Ball of Iron in Fashion of a Mace or Club. Being thus armed according to his wished Desires, he took Leave of the Jew and his seven Sons, all attired in black and mournful Ornaments, praying for his happy and fortunate Success, and so departed speedily to the golden Fountain, where he found the Giant sleeping carelessly upon his Block of Steel, dreading no ensuing Danger. But

when the valiant Champion St. George was alighted from his Horse, and sufficiently beheld the deformed Proportion of the Giant, how the Hair of his Head stood staring upright like the Bristles of a wild Bore, his Eyes gazing open like two blazing Comets, his Teeth long and sharp, like to Spikes of Steel, the Nails of his Hands like the Talons of an Eagle, over which was drawn a Pair of Iron Gloves; and every other Limb huge and strongly proportioned, like to the Body of some mighty Oak, the worthy Champion awakened him in this Order: *Arise, said he, unreasonable deformed Monster, and either make Delivery of the Captive Knights whom thou wrongfully detainest, or prepare thy ugly self to abide the uttermost Force of my warlike Arm and Death-prepared Weapon.*

At which Words the furious Giant started up, as one suddenly amazed or affrighted from his Sleep, and without making any Reply at all, took his Iron Mace fast in both his Hands, and with great Terror let drive at the most worthy English Champion, who with exceeding Cunning and Nimbleness defended himself from the Danger, by speedy avoiding the violent Blows; and withal returned on his Adversary a mighty Thrust with the sharp End of the Javelin, which rebounded from the Giant's Body, as if it had been run against an Adamantine Pillar. Which St. George perceiving, turned his heavy round-ball-end of his massy Javelin, and so mightily assailed the Giant, redoubling his heavy Blows with such couragious Fortitude, that at last he beat his Brains out of his deformed Head, whereby the Giant was constrained to yield up the Ghost, and to give such a hideous Roar, as though the whole Frame of the Earth had been shaken with the Violence of some Clap of Thunder. This being done, St. George cast his loathsome Carcass as a Prey to the

the Fowls and ravenous Beasts to seize upon; and after diligently searched up and down, 'till he found the Rock wherein all the Knights and Champions were imprisoned; which with his steelly Javelin he burst in sunder, and delivered them presently from their Servitudes, and after returned most triumphantly back to the Jew's Pavilion, in as great Majesty and Royalty as *Vespasian* with his Roman Nobles and Peers returned into the Confines of flourishing *Italy*, from the admired and glorious Conquest of *Jerusalem* and *Judea*.

But when the reverend Jew saw the *English* Champion return with Victory, together with his other six Fellow-Champions, and likewise beheld his fourteen Sons safely delivered, his Joy so mightily exceeded the Bounds of Reason, that he suddenly swooned, and lay for a Time in a dead Trance, with the great exceeding Pleasure he conceived. But having a little recovered his decayed Senses, he

gladly conducted them into their several Lodgings, and there they were presently unarmed, and their Wounds washed in white Wine and new Milk, and after banqueted them in the best manner he could devise; at which Banquet there wanted not all the Excellency of Musick that the Jew's seven younger Sons could devise, extolling in their sweet Sonnets the excellent Fortitude of the *English* Champion, that had not only delivered their captivated Brethren, but restored, by that ugly Giant's deserved Death, their aged Father to the Repossession of his golden Fountain. Thus after St. *George* with the other Six Champions had sojourned there for the Space of thirty Days, having placed the Jew with his Sons in their former desired Dignities, that is, in the Government of the golden Fountain; they cloathed themselves again in their Pilgrims Attire, and so departed forward on their intended Journey to visit the Holy Sepulchre at *Jerusalem*.

C H A P. V.

Of the Champions return to Jerusalem, and after how they were almost famished in a Wood; and how St. George obtained them Food by his Valour in a Giant's House.

THE Champions after this Battle of the golden Fountain never rested travelling 'till they arrived at the Holy Hill of *Sion*, and had visited the Sepulchre, which they found most richly built of the purest Marble, garnished curiously by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jasper, and Pillars of Jeat. The Temple Gates were of burnished Gold, and the Portals of refined Silver; and in it commonly burns a sweet smelling Taper, always maintained by twelve of the noblest Virgins dwelling in

Judea, clad in Silken Ornaments; many Days offered up these worthy Champions their ceremonious Devotions to that sacred Tomb, washing the Marble Pavements with their true and unfeigned Tears, and witnessing their true and hearty Zeal, with their continual Volleys of discharged Sighs. But at last upon an Evening, when *Titan's* golden Beams began to descend the western Element, as those Princely-minded Champions, in Company of these twelve admired Maidens, kneeled before the Sepulchre, offering up

up their Evening Orisons, an unseen Voice from a hollow Vault in the Temple uttered these Words :

You magnanimous Knights of Christendom, whose true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with Reports of Fame, whose bare Feet for the Love of our sweet Saviour have set more weary Steps upon the parched Earth, than there be Stars within the golden Canopy of Heaven, return, return into the bloody Fields of War, and spend not the Honours of your Time in this ceremonious Manner, for great Things by you must be accomplished, such as in Time to come shall fill large Chronicles and cause Babes as yet unborn to speak of your Achievements. And you chaste Maidens that spend your Time in the Service of God, even by the plighted Promise you have made to true Virginity, I charge you to furnish forth these warlike Champions with such approved Furniture as hath been offered to this Royal Sepulchre, by these traveling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Christendom. This is the Pleasure of high Fates, and this for the Redress of all wrong'd Innocents in Earth, must be with all immediate Dispatch forthwith accomplished.

This unexpected Voice was no sooner ended, but the Temple seemed strangely to resound, like the Melody of Celestial Angels, or the holy Harmony of Cherubims; whereupon the twelve Virgins arose from their Contemplations, and conducted the Seven Champions to the further Side of Mount Sion, and there bestowed upon them seven of the bravest Steeds that they ever beheld, with martial Furniture answerable thereunto, befitting Knights of such Esteem : Thus the Christian Champions being proud of their good Fortunes, attired themselves in rich and sumptuous Corsets, and after mounted upon their warlike Coursers, kindly bidding the Ladies adieu, betook them to the World's wide Journey.

This Travel began at that Time of the

Year, when the Summer's Queen began to spread her beautiful Mantle among the green and fresh Boughs of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all Kind of small Birds flew round about, recreating themselves in the Beauty of the Day, and with their well turned Notes making a sweet and heavenly Melody : At which Time, I say, these mighty and well esteemed Knights, the Seven Champions of Christendom, took their Way from Jerusalem, which they thought to be most used ; in which they had not many Days travelled through the Deserts, and over many a Mountain-top, but they grew feeble for lack of their accustomed Victuals, and could not hide nor dissemble their great Hunger. But one Evening, when they had spent the Day in great Extremity, and Night grew on, they happened into a Thicket of mighty Trees, when as the silver Moon with her bright Beams glittered most clearly; yet to them it seemed to be as dark as Pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which should sustain them, and their Faces did shew and declare the Perplexities of their Stomack. So they sat them down upon the green and fresh Herbs, very pensive of their extreme Necessity, providing to take their Rest that Night; but all was in vain, for that their Corporal Necessities would not consent thereunto; but without sleeping for that Night, till the next Day in the Morning that they turned to their accustomed Travel and Journey, thinking to find some Food for the cherishing of their Stomachs, and had their Eyes always gazing about to spy some Village or House, where they might satisfy their Hunger, and take their Rests. Thus in this helpless Manner spent they away the next Day, till the closing of the Evening-light, by which Time they grew so faint that they fell to the Ground with Feebleness.

But the next Morning by that Time the

golden Sun had almost mounted to the Top of Heaven, and the glorious Prime of the Day began to approach, travelled on till they came into a Field very plain, where in the Midst of it was a little Mountain, out of which there appeared a great Smoak, which gave them to understand that there should be some Habitation in that Place. Then the Princely-minded St. George said to the other Champions: *Take Comfort with yourselves, and by little and little, come forward with an easy Pace, for I will ride before to see who shall be our Host this ensuing Night; and of this brave Knights and Champions, be all assured, whether he be pleased or no, he shall give us Lodging and Entertainment like travelling Knights;* and therewithal he set Spurs to his Horse, and swiftly scowred away; his Beast was so speedy that in a short Time he approached the Mountain, where at the Noise and rushing of his Horse in running, there arose from the Ground a terrible Giant, of so great Height, that he seemed to be a big grown Tree, and for Hugeness like to a Rock of Stone; but when he cast his staring Eyes upon the *English* Knight, which seemed to him like two brazen Plates, or two Torches ever flaming, he laid his Hand upon a mighty Club of Iron which lay by him, and came with great Lightness to meet St. George; but when he approached his Presence, he thinking him to be a Knight of but small Valour and Fortitude, he threw away his Iron Bat, and came towards the Champion, intending with his Fists to buffet and beat out his Brains, but the Courage of the *English* Champion so exceeded, that he forgot the Extremity of Hunger, and like a courageous Knight raised himself in his Stirrups, otherwise he could not reach his Head, and gave him such a Blow upon the Forehead with his Fauchion, that he cut his Head half in sunder, and his Brains in great Abundance ran down his deformed Body, so that

amazed he fell to the Ground and presently died: His Fall seemed to make the Ground to shake, as though a stony Tower had been overturned, for as he lay upon the Earth he seemed to be a great Oak blown up by the Roots with a tempestuous Whirlwind.

At that Instant the rest of the Champions came to that Place with as much Joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowful.

And when St. Dennis with the other Knights saw the Greatness of the Giant, and the Deformity of his Body, they advanced his Valour beyond Imagination; but after some few Speeches passed, St. George desired the rest of the Champions to go and see what Store of Victuals the Giant had prepared for him.

Whereupon they concluded, and so generally entered the Giant's House, which was cut out of hard Stone, and wrought out of a Rock: Therein they found a very large Copper Cauldron standing upon a Trevet of Steel, the Feet and Supporters thereof were as big as great Iron Pillars; under the same burned a huge flaming Fire, that it sparkled like the fiery Furnace in burning *Acheron*.

Within the Cauldron were boiling the Flesh of two fat Bullocks, prepared only for the Giant's Dinner; the Sight of this ensuing Banquet gave them such Comfort, that every one fell to Work, hoping for their Travel to eat Part of the Meat; one turned the Beef in the Cauldron, another encreased the Fire, and others pulled out the Coals, so that there was not any idle, in hope of the Benefit to come.

The Hunger they had, and their Desire to eat, caused them to fall to their Meat before it was half ready, as though that it had been over-sodden; the two Knights of *Wales* and *Ireland* not intending to dine without Bread and Drink, searched in a secret hollow Cave, wherein they found two groat Loaves of Bread, as

big in Compass as the Circle of a Well, and two great Flaggons full of as good Wine as ever they tasted, which with great Joy and Pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the exceeding Contentment of the other Champions: And after they had thus gratified their Hunger, St. George requested the Champions to take Horse, and mounted himself upon his Palfrey, they travelled from thence thorough a narrow Path, which seemed to be used by the Giant, and so with great Delight they travelled all the rest of that Day, till Night closed in the Beauty of the Heavens; at which Time they had got to the Top of a high Mountain, from whence a little before Night they did discover marvellous great Plains, which were inhabited with fair Cities and Towns, at which Sight these Christian Champions received great Contentment and Joy; and so without any Staying they made Haste onward on their Journey till such Time as they came to a low Valley lying betwixt two running Rivers, where in the Midst of the Way they found an Image of fine Chrystal, the Picture and lively Form of a beautiful Virgin, which seemed to be wrought by the Hands of some most excellent Workman, all bespotted with Blood.

And it appeared by the Wounds that were cunningly formed in the same Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had suffered Torments, as well with terrible cutting of Irons, as cruel Whippings; the Lady's Legs and Arms did seem as tho' they had been wrung with Cords, and about the Neck as though she had been forcibly strangled with a Napkin. The Crystal Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black Cloaths, under an Arbour of purple Roses: By the curious fair formed Image, sat a goodly aged Man in a Chair of Cypress Wood; his Attire was after the Manner of the Arcadian Shepherds, not curious but comely, yet of a black and sable Colour, as a sure

Sign of some deadly Discontent, his Hair hung down below his Shoulders, like untwisted Silk, in Whiteness like Down of Thistles, his Beard over-grown, dangling down as it were frozen Icicles upon a Hawthorn-Tree; his Face wrinkled and over-worn with Age, and his Eyes almost blind, bewailing the Grievs and Sorrows of his Heart.

Which strange and woful Spectacle, when the Christian Champions earnestly beheld, they could not by any Manner of Means refrain from the shedding some few Tears, in seeing before them the Picture of a Woman, of such excellent Beauty, which had been oppressed with Cruelty; but the pitiful English Knight had the greatest Compassion when he beheld the Counterfeit of this tormented Creature, who taking Truce with his sorrowful Heart, he courteously desired the old Father, sitting by this woful Spectacle, to tell the Cause of his Sorrow, and the Discourse of that Lady's passed Fortunes, for whose Sake he seemed to spend his Days in that solitary Order; to whom the old Man with a Number of Sighs thus kindly reply'd:

Brave Knights, to tell the Story of my bitter Woes, and the Causes of my endless Sorrows, will constrain a Spring of Tears to trickle from the Conduits of my aged Eyes, and make the Mansion of my Heart rive in twain, in remembering of my undeserved Miseries; but now Fortune I see hath smil'd upon me, in sending you hither to work just Revenge for the inhuman Murder of my Daughter, whose perfect Image lieth here carved in fine Crystal, as the continual Object of my Grief; and because you shall understand the true Discourse of her timeless Tragedy, I have written it down in a Paper-Book, which my sorrowful Tongue is not able to reveal. And thereupon he pulled from his Bosom a golden-covered Book, with silver Clasps, and requested St. George to read it to the rest of the Knights, to which he willingly condescended, so sitting

ting down amongst the other Champions Book, and read over the Contents, which upon the green Grass, he opened the contained these sorrowful Words following.

C H A P. VI.

What happened to the Champions after they had found an Image of fine Crystal, in the form of a murdered Maiden, where St. George had a golden Book given him, wherein was written the true Tragedies of two Sisters; and likewise how the Champions intended a speedy Revenge upon the Knight of the Black Castle, for the Deaths of the two Ladies.

IN former Times whilst Fortune smiled upon me, I was a wealthy Shepherd, dwelling in this unhappy Country, not only held in great Estimation for my Wealth, but also for two fair Daughters which Nature had made most excellent in Beauty, in whom I took such exceeding Joy and Delight, that I accounted them my chiefest Happiness; but yet in the End, that which I thought should most content me, was the Occasion of these my endless Sorrows.

My two Daughters were endued with wonderful Beauty, and accompanied with no less Modesty; the Fame of whose Vertues was much blazed in many Parts of the World; by reason whereof there repaired to my Shepherds Cottage, divers strange and worthy Knights, with great desire to Marry with my Daughters, but above them all, there was one named *Leoger*, a Knight of a black Castle, (where he now remaineth) being in distance from this place Two Hundred Leagues, in an Island encompassed with the Sea.

This *Leoger*, I say, was so intangled with the Beauty of my Daughters, that he desired me to give him one of them in Marriage; when I little mistrusting the Treason and Cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great Honour that might redound thereof, for that he was a worthy Knight, as I thought, and

of much Fortitude, I quickly fulfilled his desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after *Hymen's* holy Rites were solemnized in great Pomp and State, she was conducted in Company of her new wedded Lord to the black Castle, more like a Princess in State, than a Shepherd's Daughter of such low Degree.

But still I retained in my Company the youngest, being of far more Beauty than her eldest Sister, of which this traitorous and unnatural Knight was informed, and her surpassing Beauty so excelled, that in a small time he forgot his new married Wife and sweet Companion, and wholly gave himself over to my other Daughter's Love, without consideration that he had married her Sister: So this inordinate and lustful Love kindled and encreased in him every day more and more, and he was so troubled with this new Desire, that he daily devised with himself by what means he might obtain her, and keep her in despite of all the World: In the End he used this Policy and Deceit to get her home into his Castle: When the time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his Wife should be delivered, he came in great Pomp, with a stately Train of Followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested me with
very

very fair and loving Words that I would let my Daughter go unto her Sister, to give her that Contentment which she desired, for that she did love her more dearly than her own Soul: Thus his crafty and subtle Perswasions so much prevailed, that I could not frame an Excuse to the contrary, but must needs consent to his Demands; so straitway when he had in his Power that which his Soul so much desired, he presently departed, giving me to understand that he would carry her to his Wife, for whose Sight she had so much desired, and at whose coming she would receive so much Joy and Contentment; her sudden Departure bred such Sorrows in my Heart (being the only Stay and Comfort of my declining Age) that the Fountains of my Eyes rained down a Shower of salt Tears upon my aged Breast, so dear is the Love of a Father unto his Child; but to be short, when this lustful minded Caitiff with his pompous Train came in Sight of his Castle, he commanded his Followers to ride forwards, that with my Daughter he might have private Conference. And entering alone with her into the most private Part of a thick Wood, he there began to open his lustful Thoughts unto her, persuading her to submit to his wicked Desires, but when his fair Words and enticing Speeches could not prevail, he whipp'd her tender Body, after stripping her to the Waist, with the Reins of his Bridle, in such a cruel Manner, that she fainted away. After she had a little recovered herself, he thus expostulated with her: *Hadst not thou better consent to my Pleasure, than thus suffer thyself to be tormented? Dost thou think it better to endure this Torment, than to live a most loving, sweet and contented Life?* and therewith his Anger so encreased, that he staring on her Face with his accursed Eyes, fixed in such sort, that he could not withdraw them back.

Which being perceived by this distressed Virgin, as one far more desirous of Death than of Life, with a furious Voice, she said, *Oh Traitor, thou wicked Monster, thou utter Enemy to all Humanity, thou shameless Creature, more cruel than the Lyons in the Desarts of Hircania: Thou Stain of Knighthood, and the bloodiest Wretch that ever Nature framed in the World, wherein dost thou contemplate thus thyself? Thou fleshly Butcher, thou unmerciful Tyger, thou leacherous Hog, and Dishonour of thy Progeny; make an End (I say) of these my Torments, for now it is too late to repent thee, gore my unspotted Breast with thy bloody Weapon, and send my Soul into the Bosom of Diana whom I behold sitting in her Celestial Palace, accompanied with numberless Troops of vestal Virgins, ready to entertain my bleeding Ghost into her pleasant Mansion.*

This merciless Knight seeing the Stedfastness that she had in the Defence of her Honour, with a cruel and infernal Heart took a filken Scarf which the Damsel had girded at her Waste, and with a brutal Anger doubled it about her Neck, and pinched it so strait that her Soul departed from her terrestrial Body. O you valiant Knights that by your Prowess come to the reading of this dismal Tragedy, and come to the hearing these bloody Lines contained in this golden Book, consider the great Constancy and Chastity of this unfortunate Maiden, and let the Grief thereof move you to take Vengeance of this Cruelty shewed without any Desert.

So when this infernal Knight saw that she was dead, he took his Horse and rode after his Fellows, and in a short Time he overtook them, and looked with so furious and ireful a Countenance, that there was none durst be so hardy to ask him where my Daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore me great Affection for the Kindness and Courtesy I offered to him at his Lady's and my Daughter's

Nuptials, who having a Suspicion by the great Alteration that appeared in his Master, and being very desirous to know what was become of the Damsel, because he came alone without bringing the Damsel with him, neither could he have any Sight of her, he then presently withdrew himself back, and followed the Footings of the Horse, and ceased not until he came to the Place where this Cruelty was wrought; whereas he found the Maiden dead, at the View whereof he remained almost beside himself, in such Sort that he had well near fallen to the Ground: The sorrowful Squire remained thus a good while before he could speak; but at last when he came again to himself, he began with a dolorous Complaint to cry out against Fortune, because she had suffered so great Cruelty to be committed upon this Damsel. And making this sorrowful Lamentation, he unloosed her from the Tree, and laid her upon Part of her Apparel which he found lying by, all besmeared in Blood. He afterwards cut down Branches from the Trees, and gathered Grass from the Ground to cover the Body, and left it laying so, that it seemed to be a Mountain of green Grass, or a Thicket of springing Trees, and then determined with himself in the best Manner that he could, to dissemble the Knowledge of the bloody Fact: So he took his Horse and rode the next Way towards the Castle, in which he rode so fast, that he overtook the Knight and his Company at the entering of the Gates, whereas the lustful Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any Person, entered into his Closet, by Reason whereof this kind and courteous Squire had Time to declare all Things he had seen to the new married Lady, and the dolorous End of her Sister. This sudden and unlook'd for Sorrow mixed with Anger and Wrath, was such in the Lady, that she caused the Squire not to depart from the Castle, until such Time

as more Occasion served, and to keep all Things in secret that he had seen, she herself remained very sorrowful, making great Lamentation to herself in secret, as if she would not be perceived, yet with a soft Voice, she said:

Oh unfortunate Lady! born in a sorrowful Hour, when some blazing and unlucky Comet reigned: Oh! unhappy Destinies that made me Wife unto so cruel a Knight, whose foul Misdeeds have made the very Elements to blush; but yet I know that Fortune will not be so far unkind, but that he will procure a strange Revenge upon his purple-stained Soul: Oh you immortal Powers! Revenge me on this wicked Homicide, if not, I swear that I will with mine own Hands put in Practice such an Enterprize, and so stain my unspotted Heart with wilful Murder, that all the Fates above, and all the bright Celestial Planets shall sit, and look from their immortal Palaces, and tremble at the Terror of my Hate. This being said, she took in her Hand a Dagger of the Knight's, and in her Arms her young Son, being but of the Age of forty Days, saying, *Now do I wish so much Evil unto the World, that I will not leave a Son of so wicked a Father alive, for I will wash my Hands in their accursed Bloods, were they in Number as many as King Priam's Children:* And entering the Chamber, where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him tumbling upon his Bed from one Side to the other, without taking any Rest, but in his Fury rending and tearing the silken Ornaments, where with a sorrowful Weeping, and terrible Voice she called him Traytor, and like a fierce Tygres, with the Dagger that she brought in her Hand, before his Face she cut the Throat of the innocent Babe, and threw it to him on the Bed, and therewithal said, *Take there (thou Traytor) the Fruit that thy wicked Seed created in my Body,* and then she threw the Dagger at him also in hope for to have killed him; but For-

tune would not that it should take Effect, for it struck against the Testern of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her Hands, which when the Lady saw that it nothing prevailed, she turned upon herself her outrageous Fury; so taking the bloody Dagger, she thrust it into her Heart in such sort, that it parted in two Pieces, and she fell down dead betwixt his Arms that was the Occasion of all this bloody Cruelty. The great Sorrow hereat that this false and unhappy Knight received, was so strange, that he knew not what Counsel to take, but thinking upon a severe Vengeance that might succeed these cruel Acts, he straitways devised that the Body of the Lady should be secretly buried; which being done by himself, in the saddest Time of the Night, in a solitary Garden under his Castle Wall, he heard a hollow Voice breath from the deep Vaults of the Earth, this Manner of Speech following: For the bloody Fact which thou so lately hast committed, thy Life draws near to a shameful End; and thy Castle, with all thy Treasure therein shall be destroyed, or fall into the Hands of him whose Daughter thou hast so cruelly murdered. Upon this, he determined to use a secret Policy, which was to set Watch and Ward in every Passage near unto his Castle, and to arrest all such Travellers as by Adventure landed upon that Island, not suffering them to pass untill such Time as they had promised by Oath to aid and assist him, even unto Death, against all his Enemies. In the mean Time, the aforementioned 'Squire which had seen and heard all the tragical Dealings that have been here declared, in the best wise he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very sorrowful and heavy News: Judge here then, gentle Knights, and ye Beholders of this woful Tragedy, what Sorrow I unfortunate Wretch sustained, and what Anguish I received; for at the

hearing thereof, I fell into a senseless Swoon, and being come again to myself, I besmeared my milk-white Hairs in Dust, that before were as clean as tryed Silver, and with my Tears, being the true Signs of Sorrow, I bathed the Bosom of my Mother Earth, and my Sighs passed with such Abundance from my tormented Heart, that they stayed the Passage of my Speech, and my Tongue could not reveal the Grief that my woful Thoughts conceived. In this dumb Silence and Sorrow of Mind I remained three Days and three Nights, numbring my silent Passions with the Minutes of the Day, and my Nightly Grievs with the Stars when frosty bearded Winter had clad the Elements with sparkling Diamonds; but at last, when my amazed Grievs were something abated, my Eyes, (almost blind with weeping) requiring some Sleep, thereby to mitigate the Sorrows of my Heart, I made my repair into a certain Meadow adjoining near unto my Cottage, where amongst the green springing Downs I purposed to take some Rest, and to lock up the Closets of my fearful Eyes with golden Slumbers, thinking it to be the greatest Content my sobbing Heart required; but before I could settle my Senses to a quiet Sleep, I was constrained to breathe this woful Lamentation from my oppressed Soul:

Oh unhappy Chance! (quoth I) Oh cruel and most spiteful Fortune; why didst thou not make me lose this bitter and sorrowful Life in my Childhood? or why didst thou not permit and suffer me to be strangled in my Mother's Womb, or to have perished in my Cradle; or at my Nurse's Pap? then had my Heart never felt this Sorrow, my Ears heard the Murder of my Children, nor mine Eyes had never wept so many helpless Tears.

At the End of this sorrowful Lamentation, what for Grief, and what for Want of natural Rest, my Eyes closed together, and my Senses fell into a heavy Sleep.

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But as I lay slumbring in the green Meadows, I dream'd that there was a great and fierce wild Man, which stood before me with a sharp Fauchion in his Hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat methought I was so frighed, that I gave many terrible Shrieks, calling for Succour to the empty Air. Then methoughts there appeared before my Face a Company of courteous Knights which said unto me: Fear not, old Man, for we be come from thy Daughter to aid and succour thee, but yet for all this the wild Man vanished not away, but struck with his Fauchion upon my Breast, whereas it seemed to open, and then the wild Centaur put his Hand into the gaping Wound, and pulled out my bleeding Heart: Where at the same Instant, methought that one of the Knights likewise laid hold upon my Heart, and they strove together with much Contention, who should pull it from the others Hands; but in the End, each of them remained with a Piece in his Hand, and my Heart parted in two.

Then the Piece which remained in the wild Man's keeping, turned into a hard Stone, and the Piece which remained in the Power of the Knight, converted into red Blood, and so they vanished away. Then strait after this, there appeared before mine Eyes the Image of my murdered Daughter, in the self-same Manner and Form as you behold her portrayed, who with a naked Body besmeared in Blood, reported unto me the true Discourse of her unhappy Fortunes, and told me what Place, and where her Body lay in the Woods, dishonoured for Want of Burial: Also desiring me not of myself to attempt the Revenge, for it was impossible, but to intomb her Corpse by her Mother, and cause the Picture of her Body to be most lively portrayed and wrought of fine Crystal, in the same Manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it near

unto a common Passage, where adventurous Knights do usually travel. And assuring me that thither would come some certain Christian Champions that should revenge this Injury and inhuman Murder. Which Words being finished, methought she vanished away with a grievous and heavy Groan, leaving behind her certain Drops of Blood sprinkled upon the Grass: Whereat with great Perplexity and Sorrow, I awaked out of my Dream, bearing it in my grieved Mind, not telling it to one, not so much as to the vast Air, but with all Expedition performed her bleeding Soul's Request. Where ever since, most courteous and noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely Death, and my unhappy Fortune, spending the Time in writing her doleful Tragedy in Blood-red Lines, which I see with great Grief you have read in this Book of Gold. Therefore most curious Knights, if ever Honour encouraged you to fight in noble Adventures, I now most earnestly intreat you with your magnanimous Fortitudes to assist me to take Revenge for that great Cruelty that hath been used against my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this sorrowful History, St. George with the other Champions shed many Tears, wherewith there did encrease in them a further Desire of Revenge, and being moved with great Compassion, they protested by their Promises made to the Honour of Knighthood, to persevere speedily on their vowed Revenge and determined Purpose; so sealing up a Promise to their plighted Oaths, protesting that sooner should the Lives of all the famous *Romans* be raised from Death, from the Time of *Romulus* to *Cæsar*, and all the rest unto this Time, than to be persuaded to return from their Promises, and never to travel back into *Christendom* till they had performed their Vows; and thus burning with Desire to see the End of this Sorrowful Adventure, St. George clasped

clasped up the bloody written Book, and gave it again to the Shepherd, and so they proceeded forwards towards the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle had his Residence, guided only by the Direction of the old Man, whose aged Limbs seemed so lusty in travelling, that it prognosticated a lucky Event; in which Journey we will leave the Champions for a Time, with the wonderful Provision that

the Knight of the Black Castle made in his Defence, the Success whereof will be the strangest that ever was reported, and return and speak of St. George's three Sons in the Pursuit of their Father; where we left them (as you heard before) travelling from the Confines of *Barbary*, where they redeemed the *Norman Lady* from the Tawny-Moors.

CHAP. VI.

A strange Adventure that happened to St. George's Sons, in the Pursuit of their Father, by finding certain Drops of Blood, with Virgin's Hair scattered in the Field, and how they were certified of the injurious Dealing of the Knight of the Black Castle against the Queen of Armenia.

Many and dangerous were the Adventures of the three young Princes in the Pursuit of their Father St. George, and many were the Countries, Islands, and Princes Courts, that they searched to obtain a wished Sight of his Martial Countenance, but all to small Purpose, for Fortune neither cast them happily upon that Coast, where he with his Famous Champions had their Residence, nor luckily founded in their Ears the Places of their Arrival. In which Pursuit I omit and pass over many noble Adventures that these three Princes achieved, as well upon the raging Ocean, as upon the firm Land, and only discourse upon an Accident that happened to them in an Island bordering upon the Confines of *Armenia*, near unto the Island, where the Knight of the Black Castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter; upon which Coast after they were arrived, they travelled in a broad and strait Path, until such Time as they came to a very fair and delectable Forrest, whereas sundry creeping Birds had gathered themselves together, to re-

fresh and shroud themselves from the parching Heat of the golden Sun, filling the Air with the Pleasures of their shrill-tuned Notes. In this Forest they travelled almost two Hours, and then they went up to the Top of a small Mountain which was at Hand, from which they discovered very fair and well-towered Towns, Princely Palaces, very sumptuous to behold; likewise they discovered from the Hill a fair Fountain-wrought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed four Spouts running with Water, which fell into a great Cistern, and coming to it, they washed their Hands, refreshed their Faces, and so departed.

After they had looked round about them on every Side, and toward their right Hand they espied amongst a Company of green Trees, a small Tent of black Cloth, towards which these young Princes directed their Courses, with an easy Pace, but when they had entered the Tent, and saw no body therein, they remained silent a-while, hearkening if they could hear any stirring, but they could neither see

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nor hear any Thing, but only they found the Print of certain little Feet upon the Sand, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose Footsteps they were, for that they seemed to be some Ladies or Damsels: So finding the Trace, they followed them, and the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies seemed to haste, so long they pursued after the Trace, that at the End they approached a little Mountain, where they found scattered about certain Locks of yellow Hair, which seemed like Threads of Gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with Drops of Blood, whereby they well understood, that in great Anger they were pulled from some Lady's Head: Likewise they saw in divers Places how the Earth was spotted with Spots of Crimson Blood: Then with a more Desire than they had before, they went up to the Top of that little Mountain, and having lost the Foot-steps, they recovered it again by gathering up the Hair, where they had not travelled far upon the Mountain, but towards the Water-side they heard a grievous Complaint, which seemed to be the Voice of a Woman in great Distress, and the Words which the Knights did understand, were these:

O Love! now shalt thou no more rejoice, nor have any longer Dominion over me, for Death I see is ready to cut my Thread of Life, and finish these my sorrowful Lamentations: How often have I asked Revengement at the Hands of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath been the Cause of my Banishment, but yet she will not hear my Request: How oft have I made my sad Complaints to Hell, yet have the fatal Furies stopped their Ears against my mournful Cries. And with this she held her Peace, giving a sorrowful Sigh, which being done, the three Christian Knights turned their Eyes to the Place from whence they heard this Complaint, and discovered

among some green Trees, a Lady who was endued with singular Beauty, being so excellent, that it almost deprived them of their Hearts, and captivated their Senses in the Snares of Love, which Liberty as yet they never lost: She had her Hair about her Ears, which hung diffusedly down her comely Shoulders through the Violence she used against herself, and leaning her Cheek upon her delicate white Hand: By her stood another Damsel which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for she was clad in Virgin-coloured Silk as white as the Lillies of the Field, and as pleasant to behold, as the glittering Moon in a clear Winter-freezing Night; notwithstanding all this delectable Sight the three Princely Knights would not discover themselves, but stood closely behind three Pine-Trees which grew near unto the Mountain, to hear the Event of this sad Accident; whereas they stood cloaked in Silence, they heard her thus to confer with her beautiful Daughter:

Oh my Rosana (quoth she) the unhappy Figure of him, that without Pity hath wounded my Heart, and left me comfortless with the greatest Cruelty that ever Knight or Gentleman left Lady: How hath it been possible that I have had the Force to bring up thee, the Child of such a Father which hath bereaved me of my Liberty! O you Sovereign Powers, grant that I may establish in my Mind the Remembrance of the Love of thy adulterous Father? O Girl, born to a further Grief, here do I desire the Guiders of thy Fortunes, that thy glittering Beauty may have such Force and Power, whereby the shining Beams thereof may take Revengement of the Dishonour of thy Mother: Give Ear, dear Child, I say, unto thy dying Mother, thou that art born in the Dishonour of thy Generation, by the Loss of my Virginity, here do I charge thee upon my Blessing, even at my Hour of Death, and swear thee by the Band of Nature, never

to suffer thy Beauty to be enjoyed by any one, until thy disloyal Father's Head be offered up in Sacrifice unto my Grave, thereby somewhat to appease the Fury of my discontented Soul, and recover Part of my former Honour.

These and such like Words spake the afflicted Queen, to the wonderful Amazement of the three young Knights, who as yet intended not to discover themselves, but still to mark the Event, for they conjectured that her woful Complaints were the Induction of some strange Accident. Thus as they stood obscurely behind the Trees, they saw the young and beautiful Damsel give unto her dying Mother, Paper, Pen and Ink, which she pulled from her fair Bosom, with which the grieved Queen subscribed certain sorrowful Lines unto him that was the Cause of her Banishment, and making an End of her Writing, they heard her (with a dying Breath) speak unto her Daughter these sorrowful Words following :

Come Daughter, quoth she, behold thy Mother at her latest Gasps, and imprint my dying Request in thy Heart, as in a Table of Brass, that it never may be forgotten; Time will not give longer Respite, that with Words I may shew unto thee my deep Affections, for I feel my Death approaching, and the fatal Sisters ready to cut my Thread of Life asunder between the Edges of their Shears, insomuch that I most miserable Creature do feel my Soul trembling in my Flesh, and my Heart quivering at this my last and fatal Hour, but one Thing (my sweet and tender Child) do I desire of thee before I die, which is, That thou wouldest procure that this Letter may be given to that cruel Knight thy disloyal Father, giving him to understand of this my Death, the Occasion whereof was his unreasonable Cruelty: And making an End of saying this, the miserable Queen fell down, not having any more Strength to sit up, but let the Letter fall out of her Hand, which her sor-

rowful Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Mother's Breast, she replied in this sorrowful Manner :

O my sweet Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it adds a Torment more grievous unto my Soul than the Punishment which Danaus's Daughters feel in Hell: I had rather be torn in Pieces by the fury of some merciless Monster, or to have my Heart parted in twain by the Hands of him that is my greatest Enemy, than to remain without your Company. Sweet Mother, let these my youthful Tears and this green budding Beauty encourage you still to revive, and not to leave me comfortless, like an Exile in the World; but if the gloomy Fates do triumph in your Death, and abridge your breathing Trunk of Life, and your Soul must needs go wander in the Elizian Shades; here I protest by the great and tender Love I bear you, and by the due Obedience that I owe unto your Age, either to deliver this your Letter into the Hand of my unkind Father, or with these my rueful Fingers to rend my Heart in sunder; and before I will forget my Vow, the silver-streamed Tygris shall forsake her Course, the Sea her Tides, and the glittering Queen of Night her usual Changes, neither shall any Forgetfulness be an Occasion to withdraw my Mind from performing your dying Requests: Then this weak Queen, whose Power and Strength was wholly decayed, and her Hour of Death grew near at Hand, with a feeble Voice she said, O you sacred and immortal Gods! and all you bright Celestial Powers of Happiness, into your divine Bosoms now do I commend my dying Soul, asking no other Revengement against the Cause of my Death, but that he may die like me for want of Love.

After this, the dying Queen never spake Word more, for at that instant the cruel Destinies gave an End unto her Life; but when Rosana perceived her to be dead, she began to tear the golden Trammels from her Head, and most furiously to beat her

her white Ivory Breast, filling the empty Air with Clamours of her Moans, making the Skies like an Eccho to resound her Lamentations, and at last taking her Mother's Letter into her Hands, washing it with Floods of Tears, and putting it next unto her naked Breast, she said, Here lie thou, near adjoining to my bleeding Heart, never be removed until I have performed my dying Mother's Testament. Oh Works and the last Work of those her dying Hand, here do I swear by the Honour of true Virgins, not to part it from my grieved Bosom, until such Time as Love has rent the disloyal Heart of my unkind Father; and speaking this, she kissed it a thousand Times, breathing forth Millions of Sighs, and so with a blushing Countenance, as red as *Aurora's* glittering Beams, she rose, and said to herself, What is this, *Rosana*? Dost thou think to recal thy Mother's Life with Ceremonious Complaints, and not perform that which by her was commanded thee? Arise, arise, I say, gather unto thyself Strength and Courage, and wander up and down the World, 'till thou hast found thy disloyal Father, as thy true Heart hath promised to do.

These Words were no sooner finished, but *St. George's* Sons like Men whose Hearts were almost overcome with Grief, came from the Pine-Trees, and discovered themselves to the Damsel, and courteously requested her to discourse the Story of all her passed Miseries, and as they were true Christian Knights they promised her (if it lay in their Power) to release her Sorrows, and to give end unto her Miseries. *Rosana* when she beheld these courteous and well-demeanoured Knights, who in her Conceit carried relenting Minds, and considering how kindly they desired to be Partners in her Grievs, she stood not upon curious Terms, but most willingly condescended to their Requests; so when they had prepared their Ears to en-

ertain her sorrowful Discourse, with a sober Countenance, she began in this Manner:

Lately I was, quoth she, whilst Fortune smiled on me, the only Child and Daughter of this lifeless Queen that you behold here lying dead, and she before my Birth, whilst Fortune granted her Prosperity, was the Maiden-Queen of a Country called Armenia, adjoining near unto this unhappy Island, whom in her young Years when her Beauty began to flourish, she was so intrapped with the Love of a disloyal Knight, called the Knight of the Black Castle, who after he had flourished in the Spoil of her Virginity, and had left his fruitful Seed springing in her Womb, grew weary of her Love, and most discourteously left her as a Shame unto her Countrey, and a Stain unto her Kindred, and after gave himself to such lustful and lascivious Manner of Life, that he unlawfully married a Shepherd's Daughter in a foreign Land, and likewise ravished her own Sister, and after committed her to a most inhumane Slaughter in a desert Wood: This being done, he fortified himself in his Black Castle, and only consorted with a cunning Necromancer, whose Skill in Magick is now grown so excellent, that all the Knights in the World can never conquer the Castle, where ever since he hath remained in Despight of the whole Earth.

But now speak I of the tragical Story of my unhappy Mother, when as I, her unfortunate Babe, began first to struggle in her Womb, wherein I wish I had been strangled; she heard News of her Knight's ill Demeanour, and how he had for ever left her Love, never intending to return again, the Grief whereof so troubled her Mind, that she could not in any wise dissemble it; and so upon a Time being among her Ladies, calling to Remembrance her spotted Virginity, she fell into a Trance, as though she had been oppressed with sudden Death, which when her Ladies and Damsels beheld, they presently determined to unbrace her rich Ornaments

naments, and to carry her unto her Bed, but she made Signs with her Hands that they should depart and leave her alone, whole Commandment was straitways obeyed, not without great Sorrow of them all, for their Loves were dear unto her; this afflicted Queen, when she saw that she was alone, began to exclaim against her Fortune, reviling the Fates with bitter Exclamations.

Oh unconstant Queen of Chance (said she) thou that hast warped such strange Webs in my Kingdom, thou that gavest my Honour to that Tyrant's Lust, which without all Remorse hath left me Comfortless, it is thou that didst constrain me to set my Life to Sale, and to sell my Honour as it were with the Cryer, compelling me to do that which hath spotted my princely Estate, and stained my bright Honour with black Infamy: Woe is me for Virginity! that which my Parents gave me Charge to have Respect unto, but I have carelessly kept it and smally regarded it: I will therefore chastise my Body, for thus forgetting of myself, and be so revenged for the little Regard that I have made of my Honour, that it shall be an Example to all noble Ladies and Princes of high Estate in the whole World. Oh miserable Queen! oh fond and unhappy Lady! thy Speeches be too foolish, for although thy desperate Hand should pull out thy despised Heart from thy bleeding Breast, yet can it not make Satisfaction for thy Dishonour. O you Clouds, why do you not cast some fiery Thunderbolt down upon my Head? or why doth not the Earth gape and swallow my infamous Body? oh false and deceived Lord, I would thy loving and amorous Words had never been spoken! nor thy quick sighted Eyes ever gazed upon my Beauty, then had I flourish'd still with Glory and Renown, and lived a happy Virgin of chaste Diana's Train.

With these and other like Lamentations this grieved Queen passed away the

Time from Day to Day, till she grew big with Child: At which she received double Pain, for that it was impossible to cover or hide it, and seeing herself in this Case, like a Woman hated and abhorred, she determined to discover herself publicly unto her Subjects, and deliver her Body unto them to be sacrificed unto their Gods; and with this Determination one Day she caused certain of her Nobles to be sent for, who straitway came, according to her Commandment, but when she perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of Honour were come thither before her, she covered herself with a rich Robe, and sat upon her Bed in her private Chamber, being so pale and lean, that all they that saw her had great Compassion upon her Sorrow; being all set round about her Bed, and keeping Silence, she revealed to them the Cause of her Grief in this Manner:

My Lords, (quoth she) I shame to entitle myself your Queen and Sovereign, in that I have defamed the Honour of my Country, and little regarded the Welfare of my Common-Wealth, my glittering Crown 'methinks is shaded with a Cloud of black Disgrace, and my princely Attire converted into unchaste Habiliments, in which I have both lost the Liberty of my Heart, and withal, my wonted Joy, and now am constrained to endure perpetual Pain, and an ever-pining Death; for I have lost my Honour, and reaped nothing but Shame and Infamy. To conclude, I have foregone the Liberty of a Queen, and sold myself to a slavish Sin, only mine own is the Fault, and mine own shall be the Punishment. Therefore without making any Excuse, I here surrender up my Body into your Powers, that you may (as an evil Queen) sacrifice me unto our Gods, for now my Lords you shall understand, that I am dishonour'd by the Knight of the black Castle; he it is that hath bereaved me of my Ho-

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nour,

nour, but with my Consent I must needs confess, and left me for a Testimony of this my evil Deed, big with Child, by which my Virgin's Glory is converted to a monstrous Scandal: And with this she made an end of her lamentable Speech.

But when those Earls, Lords, and honourable Personages that were present, had understood all that the Queen had said unto them, like Men greatly amazed, they changed their Colours, in Sign of Anger, looking one upon another, without speaking any Words, but printing in their Hearts the Fault done by their Queen, to the great Disgrace of their Country, they without any further Consideration, deprived her from all princely Dignity, both of Crown and Dignity, and pronounced her perpetual Banishment from *Armenia*, like Subjects not to be govern'd by such a defam'd Princess.

So at the Time appointed, like a Woman forlorn and hated of all Companies, she stored herself with sufficient Treasure and betook herself to her appointed Banishment. After whose Departure, the *Armenians* elected themselves another Prince, and left their lustful Queen wandering in unknown Islands, big with Child, void of Succour and Relief, where instead of her princely Bed covered with Canopies of Silk, she took her nightly Reposes upon the green Grass, shadowed with the fable Curtains of the Skies, and the Nurses thar were provided against her Delivery were Nymphs and Fairies dancing in the Night by *Proserpine's* Commandment. Tho' in great Grief continued she many Days, contenting herself with her appointed Banishment, making her Lamentations to whispering Winds, which seemed in her Conceit to re-answer her Complaints: At length the glittering Moon had ten times borrowed Light of golden *Phæbus*, and the Night's clear Candle was now almost extinguished, by which Time approached the Hour of her

laboursome Travel, where without Help of a Woman, she was delivered of me her unhappy Daughter, where ever since I have been nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many Times when I came to Years of Discretion, my woful Mother would discourse unto me this lamentable Story of both our Miseries, which I have most truly declared unto you.

Likewise she told me, that many Times in my Infancy, when she wanted Milk in her Breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lioness and sometimes a she-Bear, and gently give me suck, and contrary to the Nature of wild Beasts, they would many Times sport with me, whereby she conjectured that the immortal Powers had preserved me for strange Fortune: Likewise at my Birth Nature had pictured upon my Breast directly betwixt my two Paps the lively Form of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautify my Bosom with a Vermillion Colour, and this was the Cause that my Mother named me *Rosana*, answerable to my Nature's Mark. After this, we lived many a Year in great Distress, Penury and Want, intreating Time to redress our Woes, more often than we had lived Hours; the Abundance of our Tears might suffice to make watry Seas, and our Sighs countervail the Stars. But at last, the fatal Sisters listening to my Mother's Moans, and to my great Sorrows deprived her of Life, where now I am left a comfortless Orphan to the World, attending the Time until I find some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black Castle, where my disloyal Father hath his Residence, that I may there perform my Mother's dying Will.

These Words being finished, *Rosana* stood silent, for that her extreme Grief hindered the Passage of her Tongue, and her Eyes rained such a Shower of pearly Tears upon the lifeless Body of her Mother, that it constrained St. *George's* Sons to express the like Sorrow: Where after they

they had let fall a few Tears from their Eyes and had taken Truce for a Time with Grief, they took *Rosana* by the Hand, and protested never to depart from her Company till they had safely conducted her to the Black Castle. Thus after this when the Christian Knights had pitifully bewailed the Misery and untimely

Death of her Mother, they took their Daggers and digged a Grave under a Bay-Tree, and buried her Body therein, that hungry Ravens might not seize upon it, nor furious Bears tear it in Pieces, nor ravenous Harpies devour it, and after with the Point of their Daggers, they engraved this Epitaph in the Bark of the Bay-Tree.

*Here lies the Body of a helpless Queen,
Whose great Good-Will to her small Joy did bring;
Her willing Mind requited was with Teen,
Though she deserv'd, for Love, a Regal King:
And as her Corpse inclosed here doth lie,
Her luckless Fate, and Fame shall never die.*

So when they had made this Epitaph and covered her Grave with Green Turfs, they departed forward on their Journey towards the Black Castle, where we will leave them in their Travels, and return

to the disloyal *Leoger*, and how he fortified his Castle by Magick Art, according to the learned Skill of a cunning Necromancer.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Preparations that the Knight of the Black Castle made by Magick Art, to withstand his Enemies, and how the Seven Champions entered the same Castle, where they were enchanted into a deep Sleep so long as seven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the Water of an enchanted Fountain.

THE wicked *Leoger*, when he grew detested and abhorred in every Company, as well by noble Knights as gallant Ladies, for the Spoil and Murder of those three Virgin Dames, whose pitiful Stories you heard in the two former Chapters, and fearing sudden Vengeance to fall upon his Head, he fortified himself strongly in his Castle, and with his Treasure hired many furious Giants to defend it; wherein if they failed, and should chance to be overcome, he consorted with a wicked Necromancer, that he with Charms and Spells should work Wonders

in his Castle: Which Magical Accomplishments we will pass over till a more convenient Time, because I purpose to explain the History in good Order to the Reader.

First, speak we of *St. George* with the other Christian Knights that came in Revenge of the Shepherd and his unfortunate Daughter, who with good Success arrived upon the Shore of the Island, where this wicked *Leoger* and the Magician had fortified their Black Castle, in which Country the Champions like the invincible Followers of *Mars*, fearing no danger, nor the

the Frowns of unconstant Fortune, betook themselves to the readiest Way towards the Castle; in which Journey they were almost ravished with the Pleasure of the Island, for entering into a narrow and strait Line, garnished on both Sides with Trees of divers Sorts, they heard how the Summer Birds recorded their pleasant Melodies, and made their sweet and accustomed Songs without Fear of any Man to molest them. In which Row of pleasant Trees that delighted them on both Sides, there wanted not the green Laurel, so much esteemed among learned Scholars, nor the sweet Myrtle Tree, loved by Ladies, nor the high Cypress, so much regarded of Lovers, nor the stately Pine, which for his flourishing Height is called the Prince of Trees: Whereby they judged it to be rather an Habitation for Gods and Goddeses, than a terrestrial Country, for that the golden Sun with his glittering Beams did pass through those green and pleasant Trees without any Hindrance of black Clouds, for the Skies were clear as tryed Silver: Likewise the Western Wind did softly shake the shivering Leaves, whereby it made as sweet a Harmony as if they had been Celestial Cherubims: A thousand little streamed Brooks ran upon the enamelled Ground, making fundry fine Works by their crooked Turnings, and joining one Water with another, with a very gentle Meeting, make such silver Musick, that the Champions with the Pleasure thereof were almost ravished, and smally regarded whether their Horses went right or no, and travelling in this Sort, they rode forward till they came into a marvellous great and

wide Meadow, being of such exceeding Fairness, that I am not able with a Pen to paint out the Excellency thereof; whereas were feeding both wild and tame Harts, adorned with great and cragged Horns: Likewise the furious wild Boar, the fierce Lyon, and the simple Lambs, were altogether feeding with so great Friendship, as on the contrary, by Nature they were Enemies.

Whereat the noble Champions were almost overcome in their own Conceits, and amazed in their Imaginations, to see so strange Love, clean contrary to Nature, and that there was no Difference betwixt the Love of wild Beasts and tame; in this Manner they travelled along, till on a sudden they arrived before the Buildings of the Black Castle. Below under the Castle there was an Arch with a Gate, which seemed to be of Diamonds, and was compassed about with a Moat or Ditch, and was almost two hundred Paces broad, and every Gate had his Draw-Bridge, all made of red Boards, which seemed as though they had been bathed all in Blood. After this, the Champions rode to the other Side of this goodly Castle, wondring at the curious and sumptuous Workmanship, where they espied a Pillar of beautiful Jasper Stone, all wrought full of precious Stones of strange Works, which Pillar was of great Value, and was garnished with Chains of Gold, that were made fast unto it by Magick Art, at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly silver Trumpet, with certain Letters carved about the same, which contained these Words following:

*If any dare attempt this Place to see,
By sounding this, the Gate shall open'd be;
A Trumpet here enchain'd by Magick Art,
To daunt with Fear the proudest Champion's Heart;
Look thou for Blows that interest in this Gate,
Return in Time, Repentance comes too late.*

Which

Which when St. *George* beheld, and had understood the Meaning of those mystical Letters, without any more tarrying, he set the silver Trumpet to his Mouth, and sounded such a vehement Blast, that it seemed to eccho in the Foundation of the Castle; whereat the principal Gate presently opened, and the Draw-Bridge was let down, without the Help of any visible Hand, which made the Champions wonder, and to stand amazed at the strange Accident; but yet intending not to return, like Cowards daunted with a Puff of Wind, they alighted from their warlike Steeds, and delivered them in the old Shepherd's Hands, to be fed upon the fragrant and green Grass, till they had performed the Adventure of the Castle, which they vowed either to accomplish, or never to return: So locking down their Beavers, and drawing forth their keen-edged Fauchions, they entered the Gates, and being safe within, the Champions looked about them to see if they could espy any body, but they saw nothing but a Pair of winding Stairs, whereat they descended; they had not gone many Steps, but therein was so great a Darkness, that scarce they could see any Light, so that it rather seemed the Similitude of Hell, than any other worldly Place, yet groping by the Walls, they kept their going down those narrow and turning Stairs, which were very dark, and at such Length, that they thought they descended in the Middle of the Earth.

They spent a great Time in descending those Stairs, but in the End they came into a very fair and large Court, compassed with Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a Palace provided to keep untamed Lions, wherein casting their Eyes up to the Top of the Castle, they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Necromancer upon a large Gallery, supported with great Pillars of Brass; likewise there were at-

tending upon them seven Giants cloathed in mighty Iron Coats, holding in their Hands Bats of Steel, to whom the bold and venturous Champion of *England* spake with an undaunted Courage and loud Voice in this Manner, saying, Come down thou wicked Knight, thou spoil of Virginity, thou that art invironed with these monstrous Giants, these wondrous Works of Nature. Come down I say from thy Brazen Gallery, and take to thee thy Armour, thou that hast a Heart to commit a Virgin's Rape, for whose Revenge we come; now likewise have a Courage in thy Defence, for we vow never to depart out of thy Castle, till we have confounded thee, or by thy Force be discomfited.

At which Words he held his Peace, expecting an Answer, whereat the wicked Knight when he heard St. *George*, began to fret and fume like a starved Lion, famished with Hunger, even so raged *Leoger* the Knight of the Black Castle, threatening forth Fury from his sparkling Eyes, and in this vile Manner re-answered the noble Champion of *England*: Proud Knight (quoth he) or Peasant, whatsoever thou art, I pass not the smallest Hair of my Head, for thy upbraiding me with thy unruly Tongue, I will return thy Speeches on thyself, for the Pavements of my Castle shall be sprinkled with thy cursed Blood, and the Bones of those thy unhappy Followers shall be buried in the Sinks of my Channels. If thou hadst brought the Army of *Cæsar*, that made all Lands to tremble where he came, yet were they but as a Blast of Wind unto my Force; seeest thou not my Giants which stand like Oaks upon our brazen Gallery? they at my Command shall take you from the Places where you stand, and throw you over the Walls of this my Castle, in such sort, that they shall make you flee into the Air, more than ten Fauchions high. And for that thou hast upbraided

me with the Disgrace done unto a Virgin, I tell thee, if I had thy Mother here, of whom thou tookest first the Air of Life, my Hand should split her Womb, that thou mightest see the Bed of thy Conception, as *Nero* did in *Rome* : Or if thy Wife and Children were here present before thy Face, I would abridge their Lives, that thy accursed Eyes might be Witnesses of their bloody Murthers, so much Wrath and Hate rageth in my Heart, that all the Blood in thy Body cannot wash it thence.

At which Words the Giants, who he hired to defend him from his Foes, came unto him very strongly armed, with Weapons in their Hands, and requested him to be quiet, and to abate his so incensed Anger, and they would fetch unto his Presence all those braving Knights that were the Occasion of his Disquietness and Anger; and so without tarrying for an Answer, they departed down to the Court, and left the Knight of the Castle with the Magician, standing still upon the Gallery to behold the following Encounters. But when the Giants approached the Champions Presence, and saw them so well proportioned and furnished, Knights of so gallant Statures, they flourished about their knotty Clubs, and purposed not to spend the Time in Words but in Blows.

Then one of the fiercest and cruellest Giants of them all (which was called *Brandamond*) seeing *St. George* to be the forwardest in the Enterprize, and judged him to be the Knight that had so braved his Lord, he began with a stern Countenance to speak unto him in this Manner : Art thou that bold Knight (said the Giant) that with thy witless Words hath so anger'd the mighty *Leoger* the Lord of this Castle ? If thou be, I advise thee by Submission to seek to appease his furious Wrath before Revenge be taken upon thy Person. Also I do charge thee (if thou wilt remain with thy Life) that thou dost

leave thy Armour and yield thyself with all these Followers, with their Hands bound behind them, and go and ask Forgiveness at his Feet : To which *St. George* with a smiling Countenance answered, Giant (said he) thy Counsel I do not like, nor thy Advice will I receive, but rather do we hope to send thee and all thy Followers without Tongues to the infernal King of fiery *Pblegeton*, and for that you shall not have any more Time to speak such Folly and Foolishness, either return your Ways from whence you came, and repent of this which you have said, or else prepare yourselves to a mortal Battle.

The Giants when they heard the Champions Resolutions, and how slightly they regarded their Proffers, without any longer tarrying, they straitway fell upon *St. George* and his Company, intending with their knotty Bats of Steel to beat them as small as Flesh unto the Pot : But the Queen of Chance so smiled upon the Christian Champions, that the Giants smally prevailed, for betwixt them was fought a long and terrible Battle, in such Danger that the Victory hung wavering on both Sides, not knowing to whom it would fall ; the Bats and Fauchions made such a Noise upon one anothers Armour, that they sounded like to the Blows of the Cyclops working upon their Anvils ; and at every Blow that they gave, Fire flew from their steeled Corsets, like Sparkles from their flaming Furnaces in Hell, the Skies resounded back the Ecchos of their Strokes, the Ground shook as though it had been oppressed with an Earthquake ; the Pavement of the Court was overspread with an intermixing of Blood and Sweat, and the Walls of the Castle were mightily battered with the Giants Clubs ; by the Time that glittering *Sol* began to decline from the Top of Heaven, the Giants began to faint, whereat the Christian Knights with more Courage, began to encrease in Strength, and with such Vigour assailed the

the Giants, that before the golden Sun had dived to the Western World, the Giants were quite discomfited and slain : Some lay with their Hands dismembred from their Bodies, weltring in Purple Gore ; some had their Brains sprinkled against the Walls ; some lay in Channels with their Intrails trailing down in Streams of Blood ; and some jointless, with Bodies cut in Pieces, so that there was not one left alive to withstand the Christian Champions.

Whereat St. *George* with the other six Knights fell upon their Knees, and thanked the immortal Rector of all good Chance for their Victory. But when the Knight of the Black Castle who stood upon the Gallery during all the Time of the Encounter, and saw how all the Giants were slain by the Prowess of those strange Knights, he raged in great Wrath, wishing that the Ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delivered into the Hands of his Enemies, and presently would have cast himself headlong from the Top of the Gallery, thereby to have dash't out his Brains against the Pavement, had not the Necromancer, who likewise beheld the Event of the Encounter, intercepted him in his intended Drift, promising to perform by Art what the Giants could not do by Force. So the Necromancer fell to his magick Spells and Charms, by which the Christian Champions were mightily troubled and molested, and brought in Danger of their Lives, by a fearful and strange Manner, as shall be herereafter shown : For as they stood after their long Encounters, unbuckling their Armours to take the fresh Air, and their bloody Wounds received in their last Conflict ; the Magician caused by his Art a Spirit in the Likeness of a Lady, of a marvellous and fair Beauty, to look through an Iron Gate, who seemed to lean her Face upon her Hand very pensively, and distilled from her

Chrystal Eyes great Abundance of Tears. When the Champions saw this beautiful Creature, they remained in great Admiration, thinking with themselves that by some hard Misfortune she was imprisoned : At which this Lady did seem to open her fair and crystalline Eyes, looking earnestly upon St. *George*, and giving a grievous Sigh, she withdrew herself from the Gate ; whose Sudden Departure caused the Christian Knights to have a great Desire to know who it should be, suspecting that by the Force of some Enchantment, they should be overthrown : But casting up their Eyes again to see if they could see her, they could not, but they saw in the very same Place, a Woman of great and princely Stature, who was all armed in silver Plates, with a Sword girded at her Waste, sheathed in a golden Scabbard, and had hanging at her Neck an Ivory Bow and a gilt Quiver : This Lady was of so great Beauty, that she seemed almost to exceed the other, but in the same sort as the other did, upon a sudden she vanished away, leaving the Champions no less troubled in their Thoughts than before they were. The Christian Knights had not long Time bewailed the Absence of the two Ladies, but that without seeing any body, they were stricken with such furious Blows upon their Backs, that they were constrained to stoop with one Knee upon the Ground ; yet with a Trice they rose again, and looking then to see who they were that struck them, they perceived them to be the Likeness of certain Knights, which in great Haste seemed to run in at a Door that was at one of the Corners of the Court, and with the great Anger that the Champions received, seeing themselves so hardly entreated, they followed with their accustomed Lightness after the Knights, in at the same Door ; wherein they had not entered three Steps, but that they fell down into a deep Cave which was covered over in such subtle sort,

fort, that whoever did tread on it, straitway fell into the Cave, except he was advertised thereof before. Within the Cave it was as dark as the silent Night, and no Light at all appeared: But when the Champions saw themselves treacherously betray'd in the Trap, they greatly feared some further Mischief would follow, to their utter Overthrow; so with their Swords drawn, they stood ready charged to make their Defence against whatsoever should after happen: But by reason of the great Darknes that they could not see any Thing, neither discover wherein they were fallen, they determined to settle themselves against something, either Post, Pillar, or Wall, and groping about the Cave, they searched in every Place for some other Door that might bring them forth out of the darksome Den, which they compared to the Pit of Hell.

And as they went groping and feeling up and down, they found that they did tread upon no other Things but dead Men's Bones, which caused them to stand still, and not long after they espied a secret Window, at which entered a little Clearnes and gave some Light into the Den, where they were, by which they espied a Bed most richly furnished with Curtains of Silk, and golden Pendants, which stood in a secret Room of the Cave, hung with rich Tapestry of a Sable Colour; which Bed when the Champions beheld, and being somewhat weary of their long Fight which they had with the Giants in the Court of the Castle, they required some Rest, and desired to sleep upon the Bed, but not all at one Instant, for they feared some Danger to be at Hand; and therefore St. George, as one most willing to be their Watchman, and keep Sentinel in so dangerous a Place, caused the other Champions to take their Repose upon the Bed, and he would be as wakeful as the Cock against all dangerous Accidents; so the six Christian Knights repaired to the

Bed, whereon they were no sooner laid, but presently they fell into a heavy enchanted Sleep, in such sort that they could not be awaked by any manner of Violence. The Bed was enchanted by the Necromancer's Charms in such Manner, that whosoever but fate upon the Sides, or but touched the Furniture of the Bed, were presently cast into as heavy a Sleep, as if they had drank the Juice of Owaile, or the Seed of Poppy: Where we will leave them for a Time like Men cast into a Trance, and speak of the terrible Adventure that happened to St. George in the Cave, who little mistrusting of their Enchantments, stood like a careful Guard, keeping the furious Wolf from the Spoil of the silly Sheep: But upon a sudden his Heart began to throb, and his Hair to stand upright upon his Head, yet having a Heart fraught with invincible Courage, he purposed not to awake the other Knights, but of himself to withstand whatsoever happened; so being in these princely Cogitations, there appeared unto him as he thought, the Shape of a Magician, with a Visage lean, pale, and full of Wrinkles, with Locks of black Hair hanging down to his Shoulders, like to Wreaths of envenomed Snakes, and his Body seemed to have nothing upon it but Skin and Bones, who spake unto St. George in this despiteful Manner: *In an evil Hour (said the Magician) comest thou hither, and so shalt thy Lodgings be, and thy Entertainment worse; for now thou art in a Place where thou shalt look for no other Thing but to be Meat unto some furious Beast, and thy surmounting Strength shall not be able to make any Defence.*

The English Champion, whose Heart was oppressed with extreme Wrath, answered, *O false and accursed Charmer, whom ill Chance confound for thy condemned Arts, and for whom the Fiends have digged an everlasting Tomb in Hell, what Fury hath incens'd thee, that with thy false and devilish*

devilish Charms thou dost practise so much Evil against travelling and adventurous Knights? I hope to obtain my Liberty in Despite of all thy Mischief, and with the Strength of this Arm to break all thy Bones in sunder.

All that thou dost and wilt do I suffer at thy Hands, reply'd the Necromancer, *only for Revenge that I will take of thee for the Slaughter of my Master's Giants, which as yet lie murdered in the Court, and that very quickly;* and therewithal he went invisibly out of the Cave: So not long after at his Back he heard a sudden Noise, and beheld as it were a Window opening by little and little, whereas there appeared a clear Light, by which St. George plainly perceived that the Walls were dash'd with Blood, and likewise that the Bones whereon they did tread at their first Entry into the Den were of human Bodies, which appeared not to be very long since their Flesh was torn off; but this Consideration could not long endure with him, for that he heard a great Rushing, and looking what it should be, he saw coming forth of another Den a mighty Serpent with Wings, as great in Body as an Elephant, she had only two Feet, which appeared out of that monstrous Body, but of a Span Length, and each Foot had three Claws of three Spans in Length, she came with open Mouth, of so monstrous and huge Bigness, and so deformed, that a whole armed Knight, Horse and all might enter in thereat: She had upon her Jaws two Tusks, which seemed to be as sharp as Needles, and all her Body was covered with sharp Scales of divers Colours, and with great Fury she came with her Wings all abroad: St. George, although he had a valiant and undaunted Mind, yet could he not chuse but be troubled at the Sight of so monstrous a Beast. But considering with himself, that it was then Time to have Courage, and to be expert and valiant for to make his Defence, he took his good

cutting Sword in his Hand, and shrouded himself under his hard and strong Shield, and tarried the coming of that ugly Monster: But when the furious Beast saw that there was a Prey whereon she might employ her sharp Teeth, she struck with her venomous Wings, and with her piercing Claws she griped, and laid fast hold upon St. George's hard Shield, pretending to have swallowed whole this courageous Warrior, and fast'ning her sharp Tusks upon his Helment, which she found so hard that she let go her Hold, and furiously pulled at his Target with such Strength that she drew it from his Arm: With that the *English* Knight struck at her Head a mighty and strong Blow with his Sword, but in no wise it could hurt her by reason of the hard Scales where-with it was covered, and though he gave her no Wound, yet for all that she felt the Blow in such sort, that it made her to recoil to the Ground, and to fall upon her long and hideous Tail: Then this valiant Knight made great Haste to redouble his Force to strike her another Blow, but all was in vain, for that upon a sudden she stretched herself so high, that he could not reach her Head: But yet kind Fortune so favoured his Hand, that he struck her upon the Belly, whereas she had no Defence with Scales, nor any other Thing but Feathers, whereout issued such Abundance of black Blood, that it sprinkled all the Den about.

This terrible and furious Serpent, when she felt herself so sore wounded, struck at St. George such a terrible Blow with her Tail, that if he had not seen it coming, it had been sufficient to have parted his Body in Pieces; the Knight, to clear himself from the Blow, fell flat upon the Ground; for he had no Time to make any other Defence: But that terrible Blow was no sooner passed over him, but straitway he recovered his Feet, at such Time as the furious Serpent came towards

him.

him. Here St. *George*, having a great Confidence in his Strength, performed such a valiant Exploit, that all former Adventures that have been ever done by any Knight, may be put in Oblivion, and this kept in perpetual Memory: For that he threw his Sword out of his Hand, and ran upon the Serpent, and caught her betwixt his Arms, and did so squeeze her, that the furious Beast could not help herself with her sharp Claws, but only with her Wings she beat him on every Side. This valiant Champion and noble Warrior would never let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his Arms, continuing this perillous and dangerous Fight, till all his bright Armour was imbrued with her Beastial Blood, by which Occasion she lost a great Part of her Strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long endured this great and dangerous Encounter, and the infernal Serpent remained fast unto the noble and valiant Breast of the *English* Knight, till such Time as he plainly perceived that the Monster began to wax faint, and to lose her Strength. Likewise it could not be otherwise, but St. *George* waxed somewhat weary, considering the former Fight he had so lately with the Giants. Notwithstanding, when he felt the great Weakness of the Serpent, he animated himself with Courage, and having Opportunity by reason of the Quantity of Blood that issued from her Wounds, he took his trusty Sword and thrust it into her Heart with such Violence, that he clove it in two Pieces: So this infernal Monster fell down dead unto the Ground, and carried the Christian Champion with her, for that they were fast closed together; but by Reason that the Serpent lacked Strength, he quickly cleared himself of her Claws, and recovered his Sword. But when he saw certainly, he was clear from the Monster, and that she had yielded up her detested Breath into

the brittle Air, he keeled down, and gave Thanks to the happy Queen of Chance for his Delivery.

After the Victory was obtained, and the Monster dead, he grew very weary and unquiet, and was constrained to sit and cool himself by a Well, which was full of Water, standing in a Corner of the Cave, from whence the monstrous Serpent appeared and came forth. And when he found himself refreshed, he repaired to the enchanted Bed, whereon the six Champions lay sleeping, and dreamed of no such strange Accident that had happened unto him, to whom he purposed to reveal the true Discourse of all Dangers that had befallen him in that Accident.

But no sooner approached he unto that enchanted Bed, and setting himself down upon one End thereof, and thinking to begin his Discourse, he presently fell into a heavy and dead Slumber.

There will we leave them sleeping and dreaming upon the enchanted Bed, not to be wakened by any Means, and return to the Necromancer, that was busied all the Time of the Serpent's Encounter with *Leoger*, in burying of the dead Giants; but he knew by his Art that the Serpent was slain, and likewise St. *George* oppressed with a charmed Sleep in Company of the other Champions upon the enchanted Bed, from whence he purposed that they never more should awake, but spend the rest of their Fortunes in eternal Sleeps.

Whereupon by his devilish Arts he caused Lamps to burn continually before the Entry of the Cave, the Properties whereof were so strange, that so long as the Lamps continued burning, the Champions should never be waked, and the Fires should never be quenched but by the Water of an enchanted Fountain, which he likewise by magick Art had erected in the Middle of the Court guarded most strongly with Sprights: And the Water should never be obtained but by a Virgyn which

which at her Birth should have the Form of a Rose lively pictured upon her Breast.

These Things being performed by the Secrets of the Magician's Skill, added such a Pleasure to *Leoger's* Heart, that he thought himself elevated higher than the Towers of his Dwelling; for he accounted no Joy so pleasing unto his Soul, as to see his mortal Enemies captivated in his Power, and that the Magician had done by his Art, more than all the Knights in *Asia* could perform by Prowess. We will now not only leave the Champions in their Sleeps, dreaming of no Mishap, but also the Magician with *Leoger* in the Black Castle, spending their Time securely, careless of all ensuing Danger, and speak now of the Old Shepherd whom the Champions at their first entring in at the Gates of the Castle, left to look unto their warlike Palfreys, as they fed upon the

green Grass: which old Man, when he could hear no News of the Champions Return, he greatly mistrusted their Confusion, and that by some Treachery they were intercepted in their vowed Revenge; therefore he protested secretly with his own Soul, if that for his Sake so many brave Champions had lost their Lives, never to depart out of those Fields, but to spend his Days in Sorrow. In this deep Distress will my weary Muse likewise leave this old Shepherd mourning for the long Absence of the *English* Champion, and the other Christian Knights, and turn unto St. *George's* valiant Sons, whom we left travelling from the Queen of *Armenia's* Grave with her unhappy Daughter *Rosana*, to take Revenge of her disloyal Lord, being the Knight of the Black Castle, of whose Villanies you have heard so much before.

C H A P. IX.

How St. George's three Sons after their Departure from the Queen of Armenia's Sepulchre, in Company of her Daughter Rosana, met with a wild Man, with whom there happened a strange Adventure: And how they entered the Black Castle, where they quenched the Lamps, and awaked the Seven Champions of Christendom, after they had slept seven Days upon an enchanted Bed.

THE valiant Sons of St. *George*, to perform their Knightly Promises, and to accomplish what they had protested to *Rosana*, at the Queen her Mother's Grave, which was to bring her safely unto the Black Castle, where her unkind Father had his Residence. First they provided her a Palfrey or Jennet, which was furnished with black Caparisons, in Sign of her heavy and discontented Mind, and his Forehead beautified with a spangled Plume of Feathers.

Where in her Company they travelled

Day and Night from the Confines of *Armenia*, with successful Fortune, 'till they happily arrived upon the Island of the Black Castle, where they were constrained to rest themselves many Nights under the Shadows of green leaved Trees, where instead of delicate Fare, they were forced to satisfy their Hunger with sweet Oranges and ripe Pomegranets, that grew very plentifully in that Island.

But at last, upon a Morning, when the Skies appeared in their Sight very clear and pleasant, and at such Time as when

the Sun began to spread his glittering Beams upon the lofty Mountains and stately Cedars, they set forward on their Journey, hoping before the closing in of the Day's bright Countenance, to arrive at the black Castle, being their long wish'd for Haven and desired Port. But entring into an unknown Way and narrow Path not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderful Adventure.

For as they travelled in those untródden Passages, spending the Time in pleasant Conference without mistrusting of any Thing that should happen to them in that pleasant Island: Upon a sudden (not knowing the Occasion) their Horses started, and rose up with their fore Feet, and turned backward into the Air in such Sort, that they had almost unsaddled their Masters: Whereat the valiant Knights upon a sudden looked round about them to see who or what it was that caused so much Fear, but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should be the Occasion of such Terror, they grew wonderfully troubled in Mind. Then one began to encourage the Rest, saying, *Believe me Brethren, I much wonder what should be the Cause of this Alteration in our Horses, hath some Spirit glided by us? or remaineth some Devil among these Bushes? Whatsoever it be, let us by the Power and Favour of all good Luck attempt to know, and with our warlike Weapons revenge the Frighting of our Horses, for our Minds are not daunted by the Prowess of Men, nor are we afraid of the Fury of Devils.*

These Words being spoken with great Courage and Majesty, caused *Rosana* to smile, and to embolden her Heart against all ensuing Accidents: So presently they came to a River which was both clear and deep, which they judged to run quite thorough the Middle of the Island: And so travelling along by the River side, where within a little while their Horses began again to startle, and to be wonderfully

afraid: Whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilant Eyes, to see if they could perceive what it should be, that made their Horses so timorous, they espied a terrible Monster in the Shape and Form of a Satyr or a wild Man, who did cross over the Island, of a wonderful great and strange Make, who was as big and broad as any Giant; for he was almost four Square: His Face was three Foot in length, and had but one Eye, and that was in his Forehead, which glittered like a blazing Comet or a fiery Planet, his Body was covered all over with long and shagged Hair, and in his Breast there was as though it had been Glass, out of which there seemed a great and shining Light to proceed.

This Monster directed his Way towards certain Rocks of Stone which stood in the Island, and by Reason of the stragling and great Noise that the Horses made, he cast his Head aside, and espied the three Knights travelling in Company of the Lady: Upon whom he had no sooner cast his blazing Eye, but with a Devilish Fury he ran towards them, and instead of a Club, he bare in his Hand a great and knotty Maple-tree.

These valiant Knights never dismayed at the Sight of this deformed Creature, but against his Coming, they cheered up their Horses, and pricked their Sides with their Spurs, giving a great Shout, as in Sign of Encouragement, and withal drawing forth their sharp cutting Swords, they stood attending the Fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotty Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light Leaps cleared themselves from his violent Blows, so that his Club fell down to the Ground with a terrible Fall, as though with the Violence it would have overthrown a Castle.

With that, the Knights presently alighted from their Horses, thinking thereby
more

more nimbly to defend themselves, and with more Courage to assail the Satyr. Many were the Blows on both Sides and dangerous the Encounter, without Sign of Victory inclining to either Party.

But St. George's Sons so manfully behaved themselves in the Encounter, bearing the Prowess of their Father in Mind, that they made very deep Wounds in the Monster's Flesh, and such terrible Gashes in his Body, that the green Grass was covered with his black Blood, and the Ground besmeared and strewed with his mangled Flesh.

When the devilish Monster felt himself wounded, and saw how his Blood stood upon the Earth like congealed Gore, he fled from them more swift than a Whirlwind, or like an Arrow forced from a Musket, and ran in great Haste to the Rocks that stood thereby, where presently he threw himself into a Cave, pulling down after him a Rock of Stone, which closed up the Entry, which was done with so great Lightness, that the Knights had no Time to strike him; but after a while wondering with themselves to see such a strange and sudden Thing, they assailed by Strength to remove the Stone, and clear the Mouth of the Cave, which they did not without great Difficulty.

Yet for all that, they could not find which Way they might enter in thereat, but like unto Lions fraught with Anger, fretting and chafing, they went searching round about the Rock, to see if they could espy any Entry, and at last they found a great Cliff on the one Side of the Rock, and looking in thereat, espied the Monster lying upon the Floor, licking of his bleeding Wounds with his purple Tongue.

And seeing him, one of the Knights said, *O thou Traytor and Destroyer by the Highways! O thou infernal Devil and Enemy unto the World: Thou that art the Devourer of human Flesh, and Drinker of Man's Blood, think not that this thy strong*

and fast closing up of thyself in this Rock of Stone shall avail thee, or that thy devilish Body shall escape unslaughtered out of our Hands: No, no, our bloody Weapons shall be sheathed in thy detested Bowels, and rive thy damned Heart asunder; and therewithal they thrust their Weapons through the Cliff of the Rock, and pierced his Throat in such Sort, that the Monster presently died, which being done, they returned in Triumph like Conquerors to Rosana, where they found her half dead lying upon her Palfrey.

The next Morning by break of Day, they approached the Sight of the Black Castle, before whose Walls they found seven portly Steeds, feeding within a green Pasture, and by them an ancient Man, bearing in his Face the true Picture of Sorrow, and carving in the Barkes of Trees the true Subject of all his pained Grief: This Man was the old Shepherd which the Seven Champions of Christendom (before their Enchanted Sleeps in the Castle) left without the Gates to look after their Horses, as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But St. George's Sons (after they had a while beheld the Manner of the Shepherd's silent Lamentations) demanded the Cause of his Grief, and wherefore he remained so near the Danger of the Castle? To whose Demands the courteous old Man answer'd in this Manner.

Brave Knights, said he, for you seem to be no less by your princely Demeanours, within this Castle remaineth a bloody Tyrant, and a wicked Homicide called Leoger, whose Tyranny and Lust hath not only ravished, but murdered two of my Daughters, with whom I was honoured in my young Years, in whose Revenge there came with me Seven Christian Knights of Seven several Countries, that entered his accursed Castle about seven Days since, appointing me to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant Care of their Horses till I heard either

News of the Tyrant's Confusion, or their Overthrows: But never since by any Means could I learn whether good or bad were befallen them.

These Words struck such a Terror to their Hearts, that for a Time they stood Speechless, imagining that those seven Knights were the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, in whose Pursuits they had travelled so many Countries. But at last, when St. George's Sons had recovered their Speech, one of them (though not intending to reveal what they imagined) said to the Old Shepherd: *That likewise they came to be revenged upon that accursed Knight, for the Spoil of a beautiful and worthy Virgin Queen, done by the same Lust-inflamed Tyrant.*

Then the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their Horses, and likewise committed them to the Keeping of the old Shepherd; who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous Proceedings. So the three Knights buckled close their Armour, laced on their Helmets, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in Company of *Rosana* they went to the Castle-gate, which glittered against the Sun like burnish'd Gold: Whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, wherewith they beat so vehemently against the Gate, that it seemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous Storm of Thunder in the Element.

Then presently there appeared (looking out of a Marble-pillar'd Window) the Magician, newly risen from his Bed, in a wrought Shirt with black Silk, and covered with a Night-Gown of Damask Velvet; and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the Gate, he thus discourteously greeted them.

You Knights of strange Countries, said he, for so doth it appear by your strange Demeanours, if you desire to have the Gates opened, and your Bones buried in the Vaults of our Castle, turn back unto the Jasper Pillar behind you, and sound the Silver Trumpet that hangs upon it, so shall your Entry be easy, but your coming forth miraculous. And thereupon the Magician left the Window.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper Pillar, and with a vehement Breath sounded the enchanted Trumpet, as St. George did before, wherewith the Gates flew open in like Manner; whereinto (without Disturbance) they entered; and coming into the same Court where the Champions had fought with the Giants, they espied the enchanted Lamps, which hung burning before the Entry of the Cave where the Champions lay upon the enchanted Bed. Under the Lamps hung a silver Tablet in an Iron Chain, in it was written these Words following.

*The fatal Lamps with their enchanted Lights,
In Death's sad Sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with Sloth confounded,
Whose Fame but late in every Place resounded:
Except the flaming Lamps extinguish'd be,
Their golden Thoughts shall sleep eternally:*

*A Fountain fram'd by Furies rais'd from Hell,
About whose Spring doth Fear and Terror dwell.*

*No Earthly Water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art Commander is;*

*No Wight alive this Water may procure,
But she that is a Virgin chaste and pure,
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,
Upon her Breast to print a purple Rose.*

These Verses being perused by the three Knights, and finding them as it were, contrived in the Manner of a mystical Oracle, they could not imagine what they should signify: But *Rosana* being of a quick Understanding, presently knew that by her the Adventures should be finished, and therefore she encouraged them to a Forwardness, and to seek out the Enchanted Fountain, that by the Water thereof the Lamps might be quenched, and the Seven Champions delivered out of Captivity.

This importunate Desire of *Rosana*, caused the three young Knights not to lose any Time, but to search in every Corner of the Castle, 'till they had found the Place wherein the Fountain was: For as they went towards the North-Side of the Court, they espied another little Door standing in the Wall, and when they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong Iron, with a Portal of Steel, and in the Key-hole thereof there was a Brazen Key, with which they opened it, whereat presently (unto their wonderful Amazements) they heard a very sad and forrowful Voice breath forth these Words following:

Let no Man be so fool-hardy, as to enter here; for it is a Place of Terror and Confusion.

Yet for all this they entered in thereat, and would not be daunted with any Fear, but like Knights of Heroical Estimation, they went forward: Wherein they were no sooner entered, but they saw that it was wonderful dark, and it seemed unto them that it should be a very large Hall, and there they heard very fearful Howl-

ings, as though there had been a Legion of Hell-hounds, or that *Pluto's* Dog had been Vicegerent of that Place. Yet for all this, these valiant Knights did not lose any of their accustomed Courage, nor would the Lady leave their Companies for any Danger at all, but they entered in further, and took off their Gauntlets from their left Hands, whereon they wore marvellous great and fine Diamonds which were set in Rings, that gave so much Light that they might plainly see all Things that were in the Hall, which was very great and wide, and upon the Walls were painted the Figures of many furious Fiends, Devils, with other strange Visions framed by magick Art, only to terrify the Beholders. But looking very circumspectly about them on every Side, they espied the enchanted Fountain standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their Shields braced on their left Arms, and their good Swords charged in their right Hands, ready to withstand any dangerous Accident, whatsoever should happen.

But coming to the Fountain, and offering to fill their Helmets with Water, there appeared before them a strange and terrible Griffin, which seemed to be all of flaming Fire, who struck all the three Knights one after another in such sort, that they were forced to recoil back a great Way: Yet notwithstanding with Discretion they kept themselves upright, and with a wonderful Lightness, accompanied with no less Anger, they threw their Shields at their Backs, and taking their Swords in both their Hands, they began most fiercely to assail the Griffin with mortal and strong Blows: Then presently there appeared before them a whole

whole Legion of Devils with Flesh-hooks in their Hands, spitting forth Flames of Fire, and breathing from their Nostrils smoaking Sulphur and Brimstone. In this terrible Sort tormented they these three Valiant Knights, whose Years although they were but young, yet with great Wrath and redoubled Force adventured they themselves against this Hellish Crew, striking such terrible Blows, that in spite of them they came unto the Fountain, and proffered to take of the Water; but all in vain, for they were not only put from it by this devilish Company, but the Water itself glided from their Hands.

But during the Time of these dangerous Encounters, *Rosana* stood like one bereft of Sense, through the Terror of the same; but at last remembring herself of the Superscription written in the Silver Tablet, which the Knights perused by the Enchanted Lamps; the Signification of which was, *That the quenching of the Lights should be accomplished by a pure Virgin that had the lively Form of a Rose naturally pictured upon her Breast*; all which *Rosana* knew most certainly to be comprehended in herself, therefore whilst they continued in their dangerous Fight, she took up a Helmet that was pulled from one of the Knights Heads by the furious Force of the Griffin, and ran unto the Fountain, and filled it with Water, wherewith she quenched the Enchanted Lamps, with as much Ease as though one had dipped a waxen Torch in a mighty River of Water.

This was no sooner done and finished, to *Rosana's* Contentment, but the Skies began to wax dark, and immediately to be overspread with a black and thick Cloud, and it came with great Thundring and Lightnings, and such a terrible Noise as though the Earth would have sunk; and the longer it endured, the more was the Fury thereof, in such Sort, that the

Griffin with all that deluded Generation of Spirits vanished away, and the Knights forsook their Encounters, and fell upon their Knees, and with great Humility they desired in their Hearts to be delivered from the Fury of that exceeding and terrible Tempest. By this sudden Alteration of the Heavens, the Knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions redeemed from their Enchanted Sleeps, the Castle yielded to the Pleasure of the three Knights, and his own Life to the Fury of their Swords, except he preserv'd it by a sudden Flight, so presently he departed the Castle, and secretly fled out of the Island unsuspected by any one: Of whose after Fortunes, Miseries, and Death, you shall hear more hereafter.

The Necromancer by his Art likewise knew that the Castle was yielded into his Enemies Power, and his Charms and magick Spels nothing prevailed, therefore he caused two airy Spirits in the likeness of two Dragons to carry him swiftly through the Air in an Ebon Chariot.

Here we likewise will leave him in his wicked and devilish Attempts and damned Enterprizes, which shall be discoursed hereafter more at large; because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the Seven Renowned Champions of *Christendom*, that by the quenching of the Lamps were awaked from their Enchantments, wherein they had lain in Obscurity for the Space of seven Days. For when they were risen from their Sleep, and had routed up their drowsy Spirits, like Men newly recovered from a Trance, being ashamed of that dishonourable Enterprize, they long Time gazed on each others Face, being not able to express their Minds, but by blushing Looks, being the silent Speakers of their extreme Sorrows: Yet at last, *St. George* began to express the Extremity of his Grief in this Manner:

What is become of you brave Europe Champions?

Champions. Where is now your wonted Valours, of late so much renowned through the World? What is become of your surmounted Strengths, that hath bruised enchanted Helmets, and quell'd the Power of mighty Multitudes? What is become of your terrible Blows, that have subdued Mountains, hewed in sunder Diamond Armours, and brought whole Kingdoms under your Subjection? Now I see that all is forgotten, and nothing worth, for that we have buried all our Honours, Dignities, and Fames, in slothful Slumbers, upon a silken Bed.

And thereupon he fell upon his Knees, and said, *Thou that art the Guider of all our Fortunes, unto thee I invoke and call, and desire thee to help us, and do not permit us to have our Fames taken away for this Dishonour, and let us merit Dignity by our Victories, and that our bright Renowns may ride upon the glorious Wings of Fame, whereby the Babes as yet unborn may speak of us, and in Time to come fill whole Volums with our princely Atchievements.*

These and such like Speeches pronounced this discontented Champion, till such Time as the Elements cleared, and that golden faced Phæbus glittered with splendant Brightness into the Cave thro' a secret Hole, which seemed in their Conceits to dance about the Vail of Heaven, and to rejoice at their happy Deliveries.

In this joyful Manner returned they up to the Court of the Castle, with their Armours buckled fast unto their Bodies, which had not been unbraced in seven Days before, where they met with the three Knights coming to salute them, and to give them the Courtesies of Knighthood.

But when St. George saw his Sons, whom he had not seen in two Years before, he was was so ravished with Joy, that he swooned in their Bosoms, being not able to give them his Blessing; so great was the Pleasure he took in their Sight.

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Here I leave the joyful Greeting betwixt the Father and his Sons, to those that know the secret Love of Parents to their Children, and what dear Affection long Absence breedeth.

For when they had sufficiently opened the Integrity of their Souls to each other, and had at large explained how many Dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their Departure from England, when as they began their first intended Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, as you heard in the Beginning of this Book, they determined to search the Castle, and to find out Leoger with his Associate the wicked Enchanter, that they might receive due Punishments for their committed Offences; but they like wily Foxes were fled from the Hunter's Traps, and had left the empty Castle to the Spoil of the Christian Champions: But when Rosana saw her dismiss'd from her Purpose, and that she could not perform her Mother's Will against her disloyal Father, she protested by her Mother's Name, *never to close her chearful Eyes with quiet Slumbers, nor even rest her weary Limbs in Bed of Down, but travel up and down the circled Earth, till she enjoy'd a Sight of her disloyal Father, whom as yet her Eyes did never see.* Therefore she conjured the Champions by the Love and Honour that Knights do bear unto poor distressed Ladies, to grant her Liberty to depart, and not to hinder her intended Travel.

The Knights considered with themselves that she was a Lady, born unto some strange Fortune, and one by the Heavens appointed, who had redeem'd them from a wonderful Misery. Therefore they condescended to her Desires, and not only gave her leave to depart, but furnish'd her with all Things belonging to a Lady of so brave a Mind.

First, they found within the Castle an Armour fit for a Woman, which the Enchanter had caused to be made by magick

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Art,

Art, of such a singular Nature, that no Weapon could pierce it, and so light in wearing, that it weighed no heavier than a Tyger's Skin; it was contriv'd after the *Amazonian* Fashion, plated before with Silver Plates, like the Scales of a Dolphin, and riveted together with golden Nails: So that when she had it upon her Back, she seem'd like a *Diana*, hunting in the Forest of transform'd *Ateon*.

Likewise they found standing in the Stable at the East-end of the Castle, a lusty limbed Steed big of Stature, and of a very good Hair, for the half Parts forwards was of the Colour of a Wolf, and the other half all black, saving that here and there it was spotted with little white Spots; his Feet were cloven, so that he needed not at any Time to be shod; his Neck was somewhat long, having a little Head, with great Ears hanging down like a Hound; his Pace was with great Majesty, and he so doubled his Neck, that his Mouth touched his Breast; there came out of his Mouth two great Tusks like unto an Elephant. This likewise bestowed they upon the Lady, which did more content her Mind, than any Thing that ever her Eyes had seen before that Time; also the ten Christian Knights gave her, at her Departure, ten Diamond

Rings, continually to wear upon her Fingers, in the perpetual Remembrance of her Courtesy.

This done, without any longer Stay, but only thanking them for the great Kindness shewed unto her in Distress, she leap'd into the Saddle without the help of Stirrup, and so rode speedily away from their Sights.

After her Departure, the Champions remembred the old Shepherd, whom they had almost forgotten, through the Joy that they took in their happy Meetings, he as yet remained without the Castle Gates, carefully keeping their Horses; whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the Honour due unto his Age, but bestowed frankly upon him the State and Government of the Castle, with Store of Jewels, Pearls, and Treasures, only to be maintain'd and kept for the Relief of poor Travellers.

This being performed with their general Consents, they spent the Remnant of the Day in Banqueting and other pleasant Conference of their pass'd Adventures: And when the Night with her sable Clouds had over-spread the Day's delightful Countenance, they betook them to their Rests.

C H A P. X.

How, after the Christian Knights were gone to Bed in the Black Castle, St. George was awaked from his Sleep in the dead Time of the Night, after a most fearful Manner, and likewise how he found a Knight lying upon a Tomb that stood over a flaming Fire.

MOST sweet were the Sleeps that these princely minded Champions took in the Castle all the first Part of the Night; but betwixt Twelve and One,

such a strange Alteration did work in St. George's Thought, that he could not enjoy the Benefit of sweet Sleep, but was forced to lie broad awake, like one disquieted

quieted by some sudden Fear; but as he lay with wakeful Eyes, thinking upon his passed Fortunes, he heard as it were a Cry of Night Ravens which flew beating their fatal Wings against the Windows of his Lodging, by which he imagined that some direful Accident was near at Hand: Yet being not frightened with this fearful Noise, nor daunted with the Croaking of these Ravens, he lay still silent, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the six several Beds in the same Chamber; but at last being between sleeping and waking, he heard, as it were, the Voice of a sorrowful Knight, that constrained these bitter Passions from his tormented Soul, and they contained these Words following:

O thou invincible Knight of England, thou that art not frightened with this sorrowful Dwelling, wherein thou canst see nothing but Torments, rise up I say, from thy sluggish Bed, and with thy undaunted Courage and strong Arm, break the Charm of my Enchantment.

And therewithal he seemed to give a most terrible Groan, and so ceased. This unexpected Noise caused St. George to arise from his Bed, and to buckle on his Armour, and to search about the Castle to see if he might find the Place that harboured the Knight that made such sorrowful Lamentations.

So going up and down Bye-corners in the Castle, all the latter Part of the Night, without finding the Adventure of this strange Voice or Disturbance by any other means, but that he was hindered from his natural and quiet Sleep; by the Break of Day, when the dark Night began to withdraw her sable Curtains, and to give Aurora Liberty to display her purple Brightness, he entered into a four-square Parlour, hung round about with black Cloth, and other mournful Habiliments, where on the one Side of the same he saw a Tomb covered likewise with black, and

upon it there lay a Man with a pale Colour, who at certain Times, gave most grievous Sighs, caused by burning Flames that proceeded from under the Tomb, being such that it seemed that his Body therewith should be converted into Coals; the Flame thereof was so stinking, that it made St. George somewhat to retire from the Place where he did see that most fearful Spectacle.

He which lay upon the Tomb, casting his Eyes aside, espied St. George, and knowing him to be a humane Creature, with an afflicted Voice he said, *Who art thou Sir Knight, that art come into this Place of Sorrow, where nothing is heard but Clamours of Fear and Terror?*

Nay tell me, said St. George, *who thou art, that with so much Grief dost demand of me, that which I stand in doubt to reveal to thee.*

I am the King of Babylon, (answered he) *which without all Consideration, with my cruel Hand did pierce through the white and delicate Breast of my beloved Daughter; Woe be to me, and Woe unto my Soul therefore, for she at once did pay her Offence by Death, but I a most miserable Wretch, with many Torments do die living.*

When this worthy Champion St. George was about to answer him, he saw come forth from under the Tomb a Damsel who had her Hair of a yellow Colour, hanging down about her Shoulders, and by her Face she seemed that she should be very strangely afflicted with Torments, and with a sorrowful Voice she said:

O unfortunate Knight, what dost thou seek in this infernal Lodging, where cannot be given thee any other Pleasure but mortal Torment, and there is but one Thing that can clear thee from it, and this cannot be told thee by any other but by me? Yet I will not express it, except thou wilt grant me one Thing which I will ask of thee.

The English Champion that with a sad Countenance stood beholding of the sorrowful

rowful Damsel, and being greatly amazed at the Sight which he had seen, answered and said: *The Powers which were Governours of my Liberty, will do their Pleasures, but touching the Grant of thy Request, I never denied any lawful Thing to either Lady or Gentlewoman, but with all my Power and Strength I was made to fulfil the same, therefore demand what thy Pleasure is?* And with that the Damsel threw herself into the Sepulchre, and with a grievous Voice she said: *Now most courteous Knight perform thy Promise, strike but three Strokes upon this fatal Tomb, and thou shalt deliver us from a World of Miseries, and likewise make an End of our continual Torments.*

Then the invincible Knight replied in this Order. *Whether you be humane Creatures, said he, placed in this Sepulchre by*

Enchantment, or Furies raised from fiery Acheron, to work my Confusion or no, I know not, and there is so little Truth in this infernal Castle, that I stand in Doubt whether I may believe thy Words or not: But yet discourse unto me the Truth of all your passed Fortunes, and by what means you were brought into this Place, and as I am a true Knight and one that fights in the Quarrel of Christendom, I vow to accomplish whatsoever lieth in my Power.

Then the Damsel began with a sorrowful Lamentation to declare as strange a Tragedy as ever was told: And lying in the fatal Sepulchre unseen of St. George, with a hollow Voice like a murdered Lady, whose bleeding Soul as yet did feel the terrible Stroke of her Death, she repeated this pitiful Tale following.

C H A P. XI.

Of a tragical Discourse pronounced by a Lady in a Tomb, and how her Enchantment was finished by St. George.

IN famous Babylon sometimes reigned a King, who had only one Daughter that was very fair, whose Name was *Angelica*, humble, wife, and chaste; who was beloved of a mighty Duke, and a Man wonderful Cunning in the black Art: This Magician better deserved the Government than any other in the Kingdom, and was very well esteemed throughout all *Babylon* almost equally with the King: For which there engendered in the King's Heart a secret Rancour and Hatred towards him. The Magician cast his Love upon the young Princess *Angelica*, and it was ordained by Destiny that she should repay him with the same Affection, so that both their Hearts being wounded with Love the one to the other, they endured sundry great Passions.

Then Love which continually seeketh Occasions, did on a Time set before this Magician, a waiting Maid of *Angelica's*, named *Fidelia*, which seemed to be wrought by the immortal Power of the Goddess *Venus*: Oh in what Fear the Magician was to discover unto her all his Heart and to bewray the Secrets of his Love-sick Soul; but in the End, by the great Industry and Diligence of the Waiting-Maid (whose Name was answerable unto her Mind) there was Order given that these two Lovers should meet together.

This fair *Angelica*, for that she could not at her Ease enjoy her true Lover, did determine to leave her own natural Country and Father, and with this Intention being one Night with her Love, she cast her Arms about his Neck, and said: *Oh*

Ob my sweet and well-beloved Friend, seeing that thy Destinies have been so kind to me, as to have my Heart linked in thy Breast, let no Man find in thee Ingratitude, for that I cannot live, except continually I enjoy thy Sight, and do not muse (my Lord) at these my Words, for the entire Love that I bear to you, constraineth me to make it manifest. And this believe of a Certainty, that if thy Sight be absent from me, it will be an Occasion that my Heart will lack his vital Recreation, and my Soul forsake her earthly Habitation. You know, my Lord, how that the King my Father doth bear you no good Will, but doth hate you from his Soul, which will be an Occasion that we cannot enjoy our Hearts Contentments; for the which I have determined (if you think well thereof) to leave both my Father and my Native Country, and to go and live with you in a strange Land. And if you deny me this, you shall very quickly see your loving Lady without Life; but I know you will not deny me, for thereon consisteth the Benefit of my Welfare, and my chiefest Prosperity. And therewithal shedding a few Tears from her crystal Eyes, she held her Peace.

The Magician (as one half-ravished with her earnest Desires) answered and said:

My Love and sweet Mistress, wherefore have you any Doubt that I will not fulfil and accomplish your Desire in all Things; Therefore out of Hand put all Things in Readiness that your Pleasure is to have done: For what more Benefit or Content can I receive, than to enjoy your Sight continually, in such Sort that neither of us may depart from the others Company, 'till the fatal Destinies give end to our Lives.

After this, within a few Days, the Magician by his Enchantment caused a Chariot to be made, that was drawn by flying Dragons, into which without being espied of any one, they put themselves, together with their trusty Waiting-maid,

and in great Secresy they departed out of the King's Palace, and took their Journey toward the Country of Armenia; into which Country in a short Time they arrived, and came without any Misfortune unto a Place where deep Rivers did continually strike upon a Rock, upon which stood an old Building, wherein they intended to inhabit, as a most convenient Place for their Dwelling, whereas they might without all Fear of being found, live peaceably, enjoying each others Loves.

Not far from that Place there was a small Village, from whence they might have necessary Provision for the maintaining of their Bodies. Great Joy and Pleasure these two Lovers received when they found themselves in such a Place whereas they might take their fill of each others Loves.

The Magician delighted in no other Thing but to go a hunting with certain Country Dwellers that inhabited in the next Village, leaving his sweet Angelica accompanied with her trusty Fidelia in that House, so in this Order they lived together four Years, spending their Days in great Pleasure, but in the End, Time (who never rested in one Degree) did take from them their Rest, and repayed them with Sorrow and extreme Misery. For when the King her Father found her missing, the Sorrow and Grief was so much that he received, that he kept his Chamber a long Time, and would not be comforted of any body.

Four Years he passed away in great Heaviness, filling the Court with Ecchos of his beloved Daughter, and making the Skies to resound his Lamentations. But at last, upon a Time as he sat in his Chair, lamenting her Absence with great Heaviness, and being over-charged with Grief, he chanc'd to fall into a troublesome Dream, for after quiet Sleep had closed up the Closets of his Eyes, he

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dreamed that he saw his Daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea-side, offering to cast her Body into the Waves before she would return to *Babylon*, and that he beheld her Lover with an Army of Satyrs and wild Men ready furnished with Habiliments of War to pull him from his Throne, and to deprive him of his Kingdom.

Out of this Vision he presently started from his Chair, as though it had been one frightened with a Legion of Spirits, and caused four of the chief Peers of his Land to be sent for, to whom he committed the Government of his Country; certifying them that he intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at *Memphis*, thereby to qualify the Fury of his Daughter's Ghost, whom he dreamed to be drowned in the Seas, and that except he fought by true Submission to appease the angry Fates, whom he had offended, he should be deposed from his Kingdom.

None could withdraw him from his Determination, though it was to the Prejudice of the whole Land; therefore within twenty Days he furnished himself with all Necessaries, as well of Armour and martial Furniture, as of Gold and Treasure, and so departed from *Babylon* privately and alone, not suffering any other to bear him Company.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after any ceremonious Order, but like a Blood-Hound searching Country after Country, Nation by Nation, and Kingdom by Kingdom, that after a barbarous Manner he might be revenged upon his Daughter for her Disobedience: And as he travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wilderness, but he furiously enter'd, and diligently searched for his *Angelica*.

At last, by strange Fortune he happened into *Armenia*, near unto the Place whereas his Daughter had her Residence, where after he had Intelligenæ by the

Commons of the Country, that she remained in an old ruined Building on the Top of a Rock near at Hand, without any more Delay he travelled to the Place, at such a Time as the Magician her Husband was gone about his accustomed Hunting, where coming to the Gate and finding it locked, he knocked thereat so furiously that he made the Noise rebound all the House over with the redoubling Eccho.

When *Angelica* heard one Knock, she came unto the Gate, and with all speed she did open it, where when she thought to embrace him (thinking it to be her Lover) she saw that it was her Father, and with a sudden Alteration she gave a great Shriek, and ran with all the Speed she could back into the House.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lion followed her, saying: *It doth little avail thee Angelica to run away, for that thou shalt die by this revengeful Hand, paying me with thy Death the Dishonour that my Crown hath received by thy Flight.*

So he followed her 'till he came to the Chamber where her waiting Maid *Fidelia* was, who likewise presently knew the King: Upon whose wrathful Countenance appeared the Image of pale Death, and fearing the Harm that might happen unto her Lady, she put herself over her Lady's Body, and gave most terrible, loud Shrieks.

The King, as one kindled in Wrath, and forgetting the natural Love of a Father towards his Child, he laid Hands upon his Sword, and said: *It doth not profit thee Angelica, to fly from thy Death, for thy Desert is such, that thou cannot escape from it; for here mine own Arm shall be the killer of my own Flesh, and I unnaturally hate that which Nature itself commandeth me especially to love.*

Then *Angelica* with a Countenance more red than Scarlet answered and said: *Al my Lord and Father! Will you be now*
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as cruel unto me, as you had wont to be kind? Appease your Wrath, and withdraw your unmerciful Sword, and hearken unto this which I say, in discharging myself of that you charge me withal. You shall understand my Lord and Father, that I was overcome and constrained by Love, for to love, forgetting all Fatherly Love and Duty towards your Majesty: Yet for all that, having Power to accomplish the same, it was not to your Dishonour, in that I live honourably with my Husband: Then the King (with a Visage fraught with terrible Anger) more like a Dragon in the Woods of Hircania, than a Man by Nature, answered and said:

Thou viperous Brat, degenerate from Nature's kind, thou wicked Traitor to thy Generation! What Reason hast thou to make this false Excuse, when as thou hast committed a Crime that deserves more Punishment than human Nature can inflict? And in saying these Words, he lift up his Sword, intending to strike her into the Heart, and to bath his Weapon in his own Daughter's Blood: Whereat *Fidelia* being present, gave a terrible Shriek, and threw herself upon the Body of unhappy *Angelica*, offering her tender Breast to the Fury of his sharp cutting Sword, only to fet at Liberty her dear Lady and Mistress.

But when the furious King saw her in this Sort make her Defence, he pulled her off by the Hair of her Head, offering to trample her delicate Body under his Feet, thereby to make a Way, that he might execute his determined Purpose without Resistance of any.

Fidelia, when she saw the King determined to kill his Daughter, like unto a Lioness, she hung about his Neck, and said: *Thou monstrous Murderer, more cruel than the mad Dogs in Egypt, why dost thou determine to slaughter the most chaste and loyallest Lady in the World, even she within whose Lap untamed Lions will come and*

sleep. Thou art thyself (I say) the Occasion of all this Evil, and thine only is the Fault, for that thyself wert so malicious, and so full of Mischief, that she durst not let thee understand of her Love.

These Words and Tears of *Fidelia* did little profit to mollify the King's Heart, who rather like a wild Boar in the Wilderness being compassed about with a Company of Dogs, most irefully shook his Limbs, and threw *Fidelia* from him in such Sort, that he had almost dashed her Brains against the Chamber Walls, and with double Wrath he proceeded to execute his Fury. Yet, for all this, *Fidelia* with terrible Shrieks sought to hinder him, 'till such Time as with his Cruel Hand he thrust his Sword into her Lady's Breast, so that it appeared forth at her Back, whereby her Soul was forced to leave her terrestrial Habitation.

The ireful King, when he beheld his Daughter's Blood sprinkled about the Chamber, and that by his own Hands it was committed, he repented himself of the Deed, and cursed the Hour wherein the first Motion of such a Crime entered into his Mind, wishing the Hand that did it, ever after might be lame, and the Heart that did contrive it, to be plagued with more Extremities than was miserable *Oedipus*.

In this Manner the unfortunate King repented his Daughter's bloody Tragedy, with this Determination, not to stay 'till the Magician returned from his hunting Exercise, but to exclude himself from the Company of all Men, and to spend the Remnant of his loathsome Life among untamed Beasts in some wild Wilderness. Upon this Resolution he departed the Chamber, and withal said, *Farewel thou lifeless Body of my Angelica, aad may thy Blood which I have spilt, crave Vengeance of the Fates against my guilty Soul, for my earthly Body shall endure a miserable Punishment.*

Fidelia

Fidelia (after the Departure of the King) used such violent Fury against herself, both by rending her Hair, and tearing her Face with her Nails, that she rather seemed an infernal Fury, subject to Wrath, than an earthly Creature furnished with Clemency: She sat over *Angelica's* Body, wiping her bleeding Bosom with a damask Scarf, which she pulled from her Waist, and bathing her dead Body in lukewarm Tears, which forcibly ran down from her Eyes like an overflowing Fountain.

In this woeful Manner spent the sorrowful *Fidelia* that unhappy Day, 'till bright *Phæbus* went into the Western Part: At which Time the Magician returned from his accustomed Hunting, and finding the Door open, he entered into *Angelica's* Chamber, where when he found her Body weltring in congealed Blood, and beheld how *Fidelia* sat weeping over her bleeding Wounds, he cursed himself, for that he accounted his Negligence the Occasion of her Death, in that he had not left her in more Safety. But when *Fidelia* had certified him, how that by the Hands of her own Father she was slaughtered, he began like a frantick Tyrant to rage against black Destiny, and to fill the Air with terrible Exclamations.

Ob cruel Murderer! (said he) crept from the Womb of some untamed Tyger, I will be so revenged upon thee, O unnatural King, that all Ages shall wonder at thy Misery. And likewise thou unhappy Virgin shalt endure like Punishment, in that thy accursed Tongue hath noised this fatal Deed in my Ears, the one for committing the Crime, and the other for reporting it. For I will cast such deserved Vengeance upon your Heads, and place your Bodies in such continual Torments, that you shall lament my Lady's Death, leaving alive the Fame of her with your Lamentations.

And in saying these Words, he drew a Book out of his Bosom, and in reading

certain Charms and Enchantments, that were therein contained, he made a great and very black Cloud appear in the Skies, which was brought by terrible high Winds, in which he took them up both, and brought them into the enchanted Castle, where ever since they have remained in this Tomb cruelly tormented with unquenchable Fire, and must for ever continue in the same Extremity, except some courteous Knight will vouchsafe to give but three Blows upon the Tomb, and break the Enchantment.

Thus have you heard, magnanimous Knight, the true Discourse of my unhappy Fortunes. And the Virgin which for the true Love she bore unto her Lady, was committed to this Torment is myself, and this pale Body lying upon the Tomb, is the unhappy *Babylonian* King, which unnaturally murdered his own Daughter: And the Magician which committed all these Villanies, is that accursed Wretch which by his Charms and devilish Enchantments hath so strongly withstood your Encounters.

These Words were no sooner finished, but *St. George* drew out his sharp cutting Sword, and gave three Blows upon the enchanted Tomb, whereat presently appeared the *Babylonian* King standing before him, attired in rich Robes, with an Imperial Diadem upon his Head, and that Lady standing by him, with a Countenance more beautiful than the Damask Rose.

When *St. George* beheld them, he was not able to speak for Joy, nor to utter his Mind, so exceeding was the Pleasure that he took in their Sights, so without any long Circumstance, he took them betwixt both his Hands, and led them into the Chamber, where he found the other Knights newly risen from their Beds. To whom he revealed the true Discourse of the passed Adventure, and by what means he redeemed the King and Lady from

from their Enchantments; which to them was as great Joy as before it was to *St. George*.

So, after they had for some six Days refreshed themselves in the Castle, they generally intended to accompany the *Babylonian King* into his Country, and to place him again in his Kingdom.

In which Travel we will leave the Christian Knights to the Conduct of Fortune, and return again to *Rosana*, who as you heard before, departed from the Castle in the Pursuit of her disloyal Father.

C H A P. XII.

How the Knight of the Black Castle after Conquest of the same by the Christian Champions, wandered up and down the World in great Terror of Conscience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his own Daughter, in whose Presence he desperately slew himself.

THE Christian Champions had slain the seven Giants in the Enchanted Castle, and had made Conquest thereof, disloyal *Leoger*, being Lord of the same, secretly fled, not for Anger of the Loss, but for the Preservation of his Life: So in Grief and Terror of Conscience he wandered like a Fugitive up and down the World; sometimes remembring of his passed Prosperity, other times thinking upon the Rapes he had committed, how disloyally in former Times he had left the Queen of *Armenia* big with Child, bearing in her Womb the Stain of Honour, and the Confusion of her Reputation. Sometimes his guilty Mind imagined that the bleeding Ghosts of the two Sisters (whom he both ravished and murdered) followed him up and down, haunting his Ghost with fearful Exclamations, and filling each Corner of the Earth with Clamours of Revenge. Such Fear and Terror raged in his Soul, that he thought all Places where he travelled were filled with Multitudes of Knights, and that the Strength of Countries pursued him to heap Vengeance upon his guilty Head for those wronged Ladies. Whereby he cursed the Hour of his Birth, and blamed

the Cause of his Creation, wishing the Fates to consume his Body with a Fire, or that the Earth would gape and swallow him.

In this Manner he travell'd up and down, filling all Places with Ecchos of his Sorrow and Grief, which brought him into such a Perplexity, that many Times he would have slain himself, and have rid his wretched Soul from a World of Miseries.

But it happened that one Morning very early, by the first Light of *Titan's* golden Torch, he entered into a narrow and strait Path, which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forest, wherein with much Sorrow he travell'd till such Time as glittering *Phæbus* had passed the half Part of his Journey. And being weary with the long Way and the great Weight of his Armour, he was forced to take some Rest and Ease under some green Myrtle Trees; whose large Leaves shadowed a very fair and clear Fountain, whose Stream made a bubbling Murmur on the Pebbles. And laying down upon the green Grass, he closed up the Closets of his Eyes, in hope to repose himself in a quiet Sleep, and to abandon all discontented Thoughts, in which silent Contempla-

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tions we will leave him for a while, and return to *Rosana* the Queen's Daughter of *Armenia*, whom you remember likewise departed from the Black Castle in the Pursuit of her disloyal Father whom she never in her Life beheld. This courteous Lady travelled up and down strange Countries with many a weary Step, yet never could she meet with her unkind Father, unto whom she was commanded to give her Mother's Letter, neither could she hear in any Place wherefoever she came, where she might go seek him: In which Travel she met with strange Adventures, which with great Honour to her Name she finished, yet still she wandered over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, and through many solitary Woods, till at last she happened by Fortune into the Wilderness whereas this discontented Knight lay sleeping upon the green Grass, near to which Place she likewise reposed herself under the Branches of a Chestnut Tree, desiring to take some Rest after her long Travel.

But upon a sudden being betwixt waking and sleeping, she heard towards her Left Hand a very dolorous Groan, as it were of some sorrowful Knight, which was so terrible, heavy, and bitter, that it made her to give an attentive Ear unto the Sound, and to see if she could hear and understand what it should be.

So with making the least Noise that she could possibly, she arose up, and went towards the Place, whereas she might see who it was, and there she beheld a Knight very well armed, lying upon the Grass, under a certain Myrtle Tree, his Armour was all Ruffet, and full of Bars of black Steel, which shewed to be a very sad, sorrowful, and heavy Enamelling, agreeable to the inward Sadness of his Heart. He was somewhat of a big Stature of Body, and well proportioned, and there seemed by his Disposition to be in his Heart great Grief: Where after she had a while stood

in secret, beholding his sorrowful Countenance, in a woful Manner, he tumbled his restless Body upon the green Grass, and with a sad and heavy Look he breathed forth this Lamentation.

Oh heavy and perverse Fortune (said he) *why dost thou consent that I so vile and cruel a Wretch do breath so long upon the Earth, upon whose wicked Head the golden Sun disdain to shine, and the glittering Elements deny their chearful Lights. O that some ravenous Harpy would welter from his Den, and make his loathsome Bowels my fatal Tomb, or that my Eyes were sightless, like the miserable King of Thebes, that I never might again behold this Earth, whereon I have long lived and committed so many Cruelties. I am confounded with the Curse of sad Mischance for wronging that Maiden Queen of Armenia, in the Spoil of whose Virginity I made a triumphant Conquest. Where was thine Understanding when thou forsookest that gracious Princess, who not only yielded to thee her Liberty, Love, and Honour, but therewith a Kingdom and a golden Diadem? and therefore Woe unto me Traytor! and more Woes fall upon my Soul than there be Hairs upon my Head, and may the Sorrows of old Priam be my last Punishment. What doth it profit me to fill the Air with Lamentations, when that the Crime is already past, without all Remedy or Hope of Comfort? this being said, he gave a terrible Sigh, and so held his Peace.*

Rosana, by those sorrowful Lamentations, knew him to be her disloyal Father, whom she had so long travelled after to find out: But when she remembered how that his Unfaithfulness and Unkindness was the Death of her Mother, her Heart endured such extreme Pain and Sorrow, that she was constrained to fall down to the Ground.

But yet her courageous Heart could not remain long in that Passion, but straightways she rose up again upon her Feet, with a Desire to perform her Mother's Will,

Will, but yet not intending to discover her Name, nor to reveal unto him that she was his Daughter. So with this Thought and Determination, she went unto the Place where *Leoger* was, who when he heard the Noise of her coming, straightways started upon his Feet.

Then *Rosana* saluted him with a Voice somewhat heavy, and *Leoger* returned his Salutations with no less shew of Grace.

Then the *Amazonian* Lady took forth the Letter from her naked Breast, where so long Time she had kept it, and she delivered it into his Hands, and said:

Is it thou that art that forgetful and disloyal Knight, which left the unfortunate Queen of Armenia (with so great Pain and Sorrow) big with Child among those unmerciful Tyrants her Countrymen, which banished her out of her Country in Revenge of thy committed Crime, where ever since she hath been Companion with wild Beasts, that in their Natures have lamented her Banishment.

Leoger, when he heard her say these Words, began to behold her, and altho' his Eyes were blubbered with weeping, yet he most earnestly gazed in her Face, and answered her in this Manner:

I will not deny to thee, gentle Amazonian (said he) that which the very Clouds do blush at, and the low Earth doth mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I am the same Knight whom thou hast demanded after, tell me therefore what is thy Will?

My Will is, said she, thou most ungrateful Knight, that thou read here this Letter, the last Work of the white Hand of the unhappy Armenian Queen.

At which Words the Knight was so troubled in Thought, and grieved in Mind, that it was almost the Occasion to dissolve his Soul from his Body, and therewithal putting forth his Hand somewhat trembling, he took the Letter, and set himself down very sorrowful upon the green Grass, without any Power to the

contrary, his Grief so abounded the Bounds of Reasons.

No sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the Hands of his wronged Lady, the *Armenian* Queen, and with great Alteration both of Heart and Mind he read the same. But when he had read it, he could not refrain from shedding Tears, so great was the Grief that his Heart sustained: *Rosana* did likewise bear him Company to solemnise his Heaviness, with as many Tears trickling from the Conduits of her Eyes.

The great Sorrow and Lamentation was such, and so much in both their Hearts, that for a great Space the one could not speak unto the other; but afterwards their Grievs being somewhat extenuated, *Leoger* began to say:

Oh Messenger from her, with the Remembrance of whose Wrong my Heart is wounded, being undeservedly of me evil rewarded: Tell me (even by the Nature of true Love) if thou dost know where she is; shew unto me her abiding Place, that I may go thither, and give a Discharge of this my great Fault by yielding unto Death.

Oh Cruel and without Love (answered Rosana)! What Discharge canst thou give unto her that already (through thy Cruelty) is dead and buried, only by the Occasion of such a forsworn Knight?

This penitent and grieved Knight, when he understood the Certainty of her Death, with a sudden and hasty Fury he struck himself on the Breast with his Fist, and lifting his Eyes unto the Clouds, in Manner of Exclamation against the Fates, giving sorrowful Sighs, he threw himself to the Ground; tumbling and wallowing from one Side unto the other, without taking any Ease, or having any Power or Strength to declare the inward Grief which at that Time he felt, but with Lamentation, which did torment his Heart, he called continually on the *Armenian* Queen, and

and in that Devilish Fury wherein he was, drew out his Dagger, and lifting up the Skirt of his Shirt of Mail, he thrust it into his Body, and (with calling upon his wronged Lady) he finished his Life, and fell to the Ground.

This sad and heavy Lady when she beheld him so desperately to gore his martial Breast, and to fall Lifeless to the Earth, she greatly repented herself, that she had not discovered her Name, and revealed to him how that she was his unfortunate Daughter, whose Face before that Time he had never beheld, and as a Lion (though all too late) who seeing before her Eyes a young Lions evil intreated of the Hunter, even so she ran unto her murdered Father, and with great Speed pulled off his Helmet, and unbraced his Armour, which was in Colour according to his Passion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made magick Art. Also she took away his Shield, which had on it a Russet Flag, and in the Midst thereof was portrayed the God of Love with two Faces, the one was very fair and bound with a Cloth about his Eyes, and the other was made marvellous fierce and furious. This being done, with a fair Linnen Cloth she wiped off the Blood from his wounded Body. And when she was certain that it was he after whom she had travelled so many Steps, and that he was without Life, with a furious Madness she tore her Attire from her Head, and rent her golden Hair tearing it in Pieces, and then returned again and wiped his bleeding Body, making such sorrowful Lamentation, that whosoever had seen her, would have been moved to Compassion.

Then she took his Head betwixt her Hands, striving to lift it up, and to lay it upon her Lap, but seeing for all this, that there was no moving him, she joined her Face unto his pale and dead Cheeks, and with sorrowful Words she said :

Dear Father, open thine Eyes and behold

me, open them sweet Father, and look upon me thy sorrowful Daughter : If Fortune be so favourable, let me receive some Contentment whilst Life remaineth : Oh strengthen thyself to look upon me, wherein such Delight may come to me, that we may one accompany the other. Oh my Lord and only Father, seeing that in former Times my unfortunate Mother's Tears were not sufficient to reclaim thee, make me Satisfaction for the great Travel which I have taken in seeking thee out. Come now in Death and Joy in the Sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and die not without seeing her ; open thine Eyes that she may gratify thee in dying with thee.

This being said, *Rosana* began again to wipe his Body, for that it was again all bathed in Blood, and felt his Eyes and Mouth, and his Face and Head, 'till such Time as she touched his Breast, and put her Hand on the mortal Wound, where she held it still, and looked upon him whether he moved or no.

At length she perceived his dim Eyes to open, and his Senses now a little gathered together ; and when he saw himself in her Arms, and understood by her Words, that she was his Daughter, whom he had by the unfortunate Queen of *Armenia*, he suddely strove against Weakness, and at last recovering some strength, he cast his Arms about the Neck of the fair *Rosana* ; and then with a feeble and weak Voice the wounded Knight said :

O my Daughter, unfortunate by my Disloyalty : I do confess that I have been pitiless unto thy Mother, and unkind to thee, in making thee to travel with great Sorrow in me, and now thou hast found me, I must leave thee alone in this sorrowful Place ; yet before my Death sweet Girl, give me some few gentle Kisses : This only Delight I crave for the little Time I have to tarry, and afterwards I desire thee to intomb my Body in thy Mother's Grave, though it be far in Distance from this unlucky Country,

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O my dear Lord (answered she) do you request me to give your Body a Sepulchre? I think it more requisite to seek some to give it unto us both; for I know my Life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates deprive me of your Company. And without Strength to proceed any further in Speeches, she kissed his Face with many Sighs, and having within herself a terrible Conflict, she tarried for the Answer of her dying Father, who with Pain and great Anguish of Death, said:

Ob my Child, how happy should I be, that thus embracing one in anothers Arms, we might depart together? Then should I be joyful in thy Company, and account myself happy in my Death: But alas! I must leave thee unto the World: Daughter farewell, good Fortune preserve thee, and for ever may she take thee into her Favour. And when he had said these Words, inclining his Neck upon the Face of Rosana, he died.

Which when this sorrowful Lady saw,

she kissed his pale Lips; and giving sorrowful Sighs, she began a most heavy Lamentation, calling herself unhappy and unfortunate, and laid herself upon the dead Body, cursing her Destinies, so that it was lamentable to hear.

At length remembering the Promise that she made him, which was to give his Body Burial in her Mother's Tomb: Which was the Occasion that she did somewhat cease her Lamentation, and taking unto herself more Courage than her sorrowful Grief would consent unto, she put the Body under a broad branched Pine-Apple Tree, and covered it with Leaves and green Grass, and withal hung his Armour upon the Boughs, in hope, that the Sight thereof would cause some adventurous Knight to approach her Presence, that in Kindness would assist her to intomb him. This done, here we will leave Rosana weeping over her Father's Body, and speak of the Necromancer after his Flight from the Black Castle.

CHAP. XII.

How the Magician found Leoger's Armour hanging upon a Pine Tree, kept by Rosana the Queen's Daughter of Armenia, betwixt whom happened a terrible Battle; also of the desperate Death of the Lady.

I Am sure you do well remember, when the Christian Knights had conquered the Black Castle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the furious Necromancer to preserve his Life, fled from the same, carried by his Art through the Air in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two flying Dragons; in which he crossed over many Parts of the Eastern Climates.

At last, being weary of his Journey, he put himself into the thickest of a Forest, wherein he never rested till he came

unto a mighty broad River: There he alighted from his Chariot for to refresh himself. And as he found himself all alone, there came into his Mind many Thoughts of his forepassed Life, and how he was vanquished by the Christian Knights, for which with great Anger he gave terrible Sighs, and began to curse not only the Hour of his Birth, but the whole World, and all the Generations of Mankind.

Likewise he remembered the great Sor-

row and Travel that he ever since had endured, and what Toil travelling Knights do endure: In these variable Cogitations spent he the Time away till golden *Phæbus* began to withdraw himself into his accustomed Lodging. All that Night passed away with such sorrowful Lamentations for his late Disgraces, that all the Woods and Mountains did resound his woful Exclamations, till that *Sol* with his glittering Beams began again to recover the Earth. Which being seen by the Magician, he arose up, and intending to prosecute his Journey, but lifting up his Eyes towards the Elements, he discovered hanging upon a high Pine-Apple Tree the Armour of *Leoger*.

This Armour was hung there by *Rosana*, in the Remembrance of his Death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And though it had almost lost the wonted Colour, and began to rust through the Abundance of Rain that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed of a great Value and of a wonderful Richness: So without any further Circumspection or Regard, he took down the Knight's Armour, and armed himself therewith, and when he had lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, he heard a Voice that said: *Be not so hardy thou Knight as to undoe this Trophy, except thou prepare thyself to win it by the Sword.*

The Magician at this unexpected Noise, cast his Head on the one Side, and espied *Rosana* newly awak'd from a heavy Sleep, most richly armed with a strong enchanted Armour, after the Manner of the *Amazonians*; but for all that, he made an end of arming himself, and having laced on his Burgonet, he went towards the Demander with his Sword ready drawn in his Hand, inviting her to a mortal Battle.

Rosana, who saw his Determination, provided to defend herself and offend her Enemy. The valiant *Amazonian* when her Enemy came unto her, she struck him so

terrible a Blow upon the Visor of his Helmet, that with the Fury thereof she made Sparkles of Fire to issue out with great Abundance, and forced him to bow his Head unto his Breast. The Magician returned her his Salutation, and struck her such a Blow upon her Helmet, that with the great Noise thereof, it made a Sound in all the Mountains. And so began between them a fearful Battle, Fortune not willing to use her utmost Extremity, inclined the Foil to neither Party, nor as yet gave the Conquest to any; all the Time of the Conflict, the furious Magician and the valiant *Amazonian* thought on no other Thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an Overthrow, striking each at other such terrible Blows, and with so great Fury, that many Times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the great Force one of the other, were marvellously incens'd with Anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her Shield at her Back, that with more Force she might strike and hurt her Enemy, and therewithal gave him so strong a Blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite astonish'd to the Earth, without any Feeling.

But when the Magician came again to himself, he returned *Rosana* such a terrible Blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloven her Head in Pieces, but with great Discretion she cleared her Head in such sort, that it was struck in vain, and with great Lightness she retir'd, and struck the Magician so furiously, that she made him once again to fall to the Ground astonished, and there appeared at the Visor of his Helmet great Abundance of Blood that issued out of his Mouth; but presently he reviv'd and got up with great Anger.

Then this furious Devil (blaspheming against his hard Hap) having his sharp Sword very fast in his Hand, ran towards his

his Enemy, who (without any Fear of his Fury) went forth to receive him; and when they met together, they discharged their Blows at once; but it fortune'd that the *Amazonian's* Blow did first fasten, with so great Strength, that for all the Helmet of the Magician, which was wrought of the strongest Steel, it was not sufficient to make Defence, but with the rigorous Force wherewith it was charged, it bent in such Sort that it brake into Pieces; and the Magician's Head was so grievously wounded, that Streams of Blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced to yield to the Mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condescended to his Request, upon this Condition, that he would be a means to convey her Father's dead Body to an Island near adjoining to the Borders of *Armenia*, and there to intomb it in her Mother's Grave, as she promised when that his Air of Life fled from his Body.

The Magician for Safeguard of his Life, presently agreed to perform her Desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she demanded.

Then presently by his Art he prepared his Iron Chariot with his flying Dragons in a Readiness, wherein he had laid the murdered Body of *Leoger*, and likewise placed themselves therein, wherein they were no sooner entred, with Necessaries belonging to their Travels, but they fled thorough the Air more swift than a Whirlwind, or a Ship sailing on the Seas in a stormy Tempest.

Thus *Rosana* with her Father's dead Body, carried through the Air by magick Art, over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, Woods and Forests, Towns and Cities, and through many both wonderful and strange Places and Countries.

And at last, they arrived near unto the Confines of *Armenia*, being the Place of their long desired Rest. But when they approached near unto the Queen of *Armenia's* Grave, they descended from their

enchanted Chariot, and bore *Leoger's* Body to his Burying Place, which they found overgrown with Moss and withered Brambles: Yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre, and laid his Body upon his Lady's consumed Carcass; which being done, the Magician covered the Grave again with Earth, and laid thereon green Turfs, which made it seem as though it never had been opened.

All the Time that the Magician was performing the ceremonious Funeral, *Rosana* watered the Earth with her Tears, never withdrawing her Eyes from looking upon the Grave; and when it was finished she took forth a naked Sword which she had ready for the same Effect, and putting the Pommel to the Ground, cast her Breast upon the Point; which she did with such furious Violence, that the Magician could not prevent her from committing so bloody a Fact.

This sudden Mischance so amazed him, that his Heart (for a Time) would not consent that his Tongue should speak one Word to express his Passion. But at last he took up the dead Body of *Rosana*, bathed all in Blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents Grave; and over the same hung an Epitaph that did declare the Occasion of all their Deaths.

This being done, to express the Sorrows of his Heart for the desperate Death of such a magnanimous Lady, and the rather to exempt himself from the Company of all humane Creatures, he erected over the Grave, by magick Art, a very stately Tomb, which was in this Order framed: First, there were fixed four Pillars, every one of a very fine Ruby; upon which was placed a Sepulchre of Crystal: Within the Sepulchre there seemed to be two fair Ladies; the one having her Breast pierced thorough with a Sword, and the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and so lean of Body that she seemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre

pulchre there lay a Knight all along, with his Face looking up to the Heavens, and armed with a Corflet of fine Steel, of a russet Enamelling: Under the Sepulchre there was spread abroad a great Carpet of Gold, and upon it two Pillars of the same, and upon them lay an old Shepherd and his Sheep-hook lying at his Feet; his Eyes were shut, and out of them were distilled many pearly Tears: At either Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely Feature, one of them seemed to be murdered, and the other ravished.

And near unto the Sepulchre, there lay a terrible great Beast, headed like a Lion, his Breast and Body like a Wolf, and his Tail like a Scorpion; which seemed to spit continually Flames of Fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron, with four Gates for to enter in thereat; the Gates were after the Manner and Colour of fine Diamonds; and directly over the Top of the chiefest Gate stood a Marble Pillar, whereon hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents whereof were as follow:

*So long shall breathe upon this brittle Earth,
The framer of this stately Monument;
'Till that three Children of a wondrous Birth
Out of a Northern Climate shall be sent:
They shall obscure his Name, as Fates agree,
And by his Fall the Fiends shall tamed be.*

This Monument was no sooner framed, but the Necromancer inclosed himself within the Walls, where he comforted chiefly with Furies and walking Spirits, that continually fed upon his Blood, and left their damnable Seals sticking upon his left Side, as a sure Token and Witness that he had given both his Soul and Body

to their Governments after the Date of his mortal Life was finished.

In which enchanted Sepulchre we will leave him for a Time, conferring with his damnable Mates, and return to the Christian Knights, where we left them travelling towards *Babylon*, to place the King again in his Kingdom.

C H A P. XIV.

How the Seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto the Kingdom; and after how honourably they were received at Rome, where St. George fell in Love with the Emperor's Daughter.

THE valiant Christian Champions, having as you heard before, performed the Adventure of the enchanted Monument, accompanied the *Babylonian* King to his Kingdom of *Assyria*, as they had solemnly promised him.

But when they approached the Confines of *Babylon*, and made no Question of

Princely Entertainment, there was neither Sign of Peace nor likelihood of joyful and friendly Welcome, for all the Country raged with intestine War, four several Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of Right belonged.

The unnatural Causers and Stirrers up
to

to this bloody and young Controversy, were four Noblemen, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of his Realm, when he went in the Tragical Pursuit of his fair Daughter, after his dreamed Illusion that caused him so cruelly to seek her Death: And the breaking out into this Confusion grew first to Head in this Manner following:

Two Years after the King's Departure, these Deputies governed the publick State in great Peace, and with prudent Policy, 'till no Tidings of the King could be heard, notwithstanding so many Messengers as were into every Quarter of the World sent to enquire of him; then did Ambition kindle in all their Hearts, each striving to wrest into his Hand the sole Possession of the *Babylonian* Kingdom. To this End, they all made several Friends; for this had they contended in many Fights; and now lastly, they intended to set all their Hopes upon this main Chance of War, intending to fight 'till three fell, and one remained Victor over the Rest; whose Head should be beautified with a Crown.

But to Traitors and Treason the End is sudden and shameful; for no sooner had *St. George* (placing himself between the Battels) in a brief Oration shewed the Adventures of the King, and he himself to the People discovered his reverend Face, but they all shouted for Joy, and hauling the Usurpers presently to Death, they re-installed him in the antient Dignity, their true, lawful, and long-looked for King.

The King being thus restored, married *Fidelia* for her faithfulness, and after the Nuptial Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest Request of *St. Anthony*) departed towards *Italy*; where in *Rome* the Emperor spared no Cost honourably and most sumptuously to entertain those never-daunted Knights, the famous Wonders of *Christendom*.

At that Time of the Year when the

Summer's Queen had beautified the Earth with interchangeable Ornaments; *St. George* (in Company of the Emperor with the Rest of the Champions) chanced to walk along by the Side of the River *Tyber*, to delight themselves with the pleasant Meads, and beautiful Prospect of the Country. Before they had walked half a Mile from the City, they approached an ancient Nunnery, which was a stately Building, and likewise encompassed about with Crystal Streams and many green Meadows, furnished with all Manner of beautiful Trees and fragrant Flowers.

This Nunnery was consecrated to *Diana* the Queen of Chastity, and none were suffered to live therein, but such chaste Ladies and Virgins as had vowed themselves to a single Life. In this Place the Emperor's only Daughter lived as a professed Nun, and exempted herself from all Company, except it were the Fellowship of chaste and religious Virgins.

This Vertuous *Lucina* (for so was she called) having Intelligence before, by the Overseers of the Nunnery, that the Emperor her Father with many other Knights, were coming to visit their religious Habitation, against their Approach she attired herself in a Gown of white Satin, all laid over with gold Lace, having also her golden Locks of Hair somewhat laid forth: And upon her Head was knit a Garland of sweet smelling Flowers. Her Beauty was so excellent, that it might have quailed the Heart of *Cupid*, and her Bravery exceeded the *Paphian* Queen's. Never could Nature with all her Cunning, stream more Beauty in any one Creature, than was upon her Face; nor never could the flattering *Sirens* more beguile the Travelers, than did her bright Countenance enchant the *English* Champion; for at his first Entrance into the Nunnery, he was so ravished with her Sight, that he was not able to withdraw his Eyes from her Beauty, but stood gazing upon her, like

bewitched with *Medusa's* Shadows. And to be short, her Beauty so fired his Heart, that he must either enjoy her Company, or give End to his Life by some untimely Means.

St. *George* being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, dissembled his Grief, and revealed it not to any one, but departed with the Emperor back again to the City, leaving his Heart behind him, closed in the stony Monastery with his lovely *Lucina*.

All that ensuing Night he could not enjoy the Benefit of Sleep, but contemplated upon the divine Beauty of his Lady, and fraughted his Mind with a thousand several Cogitations how he might attain to his Love, being a chaste Virgin and a professed Nun.

In this manner he spent the Night, and no sooner appeared the Morning's Brightness, but he arose and attired himself in watchet Velvet, and wandered alone to the Monastery, where he revealed his deep Affection unto the Lady, who was as far from granting to his Request, as the Skies from the Earth; for she protested while Life remained within her Body, never to yield her Love to any one, but to remain a pure Virgin, and of *Diana's* Train.

No other Resolution could St. *George* get of the chaste Nun, which caused him to part in great Discontent, intending to seek by some other Means to obtain her Love: So coming to the Rest of the Christian Champions, he revealed to them the Truth of all Things that had happened: Who in this manner counselled him, that he should provide a Multitude of armed Knights, every one bearing in their Hands a Sword ready drawn, and to enter the Monastery at such Time as she little mistrusted, and first with Promises and fair and kind Speeches to seek her Love, but if she yielded not, to fill her Ears with Threatnings, protesting that if she will

not grant to requite his Love with like Affections, he would not leave one Stone of that Monastery standing upon another, and likewise make her a bloody Offering up to *Diana*.

This Policy well pleased St. *George*, though he intended not to prosecute such Cruelty: So the next Morning by Break of Day he went unto the Nunnery in Company of no other but the Christian Champions, armed in bright Armour, with their glittering Swords ready drawn, which they carried under their Side-Cloaks to prevent Suspicion.

But when they came to the Monastery, and had entered into the Chamber of *Lucina*, St. *George* first proffered her Kindness by fair Promises, but finding that thereby he nothing prevailed, he then made known his pretended unmerciful Purpose, and thereupon all of them shaking their bright Swords against her Breast, they protested (though contrary to their Intents) that except she would yield to St. *George* her unconquered Love, they would bathe their Weapons in her dearest Blood.

At which Words the distressed Virgin being overcharged with Fear, sunk down to the Ground, and lay for a Time in a dead Agony, but in the End recovering herself, she lifted up herself, and in this Manner declared her Mind:

Most renowned Knight, said she, it is as difficult for me to climb up to the highest Top of Heaven, as to persuade my Mind to yield to the fulfilling of your Requests: The pure and chaste Goddess *Diana*, that sits now crowned amongst the golden Stars, will revenge my perjured Promise, if I yield to your Desires, for I have since deeply vowed to spend my Days in this religious House, in Honour of her Deity, and not to yield the Flower of my Virginity to any one, which Vow, I will not infringe for all the Wealth of *Rome*; you know brave Champions, that

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in Time the watry Drops will molify the hardest Diamond, and Time may root this Resolution out of my Heart. Therefore I request you by Honour of true Knighthood, and by the Love you bear to your native Country, to grant me the Liberty of seven Days, that I may at full consider with my Heart before I give an Answer to your Demands, and to the Intent that I may make some Sacrifices as well to appease the Wrath which the Goddess *Diana* may conceive against me, as to satisfy my own Soul for not fulfilling my Vow.

These Words were no sooner ended, but the Champions without any more Delay joyfully consented, and moreover proffered themselves to be all present at the Sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great Comfort.

The Champions being gone, *Lucina* called together all the rest of the Nuns, and declared to them the whole Discourse, where after, amongst this religious Company, with the Help of some other of their approved Friends, they devised a most strange Sacrifice, which hath since been the Occasion that so many inhuman and bloody Sacrifices have been committed.

The next Morning, after six Days were finished, no sooner did bright *Phæbus* shew his golden Beams abroad, but the Nuns began to prepare all Things in readiness for the Sacrifice: For directly before the Door of the Monastery they hired cunning Workmen to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with Cloth of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the Middle thereof) was placed a fair Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloth of Gold, and upon it a Chafingdish of Coals burning: All this being set in good Order, the Emperor with the Christian Champions, and many other *Roman* Knights being present to behold the Ce-

remorious Sacrifice, little mistrusted the doleful Tragedy that after happened.

The Assembly being silent, there was straitways heard a sweet and harmonious sound of Clarions and Trumpets, and sundry other Kinds of Instruments: These entered first upon the Scaffold, and next unto them were brought seven Rams, all adorned with fine white Wool, more soft in Feeling than *Arabian* Silk; with hugh and mighty charged Horns, bound about with Garlands of Flowers; after them followed a certain Number of Nuns attired in black Vestures, singing their accustomed Songs in the Honour of *Diana*: After them followed an ancient Matron drawn in a Chariot by four comely Virgins, bringing in her Hands the Image of *Diana*: And on either Side of her, two ancient Nuns of great Estimation, each of them bearing in their Hands rich Vessels of Gold, full of precious and sweet Wines: then after all this, came the beautiful *Lucina*, apparelled with a rich Robe of State, being of a great and inestimable Value.

Thus ceremoniously she ascended the Scaffold, where the Matron placed the Image of *Diana* behind the Chafingdish of Coals that was there burning; and the rest of the Nuns continued still singing their Songs, and drinking of the precious Wines that were brought in the golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the Necks of the Rams, by cutting their Throats, whose Blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, and opened their Bowels, and burned the inward Parts in the Chafingdish of Coals.

Thus with the Slaughter, they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity; at the Sight whereof was present the surfeiting Lover *St. George*, with the other six Christian Knights, armed all in bright Armour, and were all very attentive.

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This Sacrifice ended, *Lucina* commanded Silence to be made, and when all the Company were still, she raised herself upon her Feet, and with a heavy Voice, distilling many salt Tears, she said:

O most excellent and chaste Diana, in whose blessed Bosom we undefiled Virgins do recreate ourselves, unto thy most divine Excellency do I now commend this my lost Sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods, that I have done my best to continue a spotless Maiden of thy most beautiful Train. O Heavens! shall I consent to deliver my Virginity to him whose Soul desires to have the Use of it? Or shall I myself consent to my utter Ruin and sorrowful Destruction, which proceedeth only by the Means of my flourishing Beauty? I would it had been as the Night Ravens, or like to the tawny tanned Moors in the farthest Mountain of India.

O Sacred Diana! thou blessed Queen of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost consent that a Virgin descended from so Royal a Race as I am, should suffer the wretchedness of her Predecessors to be spotted by yielding her Virgin Honour to the Conquest of Love, without respecting the Chaste Vow I made unto thy Deity? And now to thee I speak, thou valiant Knight of England, behold here I yield unto thy Hands my lifeless Body, to use according to thy Will and Pleasure, requesting only this Thing at thy Hand, that as thou lovest me living, thou wilt love me dead, and like a merciful Champion, suffer me to receive a Princely Funeral.

At last of all to thee, Divine Diana, do I speak, accept of this my bleeding Soul, that with so much Blood is offered unto thee.

So finishing this sorrowful Speech, she drew out a bright shining Sword which she had hid secretly under her Gown, and setting the Hilt against the Scaffold (little looked for by her Father and those that were present) she suddenly threw her self

upon the Point of that Sword in such furious Manner, that it parted her bloody Heart in sunder, and so rendered her Soul to the Tuition of her unto whom she offered her most bloody rueful Sacrifice.

What, shall I here declare the lamentable Sorrows and pitiful Lamentation that were made by her Father and other Roman Knights that were present at this unhappy Mischance? So great it was, that the Wall of the Monastery echoed, and their pitiful Shrieks ascended to the Clouds.

But none was more grieved in Mind than the afflicted English Champion, who in great Fury rushed amongst the People, throwing them down on every Side, 'till he ascended upon the Scaffold: And approaching the dead Body of *Lucina*, he took her up in his Arms, and with a sorrowful and passionate Voice he said: *O my beloved Joy, and late my own Heart's Delight, is this the Sacrifice wherein (through thy Desperateness) thou hast deceived me, who loved thee more than my Life! Is this the Respite that thou requirest for seven Days, wherein thou hast concluded thy own Death, and my utter Confusion.*

*O Diana, accursed be this Chance, because thou hast consented to so bloody a Tragedy: For I do here protest, that never more shalt thou be worshipped, but in thy stead every Land and Country where the English Champion cometh, shall *Lucina* be adored. For from henceforth will I seek to diminish thy Name, and blot it from the Godral of the Firmament; yea, and utterly extinguish it for ever, so that there shall never more Memory remain of thee for this bloody Tyranny, in suffering so lamentable a Sacrifice.*

No sooner had he delivered these Speeches, but incensed with Fury, he drew his Sword and parted the Image of *Diana* into two Pieces, protesting to ruinate the Monastery within whose Walls
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the Device of this bloody Sacrifice was concluded.

The Sorrow and extream Grief of the *Roman* Emperor so exceeded for the Murder of his Daughter, that he fell to the Earth in a senseless Swoon, and was carried by certain of his Knights half-dead with Grief Home to his Palace, where he remained Speechless for the Space of 30 Days.

The Emperor had a Son as valiant in Arms as any born *Italian*, except *St. Anthony*: This young Prince, whose Name was *Lucius*, seeing his Sister's Death, and by what Means it was committed, he presently intended, with a Train of 100 armed Knights which continually attended upon his Person, to assail the discontented Champions, and by Force of Arms to revenge his Sister's Death.

This Resolution so encouraged the *Roman* Knights, that betwixt these two Companies began as terrible a Battel as ever was fought by any Knights; the Fierceness of their Blows so exceeded the one Side against the other, that they did rebound Ecchoes, which yielded a terrible Noise in the neighbouring Woods.

This Battel did continue betwixt them

both sharp and fierce for the Space of two Hours, by which Time the Valour of the incensed Champions so prevailed, that most of the *Roman* Knights were discomfited and slain: Some had their Heads parted from their Shoulders, some had their Arms and Legs lopped off, and some lay breathless, weltring in their own Blood, in which Encounter many a *Roman* Lady lost her Husband, many a Widow was bereaved of her Son, and many a Child left Fatherless, to the great Sorrow of the whole Country.

But when the valiant young Prince of *Rome* saw his Knights discomfited, and he left alone to withstand so many noble Champions, he presently set Spurs to his Horse, and fled from them.

After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no Glory to their Names to triumph in the Overthrow of a single Knight, but remained still by the Scaffold, where they buried the sacrificed Virgin, under a marble Stone close by the Monastery Wall: Which being done to their Content, *St. George* engraved this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the Point of his Dagger, which was in the Manner following:

*Under this marble Stone interr'd doth lie,
Luckless Lucina, yet of Beauty bright;
Who to maintain her spotless Chastity,
Against the Assailment of an English Knight;
Upon a Blade, her tender Breast she cast
A bloody Offering to Diana chaste.*

So, when he had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-footed Steeds, and bad adieu to the unhappy Confines of *Italy*, hoping to find better Fortunes in other Countries. In which Travel we will leave them for a Time, and speak of the Prince of *Rome*, who after the Discomfiture of the *Roman* Knights, fled from the warlike Champions. After which, he traversed along

by the River *Tybris*, filling all Places with his melancholly Passions, until such Time as he entered into a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary Limbs, and lament his Misfortunes. After he had in this solitary Place unlaced his Helmet, he cast up his wretched Eyes unto the Skies, and said:

*O you fatal Torches of the Elements, why
are you not clad in mournful Habilliments,*

to cloak my wandering Steps in eternal Darkness? Or shall I be made a Scorn in Rome for my Cowardice? Or shall I return and accompany my Roman Friends in Death, whose Blood methinks I see sprinkled about the Fields of Italy? Methinks I hear their bleeding Souls fill each Corner of the Earth with my base Flight: Therefore will I not live to be termed a fearful Coward, but die courageously by my own Hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtain the Conquest of my Death, nor triumph in my Fall.

This being said, he drew out his Dagger and clave his Heart in sunder. The News of whose Death, after it was brought to his Father's Ears, he interred his Body with his Sister *Lucina's*, and erected over

them a stately Chapel, wherein the Nuns and ceremonious Monks, during all their Lives, sung Dirges for his Childrens Souls.

After this, the Emperor made Proclamation through all his Dominions, that if any Knight were so hardy as to travel in Pursuit after the *English* Champion, and by Force of Arms to bring him back, or deliver his Head unto the Emperor, he should not only be held in great Estimation through the Land, but receive the Government of the Empire after his Decease: Which rich Proffer so encouraged the Minds of many adventurous Knights, that they went from sundry Provinces in the Pursuit of *St. George*, but their Attempts were all in vain.

C H A P. XV.

Of the Triumphs, Tilts, and Tournaments, that were solemnly held in Constantinople by the Grecian Emperor; and of the honourable Adventures that were there atchieved by the Christian Champions.

IN the Eastern Parts of the World the Fame and valiant Deeds of the Champions of *Christendom* was noised with their heroical Acts and Feats of Arms, naming them the Mirrour of Nobility, and the Types of bright Honour: All Kings and Princes (to whose Ears the Report of their Valours were known) desired much to behold their noble Personages. And when the Emperor of *Grecia* (keeping then his Court in the City of *Constantinople*) heard of their mighty and valiant Deeds, he thirsted after their Sight, and his Mind could never be satisfied with Content, until such Time as he had devised a Means to train them unto his Court, not only in that he might enjoy the Benefit of their Companies, but to have his Court honoured with the Presence of such renowned

Knights; and therefore in this Manner it was accomplished.

The Emperor dispatched Messengers into divers Parts of the World, gave them in Charge to publish throughout every Country and Province as they went, of an honourable Tournament that should be held in the City of *Constantinople*, within six Months following, thereby to accomplish his Intent, and to bring the Christian Champions (whose Company he so much desired) unto his Court.

This Charge of the *Grecian* Emperor (as he commanded) was speedily performed with such Diligence, that in a short Time it came to the Ears of the Christian Knights, as they travelled betwixt the Provinces of *Asia* and *Africa*, who, at the Time appointed, came in great Pomp to

Constanti-

Constantinople, to furnish forth the honourable Triumphs.

At the Fame whereof likewise resorted thither a great Number of Knights of great Valour and Strength, among whom was the Prince of *Argier* with a goodly Company of noble Persons, and the Prince of *Fez* with many well proportioned Knights; likewise came thither the King of *Arabia* in great State; and with no less Majesty came the King of *Sicilia*, and a Brother of his, who were both Giants. Many other brave and valiant Knights came thither to honour the *Grecian* Emperor. And as they came to honour the Triumphs, so likewise they came to prove their Fortitudes, and to get Fame and Name, and the Praise that belongeth to adventurous Knights. It was supposed of all the Company that the King of *Sicilia* would gain by his Prowess the Dignity from the rest, for that he was a Giant of very big Limbs, although his Brother was taken to be the more furious Knight, who determined not just, for that his Brother should get the Honour and Praise from all the Knights that came, but it fell out otherwise, as hereafter you shall hear.

For when the Day of Tournament was come, all the Ladies and Damsels put themselves in Places to behold the Justing, and attired themselves in the greatest Bravery that they could devise, and the great Court swarmed with People that came thither to behold the triumphant Tournament.

What shall I say here of the Emperor's Daughter, the fair *Alcida*? who sat glittering in rich Ornaments amongst the other Ladies, like unto *Phæbus* in the Crystal Firmament; and when the Emperor was seated upon the Imperial Throne under a Tent of green Velvet, the Knights began to enter into the Lists; and he that first entered was the King of *Arabia*, mounted upon a very fair and well adorned Courser, he was armed with black Armour,

all bespotted with Silver knobs, and he brought with him fifty Knights apparelled with the same Livery, and thus with great Majesty he rode round about the Palace, making great Obedience unto all the honourable Ladies and Damsels.

After him entered the Pagan Knight, who was Lord of *Syria*, and armed with Armour of Lions Colour, accompanied with an hundred Knights all apparelled in Velvet of the same Colour, and passed round about the Palace, shewing unto the Ladies great Friendship and Courtesy as the other did.

Which being done, he beheld the King of *Arabia* tarrying to receive him at the Just; and the Trumpets began to sound, giving them to understand that they must prepare themselves ready to the Encounter, whereto these two Knights were nothing unwilling, but spurred their Coursers with great Fury, and closed together with Courageous Valour.

The King of *Arabia* most strongly made his Encounter, and struck the Pagan without missing, upon his Breast; but the Pagan at the next Race struck him so surely with his Lance, that he heaved him out of his Saddle, and he fell presently to the Ground, after which the Pagan Knight rode up and down with great Pride and Gladness.

The *Arabian* King being thus overthrown, there entered into the Lists the King of *Argier*, armed with no other Furniture but with Silver Mail, and a Breast plate of bright Steel before his Breast; his Pomp and Pride exceeded all the Knights that were then present, but yet to small purpose his Pride and Arrogancy served; for at the first Encounter he was overthrown to the Ground; in like Sort did that Pagan use fifteen other Knights of fifteen Provinces, to the great amazement of the Emperor and all the Assembly.

During all these valiant Encounters, St.

George

George with the other Christian Champions, stood afar off upon a high Gallery beholding them, intending not as yet to be seen in the Tilt.

But now this valiant Pagan after he had rode about six Courses up and down the place, and seeing none entered the Tilt Yard, he thought to bear all the Fame and Honour away for that Day.

But at the same Instant there entered the noble Minded Prince of *Fez*, being for Courage the only pride of his Country, he was a marvellous well-proportioned Knight, and was armed all in white Armour, wrought with excellent knots of Gold, and he brought in his Company a hundred Knights, all attired in white Satten, and riding about the place, he shewed his Obedience unto the Emperor, and to all the Ladies, and thereupon the Trumpets began to sound.

At the noise whereof the two Knights spurred their Coursers, and made their Encounters so strong, and with such great fury, that the proud Pagan was cast to the Ground, and so departed the Lifts with great dishonour.

Straightway entered the brave King of *Sicilia*, who was armed in a glittering Corset of very fine Steel, and was mounted upon a mighty and strong Courser, and brought in his Company two hundred Knights, all apparelled with Cloth of Gold, having every one a several Instrument of Musick in their Hands, sounding thereon a most delightful Melody.

And after the *Sicilian* King had made his accustomed Compass, and Courtesy in the Place, he locked down his Beaver and put himself in Readiness to fight. When the Sign was given by the chief Herald at Arms, they spurred their Horses and made their Encounters so valiantly, that the first Race they made, their Lances shivered in the Air, and the Pieces thereof scattered abroad like Aspen Leaves in a

Whirlwind. At the second Course, the young Prince of *Fez* was carried over his Horse's Buttocks, and the Saddle with him betwixt his Legs, which was a great Grief unto the Emperor and all the Company, for he was well-beloved of them all, and held for a Knight of great Estimation.

The *Sicilian* King grew proud at the Prince of *Fez*'s Overthrow, and was so enraged and furious, that in a small Time he left not a Knight remaining on Horseback in the Saddle that durst attempt to fight with him; but every one of what Country or Nation soever, he unhorsed in the Attempt: So that there was no Question, among either Nobles or the Multitude, but that unto him the undoubted Honour of the Victory in Triumph would be attributed.

But being in this arrogant Pride, he heard a great Noise in the Manner of a Tumult drawing near, which was the Occasion that he stood still, and expecting some strange Accident, and looking about what it should be, he beheld *St. George* entering the Lifts, as then come from the Gallery, who was armed with strong Armour all of Purple, full of golden Stars, and before him rode the Champions of *France, Italy, Spain, and Scotland*, all on stately Coursers, bearing in their Hands four filken Streamers of four several Colours; and there followed him the Champion of *Wales* carrying his Shield, whereon was portrayed a golden Lion in a fable Field; and the Champion of *Ireland* likewise carried his Spear, being of knotty Ash, strongly bound about with Plates of Steel.

When *St. George* had passed by the Royal Seat whereon the Emperor sat, in whose Company were many Princes; he rode along by the other Side, where *Alcida* the Emperor's fair Daughter sate, amongst many gallant Ladies and fair Damfels, richly apparelled in a Vesture of Gold,

Gold, to whom he vailed his Bonnet, shewing them the Courtesy of a Knight, and so passed by *Alcida*, who at the Sight of this noble Champion could not refrain herself, but with an high and bold Voice she said unto the Emperor: *Most mighty Emperor, and my Royal Father, this is the Knight in whose Power and Strength all Christendom do put their Fortunes, and this is he whom the whole World admires for Chivalry.*

Which Words of the lovely Princess, altho' St. George heard them very well, yet passed he on as though he had heard nothing. Now when he was come before the Face of his Adversary, he took his Shield and Spear, and prepared himself in Readiness to Just, and so being both provided, the Trumpets began to found; whereat with great Fury these two warlike Knights met together, and neither of them missed their Blows at their Encounter, but yet by reason that St. George had a Desire to extol his Fame, and to make his Name resound through the World, he struck the Giant such a mighty Blow upon his Breast, that he presently overthrew him to the Ground, and so with great State and Majesty he passed along without any Shew of Disdain, whereat the People gave so great a Shout, that it resounded like an Eccho in the Air, and in this Manner he said: *The great and furious Boaster is overthrown, and his mighty Strength hath little availed him.*

After this, many Princes proved their Adventures against the *English* Champion, and every Knight that was of any Estimation fought with him, but with Ease he overcame them all in less than the Space of two Hours. But when the Day drew to an End, there entered the Lifts the brave and mighty Giant, Brother to the *Sicilian* King, with a mighty great Spear in his Hand, whose glimmering Point of Steel glittered through all the Court; he brought with him but only one 'Squire,

attired in Silver Mail, bringing in his Hand another Lance.

So this furious Giant, with any Care or Courtesy due unto the Emperor, or any of his Knights there present, entered the Place, which being done, the 'Squire that brought the other Spear, went unto the *English* Champion, and said: *Sir Knight, yonder brave and valiant Giant, my Lord and Master, doth send unto thee this warlike Spear, and therewithal he willeth thee to defend thyself to the uttermost of thy Power and Strength, for he hath vowed before Sun-set, to be either Lord of thy Fortunes, or a Vassal to thy Prowess; and likewise saith, that he doth not only defy thee in the Tournament, but also challenge thee to a mortal Battle.*

This braving Message caused St. George to smile, and bred in his Breast a new Desire of Honour, and so returned him this Answer: *Friend, go thy Ways, and tell the Giant that sent thee, that I do accept his Demand, although it do grieve my very Soul to bear this arrogant Defiance, to the great Disturbance of this Royal Company, in Presence of so mighty an Emperor: But seeing his Stomach is gorged with so much Pride, tell him that George of England is ready to make his Defence, and also that shortly he shall repent him by the Pledge of my Knighthood.*

In saying these Words he took the Spear from the 'Squire, and delivered him his Gauntlet from his Hand to carry to his Master, and so putting himself to the Standing for the Encounter. At that Time he was very nigh the Place where the Emperor sat, who heard the Answer which the *English* Knight made unto the 'Squire, and was much displeased that the Giant in such Sort would defy St. George, without any Occasion. But it was no Time as then to speak, but to keep Silence, and to mark what Event came to his great Pride and Arrogancy.

All this Time the two Warriours,
A a a (mounted

mounted upon their Steeds) tarried the Sign to be made by the Trumpets, which being given, they set forwards their Couriers, with their Spears in their Rests, with so great Fury and Desire, the one to unhorse the other, that they both fail'd in their Encounter. The Giant, who was very strong and proud, when he saw that he had missed his Intent, he returned against St. George, carrying his Spear upon his Shoulder, and coming nigh unto him, upon a sudden before he could clear himself, he struck him such a mighty Blow upon his Corslet, that his Staff brake in Pieces, by reason of the Fineness of his Armour, and made the *English* Knight to double his Body backwards upon his Horse's Crupper. But when he saw the great Villany that the Giant used against him, his Anger increased very much, and so taking his Spear in the same Sort, he went towards the Giant and said: *Thou furious and proud Beast, thou Scorn of Nature and Enemy to true Knighthood, thinkest thou for to entrap me treacherously, and to gore me at unawares, like a savage Boar? Know as I am a Christian Knight, if my knotty Spear have good Success, I will revenge me on thy Incivility.*

And in saying this, he struck him so furiously on the Breast, that the Spear passed through the Giant's Body, and appeared forth at his Back, whereby he fell down dead to the Ground. All that were present were very much amazed thereat, and wondered greatly at the Strength and Force of St. George, accounting him the fortunatest Knight that ever wielded

Lance, and the very Pattern of true Nobility.

At this Time the golden Sun had finished his Course, having nothing above the Horizon but his glittering Beams, whereby the Judge of the Tournament commanded with Sound of Trumpets, that the Jufts should cease, and make an end for that Day.

So the Emperor descended from the Imperial Throne into the Tilting Place, where all the Knights and Gentlemen were, for to receive the noble Champion of *England*, and desired him that he would go with them into his Palace, there to receive all Honours due unto a Knight of such Desert: To which he could not make any Denial, but most willingly consented: After this, the Emperor's Daughter, (in Company of many courtly Virgins) likewise descended from her Place, where *Alcida* bestowed upon St. George her Glove, which he wore for her Favour many a Day after in his Burgonet.

The other six Christian Champions, although they merited no Honour by this Tournament, because they did not try their Adventures therein, yet obtained they such good liking among the *Grecian* Ladies, that every one had his Mistress; and in their Presence they long Time fixed their chief Delights: Where we must leave the Champions in the Emperor's Court for a Time, and return to St. George's Sons travelling the World to seek out Adventures.

C H A P. XVI.

How a Knight with two Heads tormented a beautiful Maiden that had betrothed herself to the Emperor's Son of Constantinople; and how she was rescued by St. George's Sons; and how they were brought by a strange Adventure into the Company of the Christian Champions.

THIS renowned Emperor (within whose Court the Christian Champions made their Abodes) of late Years had a Son named *Pollemus*, in all Virtues and Knightly Demeanours equal with any living. This Prince in his Youth, fell in Love with a Maiden of mean Parentage, but in Beauty and other precious Gifts of Nature, most excellent.

This *Dulcippa* (for so was she called) being but Daughter to a Country Gentleman, was restrained from the Emperor's Court, and denied the Sight of her beloved *Pollemus*, and he forbidden to set his Affection so low, upon the Displeasure of the Emperor his Father: For he being the Son of so mighty a Potentate, and she the Daughter of so mean a Gentleman, was thought to be a Match unfit and disagreeable to the Laws of the Country; and therefore they could not be suffered to manifest their Loves as they would, but were constrained by Stealth to enjoy each others Company.

Upon a Time these two Lovers concluded to meet together in a Valley between two Hills, in Distance from the Emperor's Court about three Miles, where they might in Secret unite and fix both their Hearts in one Knot of true Love, and to prevent the Determination of their Parents that so unkindly thought to cross them. And when the appointed Day drew on, *Dulcippa* arose and attired herself in costly Apparel, as though she had been going to perform her Nuptial Ceremonies. And in this Manner entered she

the Valley, at such Time as the Sun began to appear out of his golden Horizon. Likewise the calmy Western Winds did very sweetly blow upon the green Leaves, and made a delicate Harmony at such Time as the fairest *Dulcippa* approached the Place of their appointed Meeting.

But when she found not Prince *Pollemus* present, she determined to spend the Time away till he came, in trimming of her golden Hair, and decking her delicate Body. So sitting down upon a green Bank under the Shadow of a Myrtle Tree, she pulled a golden Cawl from her Head, wherein her Hair was wrapped, and taking out an Ivory Comb, she began to comb her Hair.

But now mark (gentle Reader) how frowning Fortune crossed her Desires, and changed her wished Joys into unexpected Sorrows; for as she sat, there fortuned to come wandering by an inhuman Tyrant, surnamed the Knight with two Heads, who was a Ravisher of Virgins, an Oppressor of Infants, and an utter Enemy to virtuous Ladies and strange travelling Knights. This Tyrant was bodied like unto a Man, but covered all over with Locks of Hair; he had two Heads, two Mouths, and four Eyes, but all red as Blood: Which deformed Creature presently ran unto the Virgin, and caught her up under his Arms, and carried her away over the Mountain into another Country, where he intended to torment her, as you shall hear more at large hereafter.

But now return we to Prince *Pollemus*, who

who at the Time appointed likewise prepared to meet his betrothed Love; but removing to the Place, he found nothing but a Silver Scarf, which *Dulcippa* had let fall through the fearful Fright she took at the Sight of the two headed Knight.

No sooner found he her Scarf but he was oppressed extremely with Sorrow, fearing *Dulcippa* was murdered by some inhuman Means, and had left her Scarf as a Token that she infringed not her Promise, but performed it to the Loss of her own Life: Therefore taking it up, and putting it next his Heart, he breathed forth this woful Lamentation.

Here rest thou near unto my true loving Heart, thou precious Token, and Remembrance of my dearest Lady, never to be hence removed till such Time as my Eyes may either behold her Body, or my Ears hear certain News of her untimely Death, that I may in Death consort with her. And for her Sake I vow to travel through the World, as far as ever golden Phœbus lends his Light, filling each Corner of the Earth with Clamours of her Name, and make the Elements resound with my Lamentation.

In which Resolution, he returned home to the Emperor his Father's Place, dissembling his Grief in such Manner, that none could suspect his Sorrows, nor the strange Accident that unto beauteous *Dulcippa* had happened.

And so upon a Day as he was meditating with himself, seeing the small Comfort that he took in the Court, considering the Want of her Presence, whom he so much desired, he determined in great Secrecy, as soon as it was possible to depart the Court. Which Determination he straitways put in Practice, and took out of the Emperor's Armory very secretly, an exceeding good Corset, which was all Ruffet, and enamelled with Black, and embroidered round about with a gilded Edge, very curiously and artistically graven and carved.

Also he took a Shield of the same making, saving that it was not graven as the Armour was; and commanded a young Gentleman that was Son to an antient Knight of *Constantinople*, of a good Disposition and hardy, that he should keep them safely, and gave him to understand of his determined Intent.

Although it grieved the young Man very much, yet for all that, seeing the great Friendship that he used towards him, in uttering his Secrets unto him before any other, without replying to the contrary, he very diligently took the Armour and hid it, till he found convenient Time to put it into a Ship very secretly. Likewise he put into the same Ship two of the best Horses which the Emperor had; and forthwith he gave the Prince to understand, that all Things were then in a Readiness, and in good Order; *Pollemus* dissembling with the accustomed Sorrow that he used, withdrew himself into his Chamber, till such Time as the dark Night came.

Which when it was come, he made himself ready with his Apparel, and when all the People of the Court were at their Rest, he alone with his Page, who was named *Mercurio*, departed the Palace, and went to the Sea-side. His Page did call the Mariners of the Ship, who straitway brought unto them their Boat, into which they entered, and went strait aboard. And being therein, he commanded to weigh their Anchors, and to hoist up Sails, and to commit themselves to the Mercy of the Waters; as he commanded, all was done, and so in short Time they found themselves far from the Sight of any Land.

But when the Emperor his Father understood of his secret Departure, the Lamentation which he made was very much; and he commanded his Knights to go unto the Sea-side to know if there were any Ship that departed that Night; and when

when it was told them that there was a Bark that haled Anchor, and hoised Sail, they supposed straightway that the Prince was gone away.

I cannot here declare the great Grief and Sorrow which the Emperor felt for the Absence of his Son. But when the Departure of *Pollemus* was noised through all *Constantinople*, all Sports and Feasts ceased, and all the People of the Country were overcome with a general Sorrow.

So *Pollemus* sailed through the deep Seas three Days and three Nights, with a very fair and prosperous Wind. The fourth Day in the Evening being calm, and no Wind at all, the Mariners went to take their Rests, some on the Poop, and some on the fore Ship, for to ease their wearied Bodies. The Prince (who sat upon the Poop of the Ship) asked his Page for his Lute, which straitway was given him, and sung so sweetly, that it seemed to be a most Heavenly Melody, and being in this sweet Musick he heard a very lamentable Cry, as it were of a Woman, and leaving his delicate Musick, he gave a listening attentive Ear to hearken what this sorrowful Creature said, and by Reason of the Stillness of the Night, he might easily hear as it were a Woman uttering these Words: *It will little profit thee, thou cruel Tyrant, this thy bold Hardiness, for that I am beloved of so worthy a Knight; as will undoubtedly revenge this tyrannous Cruelty proffered me.*

Then he heard another Voice which seemed to answer:

Now I have thee in my Power, there is no humane Creature of Strength able enough to deliver or redeem thee from the Torments that (in my Determination) I have purposed thou shalt endure.

Pollemus could hear no more, by Reason that the Bark wherein they were, passed by so swiftly; but he supposed that it was his Lady's Voice which he heard, and that she was carried by Force away. So

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(laying down his Lute) he began to fall into a great Thought, and was very heavy and sorrowful, in that he knew not how to adventure for her Recovery.

Being in this Cogitation, he returned to his Page, who was asleep, and struck him with his Foot, and awaked him, saying: *What didst thou not hear the great Lamentation that my Lady Dulcippa made (as to me it seemed) being in a small Bark that is passed by, and gone forwards along the Seas? To which the Page Mercutio answered nothing, for he was still in a sound Sleep.* To which the Prince called again, saying: *Arise, I say, bring forth my Armour, call upon the Mariners that they may launch their Boat into the Sea; for by the omnipotent Jupiter, I swear that I will not be called the Son of my Father, if I do suffer such Violence to be done against my Love, and not procure with all my Strength to revenge the same.*

Mercutio would have replied unto him, but the furious Countenance of the Prince would not give him Leave, no, not once to look upon his Face: So he brought forth his Armour, and buckled it on.

In the mean Time the Mariners had lunched their Boat into the Sea, whereinto he leaped with a hasty Fury, and carried with him his Page and four of the Mariners for to row the Bark, and he commanded them to take their Way towards the other Company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the Night, 'till such Time as bright *Phæbus* with his glittering Beams gave unto them such Light, that they might discover and see the other Bark, although somewhat afar off.

So they laboured with great Courage 'till two Parts of the Day was spent, at which Time they saw come after them a Gally which was rowed with eight Oars upon a Side, and it made so great Speed, that in a Trice they were with them, and he saw that there was in her three Knights, in bright Armour, to whom *Pollemus*

B b b

called

called with a loud Voice, saying: *Most courteous Knights, I request you to take me into your Gally, that being in her, I may the better accomplish my Desire.*

The Knights which were in the Gally passed by the Prince without making any Answer, but rather shewed that they made but little Account of him. These three Knights were the Sons of the *English* Champion, who departed from their Father in his Journey towards *Babylon*, to set the King again in his Kingdom.

But now to follow our History: The Prince of *Constantinople* seeing the little Account they made of him, with the great Anger and Fury that he received, he took an Oar in one Hand, and another in the other Hand, and with such Strength he struck the Water, that he made the slothful Bark to fly, and laboured so fore at the Oars, that in a Trice they were equal with the Gally.

So leaving the Oars, with a light Leap he put himself into the Gally with his Helm on, and his Shield at his Shoulder, and being within, he said: *Now shall you do that by Force, which before you would not yield unto.*

This being said, one of *St. George's* Sons took the Encounter in Hand, thinking it a Blemish to the Honour of Knighthood by Multitudes to assail him; so the two brave Knights without any Advantage of one another, made their Encounters so valiantly, that it was a Wonder to the Beholders. The Prince of *Constantinople* struck the *English* Knight such a furious Blow, that he made him decline his Head to his Breast, and forced him to recoil backwards two or three Steps, but he came quickly again to himself, and returned him so mighty a Blow upon his Helmet, that he made his Teeth chatter in his Head.

With great Policy and Strength they endured the Bickering all Day, and when they saw the dark Night come upon them,

they strove with more Courage and Strength to finish their Battle.

The Prince of *Constantinople* puffing and blowing like an enraged Bull, lift up his Sword with both his Hands, and discharged it so strongly upon his Enemy, that by Force he made him fall to the Ground, and therewith offered to pull his Helmet from his Head. But when the *English* Knight saw himself in that Sort; he threw his Shield from him, and very strongly caught the other about the Neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them began a terrible Wrestling, tumbling and wallowing up and down the Galley.

At this Time the Night began to be very dark, wherefore they called for Lights, which presently were brought them by the Mariners; in the mean Time these Knights somewhat breathed themselves although it was not much. So when the Lights were brought, they returned to their old Combate with new Force and Strength. *O Heavens, said Polemus, I cannot believe to the contrary, but that this is Mars the God of War, that doth contend in a Battle with me, and for the great Envy he bears against me, be good about to dishonour me:* And with these Words they thickned their Blows with great Desperateness. And though this last Assault continued more than two Hours, yet neither of them did faint, but at last, they both together lift up their Swords, and charged them together, the one upon the others Helmet, with so great Strength, that both of them fell down upon the Hatches without any Remembrance.

The Rest that looked upon them, did verily believe they were both dead, by Reason of the Abundance of Blood which came forth at their Vifers, but quickly it was perceived that there was some Hope of Life in them. Then presently there was an Agreement made betwixt the Knights of the Gally and Mariners of the Bark, that

that they should join together and travel whither Fortune should conduct them; in this Order, carried they these two Knights without any Remembrance.

But when the Prince of Constantinople came to himself, with a loud Voice, he said! O Love, is it possible to be true, that I am overbrowen in this first Encounter and Assault of my Knighthood? Here I curse the Day of my Creation; and the Hour when first I merited the Name of Knight; henceforth I'll bury all my Honours in Disgrace; and spend the Remnant of my Life in base Cowardice: And in speaking these Words, he cast his Eye aside, and beheld the English Knight as one newly risen from a Trance, who likewise breathed forth these discontented Speeches. O unhappy Son of St. George! now a Coward and of little Valour, I know not how thou canst name thyself to be the Son of the valiantest Knight in the World, for that thou hast lost thy Honour in this last Assault.

This being said, the two weary Knights concluded a Peace betwixt them, and revealed to each other their Names, and therefore they adventured to travel; which when it was known, they sailed forward that Way the sorrowful Woman went; so in this Sort they travelled all the Rest of the Night that remained, 'till such Time as the Day began to be clear, and straitway they descried Land, to which Place with great Haste they rowed.

And coming to Land, they found no used Way, but one narrow Path: Wherein they had not travelled long when they met with a poor simple Country Man, with a new ground Hatchet in his Hand, and he was going to cut some Fire-wood off the high and broad spreading Trees, and of whom they demanded what Country and Land it was? This Country, said he, is called Armenia, but yet most courteous Knights, you must pardon me, for that I do request you to return again, and proceed no further, if you do esteem your Lives,

for in going this Way there is nothing to be had but Death: For the Lord of this Country is a furious Monster, called the two-headed Knight, and he is so furious in his Tyranny, that never any Stranger could as yet escape out of his Hands alive: And for Proof of his Cruelty, no longer than Yesterday he brought hither a Lady Prisoner, who at her first coming on Shore, he whipp'd and beat in such Sort, that it would make the most tyrannous Tyrant that is, to relent and pity her Distress, swearing that every Day he would so torment her, 'till her Life and Body made their Separation.

Pollemus the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the old Man's Words, thinking the Lady to be his Dulcippa, after whom he travelled; the Grief he received at this Report, struck such a Terror to his Heart, that he fell into a Swoon, and was not able to go any further; but St. George's Sons, encouraged him, and protested by the Honour of their Knight-hoods, never to forsake his Company, 'till they saw his Lady delivered from her Torments, and he safely conducted Home into his own Country.

So travelling with this Resolution, the Night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to seek some convenient Place to take their Rests, and laying themselves down under a broad branched Oak-Tree, they passed the Night, pondering in their Minds a thousand Imaginations.

When the Morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glitter with his Beams upon the Mountain Tops, these martial Knights were not slothful, but rose up and followed their Journeys.

After this, they had not travelled scarce half a Mile, when they heard a pitiful Lamentation of a Woman; so they staid to hear from whence that lamentable Noise should come.

And presently afar off, they beheld a high Pillar of Stone, out of which there came

came forth a Spout of clear Water, and thereat was bound a Woman naked, her Back fastned to the Pillar, her Arms backwards embracing it, with her Hands fast bound behind her.

These warlike Knights laced on their Helmets, and came unto the Place where she was, but when the Prince of *Constantinople* saw her, he presently knew her to be his Lady and lovely Mistress. For by Reason of the Coldness of the Night, and with her great Lamentation and Weeping, she was so full of Sorrows and Affliction, that she could scarce speak. Likewise the Prince's Heart so yerhed at the Sight of his unhappy Lady, that he could not look upon her for Weeping.

But yet at last, with a sorrowful Sigh he said: *O cruel Hands, is it possible that there should remain in you so much Mischief, that whereas there is such great Beauty and Fairness, you should use such Baseness and Villany? She doth more deserve to be loved and served, than to be in this Sort so evil intreated.*

This woful Prince with much Sorrow beheld her white Skin and Back bespotted with Blood; and taking a Cloak from one of the Mariners, he threw it upon her, and covered her Body, and took her in his Arms whilst the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, 'till such Time as she was loosed from those Bands, and in the Arms of her Lover. But yet she thought that she had been in the Arms of the monstrous two-headed Knight, and therefore she gave a terrible Sigh, saying: *Oh Pollemus, my true betrothed Husband, where art thou now, that thou comest not to succour me?* and therewith ceased her Speeches.

The Prince hearing these Words, would have answered her, but he was disturbed by hearing a great Noise of a Horse, which seemed to be in the Woods amongst

the Trees. The Rest of the Knights intending to see what it should be, left the Lady lying upon the green Grass in the keeping of Prince *Pollemus* and the Mariners, and *St. George's* Sons went towards the Place, where they heard that rushing Noise, and as they diligently looked about them, they beheld the two-headed Monster mounted upon a furious Palfrey, who returned to see if the Lady was alive, for to torment her anew.

But when he came to the Pillar and saw not the Lady, with an ireful Look he cast his Eyes, looking round about him on every Side, and at last he saw the three Knights coming towards him with a slow Pace, and how the Lady was untied from the Pillar where he left her, and in the Arms of another Knight, making her sorrowful Complaint.

The two-headed Knight seeing them in this Order, with great Wrath came riding towards them; and when he was near them, he said: *Fond Knights, what wretched Folly and Madness hath bewitched you, that without any Leave you have adventured to untie the Lady from the Pillar, where I left her, or come you to offer up your Blood in Sacrifice upon my Fauchion?* To whom one of the three valiant Brothers answered, and said: *We be Knights of a strange Country, that at the sorrowful Complaint of this Lady arrived at this Place, and seeing her to be a beautiful Woman, and without any Desert to be thus evil intreated, it moved us to put our Persons in Adventure against them that will seem farther to misuse her.*

In the mean Time that the Knight was speaking these Words, the ugly deformed Monster beheld him very precisely, knitting his Brows with the great Anger he had received in hearing his Speeches, and with great Fury he spurred his monstrous Beast, that he made him give so mighty a Leap, that he had almost fallen on the *English* Knight; who with great Light-

ness did deliver himself, and so drawing out his Sword, he would have stricken him, but the Beast passed by with so great swiftness that he could not reach them.

Here began as terrible a Battel between the Two Headed Knight and St. George's Sons, as ever was fought by any Knights, their mighty Blows seemed to rattle in the Elements like a terrible Thunder, and their Swords to strike sparkling Fire in such Abundance, as though it had been from a Smith's Anvil.

During this Conflict, the *English* Knights were so grievously wounded, that all their bright Armour was stained with a Bloody Gore, and their Helmets bruised with the terrible Strokes of the Monster's Fauchion, whereat they grew enraged, that one of them struck an overthwart Blow with his trusty Sword upon his Knee, and by Reason that his Armour was not very good, he cut it clean asunder, so that Leg and all fell to the Ground, and the Two Headed Knight fell on the other Side to the Earth, and with great roaring he began to rage and stare like a Beast, and to blaspheme against the Fates for this his sudden mishap.

The other two Brethren seeing this, presently cut off his Two Heads.

There was another Knight that came with this Monster, who when he saw all that had passed, with great Fear returned the Way from whence he came.

These Victorious Conquerors, when they saw that they were delivered from the Tyrant's Cruelty, with joyful Hearts they departed with Conquest to the Prince of *Constantinople*, where they left him comforting his distressed Lady.

So when they were all together, they commanded the Mariners to provide them somewhat to eat, for that they had great need thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their Pro-

vision about them: Of this Banquet the Knights were very glad, and rejoiced much at that which they had achieved, and commanded that the Lady should be very well looked to, and healed of her Harm received.

At the end of three Days, when the Princely Lady had recovered Health, they left the Country of *Armenia*, and departed back to the Seas, where they had left their Ships lying at Road, that tarried there until there coming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entered, but the Mariners hoisted Sail, and took their Way towards *Constantinople*, as the Knights commanded. The Winds served them so prosperously, that within a small time they arrived in *Greece*, and landed within two Days Journey of the Court, which lay then about a Mile from *Constantinople*.

Being on Land, the Prince *Pollemus* consulted with St. George's three Sons, what Course were best to be taken for their Proceeding in the Court. For, saith he, *unless I may with the Emperor my Father's Consent, enjoy my dearest Dulcippa, I will live unknown in her Company, rather than delight in the Heritage of ten such Empires.*

At last, they concluded that the Lady should be covered in a black Veil from being known, and *Pollemus* in black Arms, and the other Knights, all suitable should ride together, which accordingly they did, and about ten in the Morning entered the Palace; where they found the Emperor, the Seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall; to whom one of St. George's Sons thus spake:

Great Emperor and Noble Knights, this Knight that leadeth the Lady, hath long loved her; in their Births there is great difference, so that their Parents cross their Affections; for him she hath endured much Sorrow, and for her he will and hath suffered many Hazards. His coming thus to

C c c

your

our Court is to this end, to approve her the only deservful Lady in the World, himself the faithfulest Knight, against all Knights whatsoever, which with your Imperial Leave, he, my self and these two, my Associates, will maintain; desiring your Majesty to give Judgment as we shall deserve.

The Emperor condescended, and on the Green before the Palace, those four overthrew more than four hundred Knights: So that St. George and three other of the Champions entred the Lists, and ran three violent Courses against the black Knights, without moving them: Who never suffered the Points of their Spears to touch the Armour of the Champions; which the Emperor per-

ceiving, guessed them to be of Acquaintance: Wherefore giving Judgment that the Knight should possess his Lady, at his Request they discovered themselves.

To describe the delightful Comfort that the *English* Champion took in the presence of his Children, and the Joy that the Emperor received at the Return of his lost Son, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tired Senses can afford; I am therefore here forced to leave the Flower of Chivalry in the City of *Constantinople*.

Of whose following Adventures I will at large Discourse hereafter; and how all these famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what Cause they were called the Seven Saints of *Christendom*.

C H A P. XVII.

Of the Praise-worthy Death of St. Patrick; how he buried himself: And for what Cause the Irishmen to this Day, do wear their Red Cross upon St. Patrick's Day.

HERE must you suppose (*Gentle Readers*) that Time had run a long Race before these aforesaid thrice honoured Champions had purchased so many Victories: And being now wearied with Age, Death with his gloomy Countenance began to challenge an end of all their worldly Achievements, and to draw their Noble Names to a full Perfection; therefore preparing a black Stege (for Honour) to act his last Scene out, thus it followed:

The valiant Champion St. Patrick feeling himself weakened with Time and Age, not able any longer to endure the Bruises of Princely Achievements, became an Hermit, and wandring up and down the World in poor Habiliments, he came at last to the Country of his Birth,

which is now called *Ireland*, but in former Times *Hibernia*, where instead of martial Achievements, he offered up, (in the Name of his Redeemer) devout Orisons, daily making Petitions to the Deity of Glory, in Behalf of his desired Peace: A Life more delightful to his aged Heart, than all his former Accomplishments: And now willing to bid farewell to the World, he desired an Inclosure to be made, and to be pent up in a stony Wall from the Sight of all earthly Objects. To which Request of this Holy Father, (now no Soldier but a Man of Peace) the Inhabitants condescended, and built him a four-square House of Stone, without either Window or Door, only a little Hole to receive his Food in, wherein they closed him up, never to be seen

seen more alive by the Eyes of mortal Men. Also appointing divers of the Country to bring him at convenient times Food to maintain Nature, which they delivered in at the aforesaid Hole, which they thought to be a Deed of more than common Charity, and he (the Receiver) to be an Honour to their Country by the severe and strict Course of Life he put himself to. Thus lived he the Servant of his God Day and Night, kneeling on the bare Ground, till thrice the Winter's cold had taken departure, and as oft the Summer's warmth had cheered up the cold Earth, making his Knees hard with kneeling, and his Eyes dim with Lamentations for his former Offences: In which time the Hairs of his Head were all overgrown, and the Nails of his Fingers seemed like the Talons and Claws of an old Raven, with which, by little and little he digged his own Grave, preparing against the Hour of his Death to be buried in: Which in process of Time came thus to effect as followeth.

When he had wasted (as I had said before) thrice twelve Months in Divine Contemplations, by Inspiration (as it seemed) he laid him down in the Grave that his own Nails had digged, and gave up the Ghost.

Thus being changed from a lively Substance to a dead Picture, his Attenders, as their usual Custom was, came with Food to relieve him, and calling at the Hole where he had wont to receive it, they heard nothing but empty Air blowing in and out, which made them conjecture presently that Death had prevailed, and the Fatal Sisters finish'd up their Labours:

So calling together more Company, they made an Entrance thereinto, and finding what had happened, by a common Consent of the whole Kingdom, they pulled down the aforesaid House or Tower, and in the same Place, builded a most sumptuous Chapel, calling it *St. Patrick's Chapel*, and in the Place where this Holy Father had buried himself, they likewise erected a Monument of much Richness, framed upon Pillars of pure Gold, beautified with many artificial Sights, most pleasant to behold; whereunto for many Years after resorted distressed People, such as were commonly molested with loathsome Diseases, where making their Orisons at *St. Patrick's Tomb*, they found Help, and were restored to their former Healths.

By which Means, the Name of *St. Patrick* is grown so famous through the World, that to this Day he is intituled one of our Christian Champions, and the Saint for *Ireland*, where in Remembrance of him, and of his honourable Achievements done in his Lifetime; the *Irishmen* as well in *England* as in that Country, do as yet in Honour of his Name, keep one Day in the Year Festival, wearing upon their Hats each of them a Cross of red Silk, in Token of his many Adventures, under the Christian Cross, as you have heard in the former History at large discoursed: Whose noble Deeds both in Life and Death we will leave sleeping with him in the Grave, and speak of our next renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had allotted *St. David*, the Champion for *Wales*, at at Time intituled *Cambro-Britannus*.

C H A P. XVIII

Of the honourable Victory won by St. David in Wales: Of his Death, and Cause why Leeks are by Custom, of Wellhmen, worn on St. David's Day.

SOME Months after the Departure of St. Patrick from the City of *Constantinople*, St. David, having a Heart still fir'd with Fame, thirsted even to his dying Day for honourable Atchievements, and although Age and Time had almost wearied him away, yet would he once more make his Adventure in the Field of *Mars*, and seal up his Honours in the Records of Fame with a noble Farewell.

So upon a Morning framing himself for a Knightly Enterprize, he took his Leave of the other Champions, and all alone well mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnish'd with sufficient Habiliments, he began a Journey home towards his own Country, accounting that his best Joy, and the Soil of his most Comfort.

But long had he not travelled, e'er he heard of the Distresses thereof; how *Wales* was beset with a People of a Savage Nature, thirsting for Blood and the Ruin of that brave Kingdom: And how that many Battles had been fought to the Disparagement of Christian Knighthood. Whereupon arming himself with true Resolution, he went forward with a courageous Mind, either to redeem the Fame, or to lose his best Blood in the Honour of the Adventure.

Whereupon all the Way as he travelled, he drew into his Aid and Assistance, all the best Knights he could find, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them Promises of noble Rewards, and Entertainment as befitted so worthy a Fellowship. By this Means, before he came upon the Borders of *Wales*, he had gathered together the Number of 500 Knights, of such noble Resolutions, that all *Christendom*

could not afford better, the Seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battle, entered the Country, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gallant Houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruined, Fields of Corn consumed with Fire, yea every Thing so out of Order, as if the Country had never been inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved Mind he saw the Region of his Birth-place so confounded, and nothing but Uproars of Murder and Death founded in his Ears, he summoned his Knights together, placing them in Battle Array to travel high up into the Country, for the Performance of his desired Hopes. But as they marched along with an easy Pace to prevent Dangers, there resorted to them People of all Ages, both Young and Old, bitterly complaining of the Wrongs thus done unto their Country. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of *Wales*, whom so long they had desired to see, their Joys so exceeded, that all former Woes were abolished, and they emboldened to nothing but Revenge.

The rest of the Knights that came with St. David, perceiving their Forces and Numbers to increase, purposed a present Onset; and to shew themselves before their Enemies, who lay incamped amongst the Mountains, with such Strength and Policy, that hard it was to make an Assailment.

Whereupon the Noble Champion being then their General and Leader, called his Captains together, and with a bold Courage, said as followeth:

Now is the Time, brave Martialists, to be

be Canonized the Sons of Fame, this is the Day of Dignity or Dishonour; an Enterprize to make us ever live, or to end our Names in Obscurity: Let not chill Fear, the Coward's Companion, pull us back from the Golden Throne, where the Adventurous Soldier sits in Glory deservedly: we are to trample in the Field of Death and dead Mens Bones, and to buckle with an Enemy of great Strength, a Pagan's Power, that seeks to over-run all Christian Kingdoms, and to wash our Cambrian Fields with innocent Blood. To Arms, I say, brave Followers, I will be the First to give Death the Onset, and for my Colours or Ensign do I wear upon my Burgonet you see a Green Leek beset with Gold, which shall (if we win the Victory) hereafter be an Honour unto Wales, and on this Day, being the First of March, be for ever worn by the Welshmen in remembrance hereof.

Which Words were no sooner spoken by the Champion, but all the Royal Army of every Degree and Calling, got themselves the like Recognizance, which was each of them a Green Leek upon their Hats or Beavers, which they wore all the Time of the Battle, and by that Means the Champion's Followers were known from the others. This was not long a doing before St. David and his Company beheld descending from the Mountains, an Army of Pagans, as it seemed Numberless, People of such mighty Statures, whose sight might have daunted their Noble Resolutions, had not the brave Champion still animated them forward with Princely Encouragements; Time stayed not long ere the Battels joined, and the Pagans with their Iron

Clubs and Bits of Steel, so laid about them, that had not our Christian Army been preserved by Miracle, such a Slaughter had been made of the Champion and the Knights, that well might have caused the whole World to wonder at.

But the Queen of Chance so favoured St. David and his Followers, that what with their nimble Launces, keen Darts and Arrows shot from their quick Bows and Welsh Hooks, in great abundance, the Sun also lying in the Pagans Faces, to their great Disadvantage, that in short Time the Noble Champion won a worthy Victory. The Ground lay all covered with mangled Carcasses, the Grassy Fields changed from Green into Red Colour, with the mangled Blood that ran from Horse and Man thus murdered. A Noble Policy was it for all our Christians in that Battle to wear Green Leeks in their Burgonets for their Colours, by which they were all known and preserved from the Slaughter of one another's Swords, only St. David himself excepted, who being Victor, in the highest Pride of his Glory, was at last vanquished. O unhappy Fate to cut off his Honour that was the only Darling of Honour! Help me Melpomene to bewail his Loss, that having won all, lost his dear Life, a Life that the whole World might well have miss of. Oh fatal Chance! for coming from the Battel, over heated in Blood, a sudden Cold congealed in all his Life's Members, that he was forced to yield unto Death, to the great Grief of all his Knights and Followers, who for the space of forty Days mourned for him in great Heaviness, and after attended him unto his Grave with much Sorrow.

C H A P. XIX.

How St. Denis was Beheaded in his own Country, and by a Miracle shewed at his Death, the whole Kingdom of France received the Christian Faith.

ST. Denis being the Third in this our Pilgrimage of Death, was likewise desirous of the Sight of his own Country, which he had not seen in many Years, and purposing a toilsom Travel to the same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether willing to leave so Noble a Champion; yet considering the desire of his Mind, they quickly condescended, wishing him the best Welfare of Knighthood, and so parting, they to their Princely Pavillions, and he to his restless Journey, as well mounted, and as richly furnished with Habiliments of Knighthood, as any Martialist in all *Arabia*, in which Country he was then: But leaving that Place, to satisfy his Desires, he travelled Day by Day toward the Kingdom of *France*, without any Adventure worth reporting, till he arrived upon the Borders of that fair Country that he had so long wished to behold. But now see how Fate frowned; for there was remaining in the *French King's* Favour a Knight of Saint *Michael's* Order, who in former Times hearing of the honourable Adventures of this Noble Champion *St. Denis*, and thinking him to be a Disparagement to his Knighthood and the rest of that Order, conspired to betray him, and to bring all his former Honours with his Life to a final Overthrow.

Whereupon this envious Knight of *St. Michael's* goes unto the King (being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no true Knowledge of the Deity) and said; *There was come into his Kingdom a strange Knight, a false Believer, one that in Time would draw the Love of his Subjects from him, to the Worship of a strange God;*

and that in despite of him and his Country, he would establish a falsify'd Opinion, and that he wore upon his Breast the Christian Cross; with many other things contrary to the Laws of his Kingdom.

Upon these false Informations the King grew so enraged, that without any more Consideration, he caused the good Knight *St. Denis*, to be attacked in his Bed-Chamber, otherwise a Score of the best Knights in all *France* had not been sufficient to bring him Prisoner to the King's Presence; before whom being no sooner come, but with more than Human Fury, without Cause, he adjudged him a speedy Death, and by Martial Law (without any further Trial) to receive the same.

The good Champion *St. Denis*, even in Death having a most Noble Resolution, nothing at all dismayed, and knowing his Cause to be good, and that he should suffer for the Name of his sweet Redeemer, he most willingly accepted of the same Judgment, saying; *Most Mighty, but yet Cruel King, think not but yet this exceeding Tyranny will be requited in a strange Manner: Thy Censure I take with much Joy, in that I die for him, whose Colours I have worn from my Infancy, and this my Death seals up the Obligation of all my Comforts: And thou sweet Country, where I first took Life, receive it again a Legacy due unto thee; for this my Blood which here I offer up into thy Bosom, is the best Gift I can bestow upon thee. Farewel Knighthood, farewell Honourable Adventures and Princely Achievements: Never may this dauntless Arm brandish Weapon more a Honour of the Christian Cross; for Death awiteth at my Back to cut off all such noble*

noble Hopes, and I by Tyranny am betrayed thereto.

These Speeches being uttered, he was forced to stand silent, and in the Presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yield his Body to the fatal Stroke; where his Head being laid upon the Block, was by a base Executioner, quickly dis severed from the rest of his Manly Members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion Lifeless, but the Elements beset with Cloudy Exhalations, sent down such a terrible Thunder clap that struck presently dead,

the Knight of St. Michael that accused him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attachment; at which fearful Spectacle the King himself grew amazed, that he deemed him to be a blessed Creature, and that he had suffered wrongfully, and how his Cause for which he so willingly rendred up his Life, was the true Cause which all must have a desire to die in: Wherefore instantly from a Pagan the King turned Christian, and caused the same to be proclaimed through all his Provinces, ordaining Churches to be built in remembrance of this great Man.

CHAP. XX.

Of the Tyrannous Death that the Spanish Champion was put unto.

HERE gentle Reader with a sad Eye, prepare to give Entertainment to the sorrowful Manner of the *Spanish* Champion's Death, who by Tyranny and cruel Dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For Age and Time, as upon the former, grew upon him, and so enfeebled his Strength, that he was no longer able to manage the Adventures of Chivalry, nor fight the Battels of his Saviour. Wherefore resolving to spend the remnant of his Days in Peace, he desired Leave likewise to commit his Fortunes to the Queen of Chance: Which as the other did, he quickly obtained, and so leaving *Constantinople*, he put himself to travel towards the Country of his first Being, not decked in his shining Armour, nor mounted on his *Spanish* Gennet; but poor and bare in outward Habit, though inwardly furnished with Gold and Jewels of an inestimable Value, which he had sewed up in the Patches of a Ruffet Gamberdine, the better to travel with: Where instead of a bright shining Cuttle-Axe,

his Pilgrims Staff served him to walk with, and for his Burgonet of glittering Steel, he covered his Head (now as white as white Thistle Down with Age) with a Hat of Grey Colour, broached with a broad Scallop-Shell, his Princely Lodgings were changed to green Pastures, and his Canopies to the Skies azured covering, where the Nightingale and Lark told the Time's Passage.

In which Manner, travelling many Days, giving still as he went the Poor and Needy such small pieces of Silver as he well could spare; he arrived at last upon the Confines of *Spain*: Where in Honour of that God, for whom he had fought so many Battels, he built up at his own Charge a sumptuous Chapel, to this Day bearing the Name of St. *Jacques's* Chapel: And for the Maintenance thereof, purchased divers Lands adjoining; with Quiristers to sing Day and Night therein *Allelujab* to his Redeemer.

This Cœlestial Gift and glorious Customs so prepared, begot such Love of the

the meaner Sort of People, that they esteemed him more than a Man, with a reverence of such Regard bestowed upon him, that the very Name of this Noble Champion won greater Admirations than the high Tilts of their Countries King, who being then a Cruel Tyrant and Proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government, grew so envious thereat, that he caused good St. *Jacques*, with the whole Choir of Cœlestial Singers, to be closed up together in the Chapel which the Champion had erected, and so starved them to Death. Oh bloody Butchery, and inhuman Cruelty! A Death of more Terror than ever was heard of. But to be short, Hunger prevailed, and they dead, their Bodies putrified, and in Time consumed away to Dust and Mold, whereupon the Lord to shew how they died in his Favour, and the Love of Heaven, inflicted such a Light in the Chapel, that

it shined Day and Night with such a glorious Brightness, as if it had been the glorious Palace of the Sun: And likewise continually was heard therein (though no Creature remaining) such a Choir of melodious Harmony as if it had been the Sound of Cœlestial Musick. Which strange Pleasures both to the Eyes and Ear, bred so great an Amazement to the whole Country, that all with common Consent accused their King for the Tyrannous putting to Death of these good Men; but especially the Noble St. *Jacques*, that they purposed to hold him for their Countries Saint and Champion till the World's Dissolution. The Proud King perceiving now his own Rashness, and his common Hate against him for this Deed doing, took an inward Conceit of Grief, that without taking any Food ever after, he languished away and died.

C H A P. XXI.

Of the Honourable and worthy Death of the Italian Champion.

AFTER all these Proceedings, Nature the common Nurse of us all, so wrought in the Heart of St. *Anthony* the Champion for *Italy*, that he undertook the next Tragical Enterprize, and leaving St. *George* with St. *Andrew*, in the Emperor's Court of *Constantinople*, he took his Journey towards *Italy*, and knowing by the course of Nature, that his Days were not many, he purposed there to set up his Life's rest, and in Death to finish up all Earthly Troubles. So coming after a long Journey to the City of *Rome*, where the Emperor *Domitian* kept his Court, and the City being then in her chiefest Pomp and Glory, won great de-

fire in the Champion's Mind, to see the Monuments of the same.

So upon the Morning going from his Lodgings, he walked up and down the Streets with Admiration, and fed his Eyes with many delightful Objects. First with great Wonder he stood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the Honour of all their Famous Emperors, Counsels, Orators and Conquerors, things which yielded him great Pleasure. The next Thing that his Eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve *Sybs*, a most miraculous Building; in which Temple were all their Prophecies enrolled, as also the Beginning and Ending of the

the whole Catalogue of the Heathen Gods, as *Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo*, and such like; with their Manner of Worship. The next that he saw was the House of *Remus* and *Romulus* that built *Rome*, a Building of much Worthiness. Next unto it stood an ancient Prison (an old rotten Thing) where the Man lay that was Condemned to Death, and could have no Body come to him and succour him but was search'd, yet was kept alive a long space by sucking of his Daughter's Breasts. After this, he saw *Pompey's* Theatre, reputed one of the Nine Wonders of the World: The Emperor *Nero's* Tomb maintained with Disgrace, for the Offence he did in setting *Rome* on Fire. To conclude, he spent many Days in viewing the Martyrs Tombs and other Reliques brought from *Jerusalem*, amongst many other delightful Sights, he came into a Chapel dedicated unto himself, called *The Honour of St. Anthony*: Wherein was portrayed in Alabaster, Pictures, the true Forms of all the Champions of Christendom, with the Stories of all their

Adventures, Combats, Tournaments and Battles, their Imprisonments, Dangers and Enchantments, all Pictured up by Enchantments and Witchcraft; whereupon ran a Prophecy, that the Patron of this Chapel should ever live unconquered, and never embrace Death, till his Eyes were Witness of the same Portraitures; which in Golden Letters were inscribed over the Chapel Door or Entrance. Which when *St. Anthony* had beheld, and knowing himself to be the Man, with a meek Mind embraced his own End, and never after departed the Chapel, but remained Kneeling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Orisons of Repentance to the eternal Deity, till pale Destiny had cut off the Threads of his old Days.

And thus being converted to mouldy Earth, the Emperor caused him to be Intombed in the same Chapel; and over his Grave to be a set a magnificent Chair, in which Chair for many Years after, the Roman Conquerors received their Laurel Rewards of Martial Victory.

C H A P. XXII.

Of the Martyrdom of St. Andrew the Scottish Champion.

ST. George and *St. Andrew* were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as it seemed, the dearest Love remained between them two; but yet rusty Time with his swift Course would needs part them, and break this their united Fellowship. For the Summons of Honour so animated the bold Heart of the Scottish Champion, that he burned with desire to see his Native Country, and to behold the Place of his first Being. For leaving *Constantinople*, only honoured with the Presence of *St. George* and his

three Sons, he travelleth Day by Day, till Time and Fate set him happily in the Kingdom of *Scotland*; where having not been in many Years before, he received such Entertainment as if he had been the greatest Emperor of the World: For all the Streets and Passages as he went were furnished with People of the best Regard to give him a gracious Welcome to his Native Home; especially the King himself, who for the Love and Honour he bore unto his Name and Knighthood, lodged him in his own Pallace, and pro-

claimed for his Noble Welcome a Princely Tournament to be holden for the space of fifteen Days, in which time all the Nobility and Martial Knights of *Scotland* performed such well approved Atchievements, that not *Greece*, *Constantinople*, *Rome* nor *Jerusalem*, could equal them in the least Regard. *St. Andrew* being now aged, and unapt for such Princely Encounters, sate as a Beholder, censuring of the best Deserver, and gave such due Commendations as befitted so Gallant a Company: And for a Farewel of such time-honoured Pastimes, he desired Leave of the King to depart, and to spend the Remnant of his Life in private Contemplations, for the Good of his Soul, and to wash away with the Water of true Penitence, all that Blood he had spilt in his Travel about the World, in the Maintenance of Knighthood; a Request so reasonable, that the King could not refuse but give his Consent. So taking Leave of his Majesty, and the rest of the Nobility and Knights there present, he departed up to a Mountain far remote from the King's Court, under which by Nature was erected a Cave or hallow Vault, wherein

he remained for the space of a Year studying Divinity, and the Commands of his Redeemer: *Scotland* being then a rude and Heathenish Country, were the common Sort of People inhabited, by which Means he was much admired, and supposed to be sent from some Place unknown, as a Messenger to bring them evil Tidings: Whereupon those misbelieving People by a common Consent (taking him for some subtle Conspirer against their Pagan Gods, which as then they worshipped) put him secretly to Death, and after cutting off his Head in hope of Reward, bore it to the King, deeming they had done a Deed of much deserved Commendation: Which inhuman Cruelty when the King saw, with much Grief he lamented the Loss of this good Man, and with all speed in Revenge of his Death, raised a Power of his best resolved Knights of War, putting every one to the Sword, both Man, Woman and Child, that in any Manner consented to the Champion's Death; and after in process of Time, appointed a Monastery to be built in the same Place where he died.

C. H. A. P. XXIII.

Of the Adventure performed by St. George; how he received his Death by the Sting of a venomous Dragon.

NOW droops my weary Muse, for she is come unto her latest Tragedy, *St. George* is summoned to the Bar of Death, where magnificent Honour stands ready to give his Name a Noble Renown to all ensuing Ages.

This illustrious Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the Company of his three Sons, *Guy*, *Alexander*, and *David*, strange Imaginations Day by

Day possessed his Mind, that he could not rest nor sleep; sometimes supposing his Companions were in great Distress; other while how they had won the chiefest Goal of Honour, little needing his Knightly Service and Assistance; sometimes one Thing, sometimes another, so molested him, that he must needs make his Adventure to follow them.

Where-

Whereupon calling his three Sons together, he went to the *Grecian* Emperor and requested that they might all four depart with his Leave and Liking, for Knightly Adventures had challenged them all to appear in some foreign Region, where noble Atchievements were to be performed, but where and in what Country his Destiny had not yet revealed to him.

So furnishing them all four in Habili-ments of shining Steel, they left *Constantinople*, as it were guided by Fate until they came into *England*, then called *Britain*, whose chalky Cliffs *St. George* had not seen in twice twelve Years, and now coming with a sweet Embrace-ment of his native Country, he gave his three Sons thereinto a most joyful Welcome, shewing them (to their great Comfort) the brave Situation of the Towns and Cities, and the pleasant Prospects of the Fields as they passed, until they came within the Sight of the City *Coventry*, where he was born, and received his first Being; upon whose glittering Pinnacles no sooner casting his Eye-sight, but the Inhabitants interrupted his Delights with a doleful Report, how upon *Dunsmore-Heath*, as then remained an infectious Dragon that so annoyed the Country, that the Inhabitants thereabouts could not pass the Heath without great Danger; and how that fifteen Knights of the Kingdom had already lost their Lives in adventuring to suppress the same.

Also giving him to understand of a Prophecy, That a Christian Knight never born of a Woman, should be the Destroyer thereof, and his Name in After-Ages for accomplishing the Adventure, should be held for an eternal Honour to the Kingdom. *St. George* no sooner hearing thereof, and what Wrongs his native Country received by this infectious Dragon, and knowing himself to be the Knight, grew so encouraged, that he purposed presently to put

the Adventure in Trial, and either to free his Country from so great Danger, or to finish his Days in the Attempt; so taking leave of his Sons and the rest there present, he rode forward with as noble a Spirit, as he did in *Egypt*, when he there combated with the burning Dragon.

So coming to the middle of the Plain, where his infectious Enemy lay couching the Ground, in a deep Cave, who by a strange Instinct of Nature knowing his Death to draw near, made such a yelling Noise, as if the Element had burst with Thunder, or the Earth had shook with a terrible Exhalation; and coming from his Den, and spying the Champion, he ran with such Fury against him as if he would have devoured both Man and Horse in a Moment, but the Champion being quick and nimble, gave the Dragon such Way, that he miss'd him, and with his Sting ran full two Foot into the Earth, but recovering, he returned again with such Rage upon *St. George*, that he had almost born his Horse over and over, but that the Dragon having no Stay of his Strength, fell with his Back downward upon the Ground, and his Feet upward, whereat the Champion taking Advantage, kept him still down with his Horse standing upon him fighting, as you see in the Picture of *St. George*, with his Lance goring him through in divers Parts of the Body; and withal contrariwise, the Dragon's Sting annoyed the good Knight in such Sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slain and weltered in his venomous Gore, but *St. George* likewise took his Death's Wound by the deep Stroaks of the Dragon's Sting, which he received in divers Parts of his Body, and bled in such Abundance, that his Strength began to enfeeble, and grow weak; yet retaining the true Nobleness of Mind, valiantly returned Victor to the City of *Coventry*, where his three Sons with the whole Inhabitants stood without the Gates in great Royalty

to receive him, and to give him the Honour that belonged to so worthy a Conqueror, who no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dragon's Head which so long had annoyed the Country, but what with the Abundance of Blood that issued from his deep Wounds, and the long Bleeding without stopping the same, he was forced in his Son's Arms to yield up his Breath, for whom his three Princely Sons long lamented, making the greatest Moan that ever was made in any Kingdom, and again they were so seconded with the Grief of the whole Country, that all the Land from the King to the Shepherd, mourned for him for the Space of a Month; which heavy Time being ended, the King of this Country being a vertuous and noble Prince, advanced St. George's three Sons to noble Offices: First, the eldest of them named *Guy*, to be Earl of *Warwick*, and High-Chamberlain of his Household: The next named *Alexander*, according to his Name, to be Captain-General of his Knights of Chivalry: And the youngest, named *David*, to be his

Capbearer, and Comptrollers of all his Revels and Delights. And likewise in Remembrance of their noble Father the Christian Champion, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemn Procession about the King's Court, by all the Princes and chief Nobility of the Country, upon the 23d Day of *April*, naming it St. *George's Day*, upon which Day he was most solemnly interred in the City where he was born, and caused a stately Monument to be erected in Honour of him, though now by the Ruins of Time defaced and abolished. He likewise decreed by the Consent of the whole Kingdom, that the Patron of the Land should be named St. *George*, our Christian Champion, in that he had fought so many Battles in the Honour of *Christendom*. Leaving thus the Christian Champions in their Graves, we proceed now to relate the surprising Adventures that befel St. *George's* three Sons; as also the martial Exploits of the Sons of the other Champions, in Defence of the Christian Religion, and Relief of distressed Knights and Ladies.



